



JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN

EGYPT, ARABIA, PETRÆA,

AND THE

HOLY LAND.

By DANIEL MILLARD,

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL ANTIQUITIES AND SACRED GEOGRAPHY

IN THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, AT MEADVILLE, PA.

DS 48.M64 1843a



PUBLISHED BY NAFIS & CORNISH.

~~DS 48.M64~~

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COMMENDATIONS.

From among the various literary notices taken of this work we select the following:—

“JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA AND THE HOLY LAND, BY DAVID MILLARD.—A more interesting work of the kind, we think, has rarely ever been brought before the public. The subject treated upon recommends itself, and those who wish to save time and gain information will find this volume a valuable companion. A general fault with descriptive works of this part of the globe is the size—so numerous are the thoughts that crowd on the writer—here, however, we find the whole happily condensed within reasonable limits, and with language so well chosen that the reader may intellectually follow the guidance of the author. The writer thinks, and we agree with him, ‘that no volume of equal dimensions can be found to contain more information on the countries of which it treats than this.’ We have no personal acquaintance with the author, and know not his religious sentiments, but we are persuaded that, while all readers will find something in the book that will please them, no Christian will find that with which he will have cause to be displeased.”—*Religious Recorder*.

“We deem this volume the most interesting book of travels relating to the countries of which it treats, that has come under our inspection. Its condensed form, and concise manner, together with the richness of its matter, render it a valuable work.”—*Monroe Republican*.

“This work possesses claims of merit not always found in books of the kind. The reader will be gratified with the perusal of it.”—*Rochester Democrat*.

“I have read Millard’s ‘Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land.’ It is well worth the price, (one dollar,) and cannot fail to interest readers of every class. It is to be hoped this book will circulate widely.”—*Christian Herald*.

“The readers of Millard’s ‘Journal of Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land,’ so far as I can learn, are well pleased with the work. The author’s descriptions are concise, but graphic and full of interest. The book deserves an extensive circulation.”—*Christian Palladium*.

Commendations.

"In another column of this paper will be found an extract from Millard's 'Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land,' lately published. By the way, this is a work of great merit, and is worthy of a place in every library. Such is the interest kept up throughout the book that we are about certain if a reader begin it, he will want to read it through."—*Literary Wreath.*

Extract of a letter from the Hon. Samuel Young, late Secretaty of State, to the author.

"DEAR SIR :—I have received yours of the 14th inst., and had some time ago received your book of Travels in the East. So far as I have been able to examine your book, I think it unexceptionable both in matter and manner; and I sincerely wish that all the books in our district libraries were equally meritorious."

P R E F A C E.

THE main object of the journey, the leading incidents of which are detailed in the following sheets, is sufficiently explained in the first chapter. While travelling for the benefit of my health, much of my time was employed in making critical observations and entering minutes of the result in my daily Journal. From what I now present, the reader will readily perceive that the task was one of considerable labor. The whole work is the result of my own personal observations, with some small additional aid derived by comparing notes with works of previous travellers.

Of my descriptive details, I fear not criticism, but rather court it. I am confident the more closely examined, the stronger will be the evidence of their entire correctness. In describing, I have aimed to do it in the most concise and plain manner, that the reader may take up this volume and intellectually travel the whole journey with me. I have aimed to shun all useless redundancy in language—avoid fanciful embellishments, and give plain, naked truth. Having no sect or party of men to please, I have written wholly independent of bias and prepossession.

On many localities named in the Sacred History, the traveller in the East, will, at this late period, have necessarily to exercise his own judgment. In this particular, I claim not infallibility, but simply the right of speaking and thinking for myself. My decisions, however, are as open to criticism as those of others. Let them be tested by impartial investigation. While the ordinary reader will find in this volume much to please and interest him, the devout Christian will, I trust, find nothing incompatible with true piety. In

ranging over the principal scenery of the Bible, I saw continually before me much, very much, to strengthen the faith of the Christian. I have consequently made occasional applications of matters and things as I saw them, to the word of sacred prophecy. No Christian can travel over the land of prophetic wonders, without there reading on the very face of nature, the truth of divine Revelation.

It is confidently believed, that no volume of equal dimensions, can be found to contain more information on the countries of which this treats, than the one I here present. I have made no effort to see how much I could write, but have endeavored to see how much could be detailed within any thing like reasonable limits. The world is full of books, furnishing abundance for every one to read. Generally, at the present day, he who seeks information by reading, wishes to obtain it with as little unnecessary expense, labor and time, as may comport with the object of his pursuit. Give us *multum in parvo*, is the language of two-thirds of readers. Here, then, you have it in one volume. Finally, such as the work is, I commit it to an impartial public, hoping it will entertain all into whose hands it may fall, and especially aid the Christian to a more perfect understanding of the sacred oracles of God.

THE AUTHOR.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y., Jan., 1843.

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JOURNAL OF TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Embarkation—Arrival at Malta—General Description—Its Inhabitants—
Armory of the Knights of St. John—Excursion to Citta Vacchia—
Cathedral—St. Paul's Cave—Catacombs—Excursion to St. Paul's Bay.

FREQUENT reading of Eastern scenery had greatly interested me from the very days of boyhood. Often had I contemplated the grandeur of objects along the great river Nile—the city of the Califs—Egypt's towering pyramids, her colossal Sphynx, her numerous catacombs, with her ruined cities and fallen temples. Often, too, had I fancied the picturesque appearance of a caravan traveling over the deserts of Arabia. In later years, my profession led me to study and contemplate everything connected with sacred history. The reading of the Sacred Scriptures often awakened in me an ardent desire to visit the principal places of their historical scenery. But it was not till within a very few months of my actual embarkation for the East that I had dared anticipate a journey in Africa and Asia. By too much study and intense labor, my health had been seriously impaired. Suffering greatly under an affected state of the nervous system, I was advised by physicians to take a voyage to sea. I chose the

direction of the Mediterranean, with the intention, should my health permit, of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land.

On the 16th of October, 1841, I embarked at Boston, on board a new, elegant, and fast-sailing barque, bound directly for Malta. The morning was pleasant and the wind fair. We soon passed the outer light of the harbor, where we dismissed our pilot, and, ere sunset, had left behind us the Eastern end of Cape Cod. This was our farewell glimpse of American soil. Here, as we fairly entered upon "the vast world of waters," a peculiar pensiveness seized upon my mind. There is an indescribable charm that links one to the land of his nativity. As the wanderer takes the last view of his native soil, the thousand endearing friends and objects left behind rush upon his mind like an avalanche. Tender emotions swell his bosom. It is then he sets a true estimate on all he has parted with. Then, for a few moments, the interests of the future are lost in the melancholy of the present. Such were my feelings.

I will not burden the reader with the particulars of a monotonous sea voyage. It was prosperous, though, as might be expected at that season of the year, rough and stormy. I suffered greatly with sea-sickness during almost the entire passage. In thirteen days out, we passed Corvo and Flores, two of the Western Islands; and during the two following days passed the entire group. On the 14th of November, we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar with a fair wind. On the 19th, we passed Cape Bon, on the coast of Tunis, and on the same day the island of Pantellaria. On Sunday morning, the

21st, we entered the harbor of Malta, and anchored at 11 o'clock. Thus we completed our passage from Boston to Malta in thirty-six days. We were placed in quarantine for one day. There was neither justice nor necessity for this measure; but whoever travels in the East will find, that quarantine laws and Christianity are two things.

Immediately after our quarantine restrictions had closed, the clerk of the American consul at Malta came on board, and by him I was very politely conducted to the office of that functionary. The consul received me very cordially, and gave me some essential information relative to exchanges, diet, &c. During my stay on the island, he treated me with the utmost kindness and attention, and rendered me several favors which I shall ever remember with gratitude.

The island of Malta is about twelve miles wide, twenty long, and sixty in circumference. It lies in the 36th degree of North latitude, and the 15th of East longitude, and is situated fifty-four miles South of Sicily. In its immediate vicinity are the small islands of Gozo and Carminoi, both of which are subject to the same government and regulations with Malta. The population of Malta, alone, is about 120,000, including the strong garrison kept on the island. The surface, though some undulating, is rather level, and is in no part mountainous. The soil, though rather poor, is cultivated with great industry, and is made to produce a very considerable. The island is entirely bare of wood for fuel. This article is brought from Sicily, Naples, and other places. Orange and lemon-trees are abundant,

and bear very fine fruit. The fig-tree flourishes in Malta, and yields well. The pomegranates are very fine, and of a beautiful flavor. There are also vineyards on the island, that yield excellent fruit. I saw some apples, but of a very inferior kind. Vegetables are plenty in the market, and of a good quality. Beef and poultry are good, but fish are rare and of an inferior kind. The goats of the island are very fine, yielding a large supply of milk. In Valetta it is customary for the milkman to lead about a number of goats in the morning and evening. Stopping at a door, a customer sends or brings out a small pitcher, when the goat-herd kneels down and milks from the animal the quantity desired. The milk of sheep is also used, particularly in making curd, which many eat as a luxury.

The climate of Malta is warm, and the heat in the summer is said to be often oppressive. It very seldom rains there during the summer months, but there are heavy falls of dew. I was informed that when the South wind blows in summer, the heat is very prostrating. The atmosphere assumes a hazy appearance, and the air sometimes has a disagreeable odor. Its effects on furniture and book-covers is, to crack and warp them. After this wind has lasted a day or two, the air becomes still and confined, producing a sensation exceedingly uncomfortable. This wind, which comes from the heated plains of Africa, is not purified from the corrupt miasma it contains by passing over the narrow space of water lying between this island and that continent.

The wind, called the Sirocco, is prevalent in Malta. It is said to prevail most in September, but is not con-

fined to that month alone. I witnessed one of those winds while I was there. Persons with diseased lungs suffer more or less from its effects. Hence, Malta is not healthy for those laboring under pulmonary complaints. During the prevalence of the Sirocco, strangers are generally affected with great lassitude and debility. Anything painted when this wind blows will never set well. Glue loses much of its adhesive qualities; bright metals become tarnished, and, from the dampness of the atmosphere, the pavement of streets is sometimes quite wet. This wind occasionally continues a week, and even longer, blowing sometimes with great vehemence. I shall hereafter have occasion to allude to the Sirocco.

The people are generally represented as industrious. This may be true of the greatest number; but, so far as I saw, there are large exceptions. Lazy loungers are seen in every direction, and beggars meet you at every corner. Many well-dressed ladies may be seen in Malta, mostly the wives and daughters of British officers and merchants. This class, however, includes a very considerable number of Maltese ladies. Many of the native ladies are pretty featured, with brunette countenances; but the fashion of their dress is rather peculiar to themselves. The best class generally attire themselves much like nuns; wearing no bonnets, but in room of one a kind of head-dress called a *faldette*. This generally consists of a piece of black silk, commonly the size of a shawl, falling over the back, shoulders, and arms. It has a rather neat, though sanctimonious appearance. The men have more generally adopted the English costume. The chief difference is the cap,

which resembles a long woolen bag hanging down on the back, and dyed with various colors. The cap of a Maltese often forms a receptacle for small articles which he wishes to carry about with him ; and even sometimes answers for his money-purse. I have since noticed a very similar kind of cap, worn by the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. A girdle is still in use among the Maltese of the lower order. With this the pantaloons are confined round the waist, and it is generally three or four yards in length. It is not common to see those in native dress, with a jacket—its place being supplied by what is called a *sedria*. This is often ornamented in front with several rows of round silver buttons, as large as small birds' eggs. At other times, instead of these, the buttons consist of large pieces of money, such as quarters of dollars and sterling shillings, with long shanks fastened on them. A Maltese, thus set off, cuts a spruce figure, with a long curl hanging down each side of the face, and having his fingers set out with massy rings, of which they are peculiarly fond. The dress of the poorer class, both male and female, is very ordinary. Barefooted men and women are the most frequently met ; and the filthiness of such is by far too common a trait.

The native population of Malta is Roman Catholic ; and in Valetta, the frequent ringing of bells every day is peculiar. The number of priests and monks on the island would astonish any American Protestant. They are known by their dress ; and you will meet one of them every twenty rods in Valetta, go what course you will. It is said that, on the island, the Roman Catholic priests of various orders number

at least one thousand, and some think considerably more. Such a numerous priesthood of the kind must hold a strong and, in some respects, an unfavorable influence over the people. Where Romanism holds the ascendancy, I believe general education is never promoted. This misfortune is very generally seen in Malta ; for the common class have very little, or no education.

Like all Catholic countries, religious holydays and processions are numerous in Malta. The most imposing of these processions is the one seen on Good Friday, which is intended to celebrate the death and passion of our Saviour. It takes place in Valetta, and is attended by the greater part of the clergy of the island, with the distinctive banners of their order, and their own peculiar dress. The train leaves the church of *ta Gesu* a little before sunset ; the priests and friars walking in file on each side of the street, with huge lighted wax tapers in their hands, and chanting as they follow the statues which are carried before them at equal distances in the procession. The statues or images are in general of a large size, and represent the various sufferings of the Saviour until he is laid in the sepulchre, which is a splendid canopy, tassellated with gold, having a figure large as life stretched beneath them. The rear is generally brought up by persons covered in white or black garments, with eyeholes to see through, dragging at their feet chains of different lengths and dimensions. This is a penance which these poor victims of credulity inflict upon themselves for the commission of some offence, or the fulfilment of a vow they have made in time of affliction. It is not unfrequent to

see the ankles of some of these individuals very much lacerated and bleeding by the weight of the chains they drag behind them. After traversing several streets, the procession returns to the church from whence it came out.

Malta is supposed to be the *Melita* of the New Testament, on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, and subsequently introduced Christianity. On this account it is greatly venerated by the Romanists. The island obtained but little notice in antiquity; and when the apostle was shipwrecked there, is described as inhabited by a barbarous people. Its importance began in the 16th century, when it was ceded by Charles V., of Germany, to the Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem, as a compensation for the loss of Rhodes. Its fortifications were then greatly strengthened, and it was considered the last maritime bulwark against the Turks. In 1565, Solymon sent against Malta a most formidable fleet and army; and the siege which ensued is one of the most celebrated in history. After prodigious efforts, the Ottoman army was completely repulsed, and the Knights were left in peaceable possession of the island till 1798. At that time Napoleon, with an expedition destined for Egypt, suddenly appeared before this island, and took possession of it. In 1800, Great Britain reduced it by blockade, and has ever since retained it in possession.

Valetta, the pleasant capital of the island, is a well built town, conveniently situated on a promontory anciently called *Shoab-en-Ras*—the jutting out of the cape. The appearance from the sea is highly picturesque. The present population is estimated at



Napoleon.

about 28,000. The first stone of this city was laid by the Grand Master La Valetta, from whom it takes its name, on the 28th of March, 1566, and completed by his successor in 1571. The streets are regular and well paved; but many of them are very steep, with side-walks cut in stairs. The town is kept very clean, being swept every morning by convicts of the state prison. The houses are uniformly built of stone, and are generally three stories high. Besides the windows opening into the street and yard, each dwelling has one or two balconies, jutting out several feet from the walls, and varying from six to twenty in length. These awkward protuberances are sometimes open and sometimes covered on the top, and are supplied with glass windows which can be opened or shut at pleasure. Though these balconies detract from the beauty of the buildings, they are, notwithstanding, very comfortable retreats to the inmates in summer and winter, where they can see all that transpires in the street without being exposed to the effect of either. The buildings generally have flat roofs. The principal street is the *Stada Reale*, on which is situated the palace of the present governor, but formerly that of the Grand Master of the Order. The fortifications that surround the town are immensely strong, and very high. The whole circumference of the wall is two miles and a-half. The harbor, scarcely rivalled by any other in the world, is one of the principal stations for the English fleet.

The palace, besides a very tolerable collection of pictures and some handsome tapestry representing scenes in India and Africa, contains the armory of the Order of St. John. These interesting relics are kept

in a large room which extends the whole length of the building. Among the arms are ninety complete coats of armour for mounted Knights. These complete suits are placed upright on stands, along the length of the room. It is said a trial was made of the strength of one of these suits, by discharging several musket balls against it, at sixty yards distance. The only effect they produced, was slightly to indent it. I marked one suit of gigantic dimensions. The helmet alone is said to weigh thirty-seven pounds. Close by this is a cannon made of tarred rope, bound round a thin lining of copper, and covered on the outside with a coat of plaster painted black. This singular specimen of ancient warfare, was taken from the Turks, during one of their attacks on the city of Rhodes. It is about five feet long and three inches in the calibre.

Several parts of the walls are covered with various kinds of ancient warlike instruments, such as cross-bows, maces, javelins, battle-axes, &c. A man of feeling cannot gaze upon these relics of the prowess of by-gone years, without a touching reflection on the vanity of human ambition. Where now are the mighty men, who in days of yore wielded these weapons of bloodshed and death? Gone, all gone, long since, to the silent grave! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

In one part of the palace is a chapel, sufficient to accommodate a congregation of about three hundred. Worship, according to the rites of the church of England, is performed here every Sabbath. I attended worship there the only Sabbath I spent in Malta. The day was stormy, the assembly small and the services

rather dull. The preacher, I believe, was not the one who generally officiates in the place, but was a chaplain in the navy. Psalms were given out to be sung, but I heard no singing. The military band played a psalm-tune as many times as there were verses in the psalm, and this, I believe was all. It appeared to me much like the kind of music used at the worship of Nebuchadnezzar's great image, set up on the plain of Dura. The sermon was much more prosy than energetic.

On the 24th, I made an excursion out to Citta Vacchia, some seven miles from Valetta. My object was to visit the Cathedral in that place, St. Paul's Cave, and the Catacombs. I was conveyed out in a carriage called a *callesse*. It has but two wheels, and is not unlike a cab, except that it has no springs. It was drawn by a mule, and the driver, a lad of about fifteen, trotted alongside the animal, and was continually lashing him up with a short piece of rope. On a trot, the motion of the vehicle is jolting and uncomfortable. I was thus trundled out and back again at the lazy jog of a mule. The road, however was good, and scenery rather pleasant and inviting.

About two miles from Valetta, the famous aqueduct of the island presented itself, suspended on arches. This expensive piece of workmanship was constructed about the year 1610. The spring by which it is principally supplied, rises at a place called *Diar Chandul*, about two miles from Citta Vacchia. As far as Casal Attard, the aqueduct is under ground. It afterwards, rises and falls with the unevenness of the ground until it reaches Valetta, where it discharges a large supply of water. It is about nine miles and

a half long. At this place, a barefooted guide came out, showed his paper of recommendation, and then trotted along by the side of the driver.

Citta Vacchia is the old and original capital of Malta, and is situated near the centre. Even as far back as the time of the Romans, it appears to have been a place of some considerable importance. According to the authority of Cicero and Diodorus, it contained many stately buildings and was very rich in the style of its architecture. It was formerly called Melita, the same as the island.

On my arrival, I was first conducted to the Cathedral. The guide knocked at the outer door, when it was opened by a monk, whose business is to conduct visitors through the immense edifice and explain things, for which the visitor pays him a shilling sterling. He spoke very broken English. A general description of this Cathedral would occupy more space than I am disposed to devote to it. The splendor of its interior, its mosaic pavements, its gilded arches, its costly sculpture, its numerous images and splendid paintings, need to be seen to be duly appreciated. I noticed among the paintings, one representing St. Paul's shipwreck; and among the sculpture, two marble images large as life, designed to represent the baptism of our Saviour by John. The main altar is truly sumptuous, from the various colored marble and other valuable stones of which it is constructed. Before it, on either side, on a raised pavement, stands a chair, covered with a rich canopy of crimson velvet. That on the right is occupied by the bishop, and the one on the left is destined for the sovereign of the island, over which is placed the escutcheon of Great Britain.

Close by the latter is a seat prepared for the governor of the island. A staircase leads to an underground apartment, where are several tombs. From the dome of the building a splendid view is had of nearly every part of the island.

I was next conducted to St. Paul's Cave, situated some eighty rods from the Cathedral. The entrance is covered by a small ancient chapel, at the door of which my guide knocked, and was answered by the gruff voice of an aged monk within. The door was soon opened, and torches were lit, in preparation for our descent into the cave. The monk led the way into a narrow passage of a few feet, when we descended some twenty stone steps. We then turned to the right, and proceeding a few yards entered the grotto or cave. It is round, or nearly so, arching to the top. At any part of it a person may stand erect, and its size would probably contain from forty to fifty persons. In the centre stands the statue of the apostle, large as life. One hand is extended, the fingers of which had been broken off by a roguish young British officer. This depredation is much regretted by the Maltese, who exceedingly venerate this image; it is considered a good specimen of ancient sculpture.

This grotto is regarded by Romanists as one of the most interesting spots on the island. They say it was used as a chapel by the primitive Christians to secretly meet for worship; and that it also afforded Paul a temporary shelter in the midst of persecution. Can this be the fact, when it must be remembered that Paul was a Roman prisoner when on this island? He never visited it again after being conveyed to Rome. But the monks tell stranger things still concerning

this cave. They positively affirm that no matter how much earth or stone is taken out of it, nothing can enlarge it, as every place from whence substance is removed, immediately fills up again. This they declare has been often demonstrated. By many ignorant papists, the very dust of this cave is supposed to contain a healing charm. Small portions of it are carried far away and kept to drive away evil spirits, prevent contagion, and heal certain diseases. But the grotto bore to me the appearance of being entirely the work of men. It appears to be cut in the rock, the ledge being nearly as soft as chalk. Ledges of this kind of stone abound in the island.

It is said that in the days of the Knights of St. John, this cave was a refuge of pardon to the worst of criminals. Even if a murderer could succeed in reaching it and prostrate himself before the image of St. Paul, no human law could touch him.

After examining St. Paul's Cave, I was next conducted to the Catacombs. These are situated a short distance further on, and the entrance is also covered by a small chapel. After passing through several clean and narrow lanes, a monk leading the way, I was stopped at a small door. Here torches were lit, preparatory to our descending into the labyrinth below. Descending some nine or ten steps, we had exposed to our view a low entry, at the end of which the excavations commence. As we continued our way, the utmost care was necessary lest the head should come in contact with the stony crags above. At one moment the passage was five feet high, and at the next so low as to require a very humble posture. The first grotto we entered, bore some marks of hav-

ing once been a work-shop. There was the oil-press, the ovens, and something on the sides resembling seats for workmen. So, at least, the monk explained it. All was apparently of stone. Passing on a little further, we entered what had the appearance of a chapel, the pillars of which were still in a good state of preservation. The altar, on the north side, was considerably defaced; fragments, no doubt, having been carried off as precious relics. The whole front was covered with pencilings of names made by visitors, and I had the vanity to place mine there.

My monkish guide, and he was the only individual with me, continued to lead through narrow winding aisles, from one room to the other, till, no doubt, I should have been utterly lost had I been left alone. Some of these apartments bore the appearance of having once been places for depositing the dead, but if dead bodies were ever deposited in them, no certain traces are now left, save the sarcophagi cut along the sides. These were of various sizes; some for children, and others for grown persons. Some of these were filled with earth like graves, but the earth thus used had too fresh an appearance for extreme antiquity.

Over what space we passed during one hour spent in these subterraneous chambers, I am not able to say, but the scene in reality is gloomy enough. It is said that these labyrinths actually extend the distance of miles, and that the main pass-way was closed up by order of the governor of Malta. Frightful stories are told of persons many years ago, having been decoyed into this immense subterraneous region, and there robbed and murdered. Other accounts are given of whole companies having been

lost in exploring these catacombs, and perishing from starvation. Having sufficiently satisfied my curiosity, I was glad to return again to the light of the sun. I paid the monk and my other guide, who had lounged above while I and the monk were below, and made my way back to Valetta.

Among my other short excursions out on the island, I saw little worthy of note, with the exception of a visit to St. Paul's Bay. This is the supposed place where St. Paul was shipwrecked. It is situated about seven miles from Valetta. This Bay is about three miles in length and two in width at the entrance, gradually decreasing towards the extremity. At this place the beach is sandy, and the coast less rocky than round Valetta. To the northeast of the entrance is a small oblong island called *Selmoon*, separated from the main land by a narrow strait. A tower and other fortifications in the vicinity serve to defend the bay, and were raised for that purpose by the Knights of Malta. A small chapel has been erected over the supposed spot where the barbarians lighted a fire to warm the shipwrecked company. It contains several old drawings, illustrative of the event it is designed to commemorate. The day was pleasant and fair, and the whole scene presented a lovely tranquillity, peculiarly suited to the musings of my mind. Finally, the scenery on the island, together with the interesting associations connected with that green spot in the midst of the sea, cannot fail to interest the traveller. A week or ten days may be spent very pleasantly in Malta in the autumn of the year.

CHAPTER II.

Departure from Malta—View of Mount *Ætna*—Scenery in Greece—A Greek hermit—*Patmos*—*Crete*—Storm at Sea—Arrival at Alexandria—*Pompey's Pillar*—*Cleopatra's Needles*—Miserable abodes—Ruins of *Cleopatra's Palace*—*Catacombs*—Egyptian dress—Present appearance of Alexandria.

It is now time for me to introduce to the reader a travelling companion. At Malta I found myself a fellow-boarder with H. M. Chadwick, Esq., an English gentleman of fortune, travelling for his own pleasure. He was now on his way to India by the Red Sea, and, like myself, was waiting a conveyance to Alexandria. He had travelled extensively in Europe, the West Indies, and South America; is a gentleman of classic mind, and speaks several languages. I felt that I needed such a companion, and we finally concluded to embark together for Alexandria. We expected to set out on the 27th, but the French steamer in which we concluded to take passage, was delayed three days behind her time. She however arrived on the evening of the 29th. We immediately entered our names as passengers, to sail early the next morning.

The vessel was called the *Leonidas*, one of the French armed steamers. It was an excellent sea vessel, clean and neat, with a well-served table. I would, however, except a few of the dishes, as rather too strongly mixed with garlic. But as a large variety was served on the table, I was enabled to select the part free from that unpleasant herb. During my travels in the East, I could but remark the free

and abundant use made of garlic in seasoning food. The Greeks and Turks will chew and eat garlic with all the relish that they would eat apples. Finally, while on board this vessel, the sea was smooth, the weather fair, and the passage pleasant.

On the day of leaving Malta, we passed in view of a part of Sicily. Mount Ætna was in sight, and we could see columns of black smoke ascending from the crater. The captain had deviated a little from his direct course, to gratify the curiosity of his passengers, with a distant view of this celebrated volcano.

On the 2d of December we were in sight of that part of Greece called the Morea, and much of that day sailed near the coast. I could but call to mind the bloody ravages committed on the ill-fated inhabitants of that peninsula, during the late Greek Revolution. It was there Ibrahim Pacha abundantly immortalized his name as a blood-thirsty merciless tyrant. The whole coast presented a mountainous and sterile appearance. Some towns and villages were seen in the distance, in the vicinity of which olive and other trees were discernible. We also saw what we supposed to be vineyards. Many of the mountains are so high that their tops are covered with perennial snows. Among these was plainly to be seen Mount Taygetus, immortalized by Virgil.

"Taygetique canes domitorque Epidaurus equorum."

Its tall summit rises above the others, capped with eternal snow. In some places flocks of goats were seen feeding. The whole coast is entirely destitute of timber.

At one point of the Morea, the cell of a Greek recluse was pointed out to us. It was situated in a

small notch of a tall mountain that comes down to the sea with a bold and precipitous base. It would seem from all I could discern, that no passage could be found to the place by either land or water, without extreme labor. In that notch the hermit lives in his cell, and cultivates a few feet of ground, voluntarily excluding himself from all society. I know nothing of his history, and only had the fact communicated to me in broken English. He was not out, or we could have seen him from our distance.

On the morning of December 3d, we found ourselves in the harbor of Syra. A pretty Greek town presented itself in front of us, rising in terraces from the water's edge, on the side of a mountain, in a very picturesque manner. At the summit of the town stands a large Greek Convent, quite conspicuous from its location. On the opposite side of the harbor stands the Lazaretto, which shows to good advantage. The island of Syra, like many around it, is small, mountainous, and of sterile appearance. It is, however, a central place for vessels in the Levant to touch at, and has a good harbor.

Here a part of the passengers exchanged steamers. That from Malta proceeds directly to Constantinople, and passengers for Alexandria are here put on board another French steamer. This was also an armed vessel called the Dante, of the same size of the Leonidas. It was a good strong sea-vessel, but not so well commanded or furnished as the one we had just left. Rather more garlic was here served up in dishes than I had been accustomed to.

Passing out from Syra, we came in sight of Patmos, the island to which the Apostle John was ban-

ished by the Emperor Domitian, and on which he wrote the book of Revelation. We had a plain though distant view of the island. Subsequently on my passage from Beyroot to Smyrna, we lay becalmed nearly a whole day within a few miles of Patmos. Gladly would I then have visited it, but I had not the means. It has a broken and mountainous aspect, and is about thirty miles in circumference. On it is a small city called Patmos, with a harbor and some monasteries of Greek monks. A cave is still shown where the monks say John wrote the Apocalypse.

On the morning of December 4th, we passed the island of Candia, the ancient Crete of the New Testament. This island is large, densely populated, and may be regarded as decidedly the best in the Archipelago. Though mainly inhabited by Greeks, it is still under Turkish Government. It had recently been in a state of civil war. The inhabitants had made another effort to gain their independence, but the insurrection was now suppressed, and the manacles of oppression newly riveted.

On the 5th, towards evening, we came in sight of Alexandria. About sunset a pilot came alongside, offering to conduct us into port; but the offer was strangely rejected by our captain. Whether from the dangerous state of the harbor, he was afraid to run in at that late hour, or whether he did not rightly understand what the pilot said, I am unable to state. The vessel was instantly brought about and put back to sea. This unaccountable movement still remains a mystery, as I was unable to obtain an explanation of it from any one on board. The vessel ran direct-

ly back till one o'clock the next morning. During that time, the wind being strong from the shore, we were carried further off than the captain designed to run. His intention was to have made the mouth of the harbor again by about ten the next morning. The wind increased during the night, and by sunrise was blowing a gale directly off land, while the sea ran so high as to frequently break over our bows. As no sail could now be set, our entire dependence was upon steam. We came in sight of Alexandria again at 5 P. M., but the wind was blowing so heavy and the sea running so high, that we were compelled to put back to sea. Before morning light came, it blew a perfect hurricane. I had seen storms at sea before, but never any thing to compare with this. On the morning of the 7th, the hazy and yet fiery appearance of the sirocco had overspread the whole heavens. Gusts of wind burst upon us like a tornado, carrying sheets of water over the vessel. It was indeed, an excellent sea-craft, and weathered the storm most admirably. Alexandria was once more visible in the distance, but night was drawing on and the sea running so high that it was impossible to get into the harbor. Again our vessel was brought about, but as coal on board was becoming scarce, the captain thought it advisable to lay-to and let her drift till morning. Morning found us again out of sight of land. The weather, however, had calmed greatly, and we now had a fair prospect of reaching port. At about noon we were again in sight of land, and at 2 o'clock, P. M., were opposite the Pacha's seraglio; but the sea was still running high. The same pilot came out, and on coming on board rebuked the captain

sharply for not having gone into the harbor on the evening of the 5th. An English brig which was nearly alongside of us that evening, got in safe. Our vessel having been seen off shore on the 5th, and nothing since having been heard from us for nearly three days, we had been given up at Alexandria as lost. Our appearance again on the coast was greeted with joy by many.

The harbor of Alexandria is dangerous and difficult to enter. The channel is narrow, and the water breaks and foams over huge rocks on both sides. We came to anchor near the Pacha's fleet, a short distance south-west of the seraglio, at 4 o'clock, P. M. All now was perfect hurly-burly in getting baggage into boats. We were first pushed one way and then another, by boatmen who had come on board, the language of whom was entire gibberish to me. An agent from one of the French hotels was at hand. To him we committed our baggage, and were soon put in a boat for shore. We passed through the Pacha's fleet, which was lying at anchor. It made quite a formidable appearance, consisting of several large ships of the line and many frigates. Bands of music were playing on board, and every thing seemed to partake of life and vivacity.

On arriving at the shore, a worse state of confusion ensued. A crowd gathered at the place of our landing, and here were men with camels, mules, donkeys, and such means of conveyance as Alexandria affords. One pushed one way, and another in the opposite direction, all talking at once, and each exerting himself to make the most noise. The agent from the hotel caned more than one before we got our bag-

gage on shore. This process reminded me that I was now in Egypt, and under a despotic government. Our baggage was first conveyed to the custom-house, where we expected to have it much rummaged and closely inspected. Only one trunk of the company, however, was opened, and the contents of that were not disturbed. We were made to understand that if we would hand over a little *bucksheesh* (present), our baggage would not be detained for inspection, but otherwise it would be kept over night. So much for the trustiness of the Pacha's *publicans*. We very readily consented to the proposition, and had our baggage conveyed to the Hotel d'Français, in the Frank quarters, about a mile from our landing place. I mounted a donkey, which by the way, is an Egyptian ass, about tall enough to keep the feet of the rider from coming in contact with the ground. The owner of the donkey ran behind, lashing up the animal in a rough manner. I pitied the poor brute, but was unable to make the master understand that I wished to go slower. The donkey knew every turn, (and we turned every thirty or forty yards,) passing through narrow and filthy streets, till we arrived at the grand square in the Frank quarters.

In approaching the harbor of Alexandria, the first prominent objects that strike the eye, are the immense number of wind-mills. These, facing the sea, stretch round the entire harbor. The seraglio occupies a prominent and airy position, and is seen to good advantage in entering the harbor. It is spacious, and has considerable elegance about it; but its very name must render it odious to the Christian. Besides what we saw on our entrance of the harbor,

an excursion to Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles, situated as they are at opposite points, gave us a cursory view of nearly all that is worthy of note in the fallen city of Alexander the Great.

Pompey's Pillar is said to have once occupied the centre of Alexandria, when that city was in its glory. Now it not only stands without the gates, but at a considerable walk even from the suburbs of the city. Not that the monument has been removed, but the city has receded, till Pompey's Pillar now stands towering in loneliness, on a slight eminence, between the present city and the Lake Mareotis. On our way we passed a spacious Mohammedan burial-ground. It was about three hours before the setting of the sun. A large number of Mohammedans, male and female, were either walking among the graves or seated upon them, making a mournful, howling noise. It is a practice among the Egyptians to pay frequent visits to the graves of departed relatives, and there wail over their mouldering remains. The Mussulman faith certainly inculcates great veneration for their dead, and a very peculiar familiarity with death. This was the first scene of the kind I had witnessed, and to me it had a very sombre appearance.

Pompey's Pillar is a single column of finely-polished red granite, seventy-three feet high, and a little over nine feet in diameter. It stands on a pedestal of the same material, which measures about fifteen feet on each side. The pedestal stands on a sub-structure of mason-work, which at present appears to be slowly falling to pieces. The entire erection is surmounted by a well-wrought Corinthian capital, of corresponding proportions. All these parts reckoned to-

gether, make the entire column a little over one hundred feet in height. The shaft is beautiful and smooth, shining in the sun-beams like burnished steel, except parts which have been shamefully daubed up with English names. Here it has firmly stood, braving the storms that have beaten upon it for more than two thousand years, and here it yet stands. But should its sub-structure not soon be repaired, it would not be surprising to hear that this beautiful work of antiquity had fallen to rise no more. From the eminence where this monument stands, a grand view is had of the Mahmoudieh canal, the Lake Mareotes, and of the vast Lybian desert stretching beyond.

From this place we rode over and by fragments of ruins, back to the gate of the city through which we had made our egress. Taking the direction of Cleopatra's Needles, we stopped for a moment at the celebrated wells, made in the time of Alexander, at the very founding of the city. They are still in use and afford much water. The Needle of Cleopatra now standing, is a granite obelisk, rising to the height of sixty feet, and suddenly sharpening at the top. It is covered on all sides with hieroglyphics. On the side facing the Desert, and on which the sirocco has beaten for many centuries, the characters are nearly obliterated; while on the other sides they stand out fresh and fair. A few yards from this lies the prostrate brother, and partly buried in the sand. It is said to have been taken down many years ago, for the purpose of removing it to England, but that the Pacha finally refused to have it taken away. It is about the size of the standing one, and like it covered with characters, which only mock the sciences of the present day.

In the immediate vicinity of Cleopatra's Needles, I noticed a long range of miserable clay huts. No human habitations can possibly present more of degradation and extreme wretchedness, than were there seen. We were told by our guide, that these were houses for the soldiers' families. They appeared to be wholly constructed of clay, with slight coverings of reeds and straw with the bare earth to sit or lie on. Women and children of the most filthy and squalid appearance, were either seated or wandering among these miserable kennels, for they deserve no better name. I have seen many Indian wigwams in the American forest, but nothing like the degraded picture of extreme wretchedness seen among these cells in Alexandria and other parts of Egypt. These dens of wretchedness abound in all the suburb parts of that city.

Round the outskirts of the city are constantly seen a large number of dogs, seemingly wild, and without owners. They wholly subsist on carrion and other offal, and are very fierce and savage in their appearance. I could not but remark the striking similarity between the dogs of Egypt and the American wolves. While standing by the side of Pompey's Pillar, I counted, within the range of a few rods on the plain below, thirty-three dogs; and I presume I might have counted one hundred on the open space around the eminence where I was then standing. They were howling and barking in the midst of carcasses of camels and horses, on which they fed. Their legs and mouths besmeared with blood, gave them a wild and barbarous appearance. These, with vultures, buzzards and crows, devour the offal of the city.

About two miles east of Alexandria is a large square enclosure, called the ruins of Cleopatra's Palace. Here, in the famous battle of Aboukir, the French took their position, and near it Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell. I wandered over the place near the close of day, and indulged in reflections connected with the hour, and the scenery around me. All was still and quiet, and but few marks now remain of the bloody scene once acted on this field of martial strife.

About two miles west of Alexandria, are catacombs of considerable extent ; but as they are choked up and difficult to explore, and as we expected to see many of these up the Nile, we did not visit them.

The soldiers of the Pacha are miserably clad, and probably as poorly fed. I could perceive no difference in dress between the various kinds of troops. Whether cavalry, artillery, infantry, or whatever, they were dressed in the same kind of uniform. That of the common soldier consists of a tight roundabout coat, made of coarse cotton cloth, without coloring or bleaching ; loose kilt breeches of the same material, leggins of the same, the coarsest kind of shoes, and a red turban cap with a large blue tassel hanging from the crown down the back side. Neither lace or tinsel marks either soldier or officer. An officer generally wears a blue coat, made of a thin cotton stuff, and is principally distinguished by his belt and side-arms. I saw several companies on parade in Alexandria. Their exercise in tactics would appear awkward enough at West Point, and their music of fife and drum, if possible, worse. The airs they play, had, to me, scarce the model of a tune.

A large number of languages are spoken in Alex

andria, and yet I saw but few who could converse in good English. Even in the Frank quarters, the Italian and French languages are the most prevalent. There is one English hotel, and I believe but one, in the city. As to dress, the Frank quarters present a great variety of fashions, so that travellers, whether from Europe or America, will be sure there to find themselves in fashion. The Egyptian dress is of Turkish fashion. That of the males consists of a short roundabout coat, loose kilt breeches, coming just below the knees, and a red cap called a *tarbouch*. In four cases out of five, this constitutes the entire outward suit. Stockings and shoes are rare among the lower class, whether males or females. The higher classes are generally seen with long white stockings, and red or yellow slippers. The Egyptian females never wear bonnets. A cloth of black color is put on the head in such a way as to draw close over the forehead, from which is suspended, by a silver clasp, a small narrow veil, stiffened along the top by a piece of reed or wire. The clasp suspends the veil to a space just below the eyes, leaving them visible. When the veil is not on, the female, in walking the streets, generally conceals her face, except one eye, by holding the folds of her head-covering in a certain position. All this is but a slavish custom of the East, of long and rigid standing. There are, however, breaches of it. Native females are often seen with uncovered faces; and of all that I saw, their countenances were more forbidding than inviting. Diseased eyes are astonishingly prevalent among the native Egyptians, and filthiness of person, a trait not to be mistaken. I saw more persons in Egypt blind

of an eye, and the other badly diseased, than I had ever seen before in my life.

The Frank quarters in Alexandria are rather pleasant. They are situated in the east part of the city, and mainly consist of an oblong square, of considerable extent, with buildings fronting to it. These buildings, generally, are good, and some of them have an air of elegance. But of the city in general, its houses, shops and bazars are poor, and its streets narrow, crooked, and extremely filthy. The present population is supposed to be about 40,000. But this is scarcely a shadow of what it once was. In the days of its glory, Alexandria was fifteen miles in circumference, and contained 600,000 inhabitants. But the hand of time and the hand of barbarism have both swept over it, and buried its glory in the dust and in the sea. Her illustrious schools of theology and philosophy are no more. Her vast library, famed in ancient history, was burnt by barbarous Saracen hands. The lighthouse, one of the seven wonders of the world, has vanished, and its place is known no more. Most of her former site is yet strewn with remains of her early grandeur and greatness. But many foundations on which her grandest structures perished, have of late been torn up and borne off to build the modern navy yard and other works of the Pacha. Of Alexandria it may be said, the glory has indeed departed.

CHAPTER III.

Arrangements for leaving Alexandria—Monopoly and Travellers' Rights—Setting out for Cairo—The Boat—Selim Hassan and the Boat's Crew—A Dilemma—Sudden Illness—Mahmoudieh Canal and Lake Mareotis—Oppressive Conscription and awful Mortality—Military Encampment—Egyptian Threshing Floor—Arrival at Atfe—Description—Embarkation on the Nile—Egyptian Agriculture—Sirocco—Visit to an Arab Village.

HAVING, in two days, satisfied our curiosity with examinations in and around Alexandria, we were now ready for a passage up the Nile. There is a small iron steamer, called the *Lotus*, which plies between Atfe, fifty-eight miles from Alexandria, and Cairo. It makes one regular trip a month, and this must be governed by the arrival of the mail-steamer from England. The steamer *Lotus* was then at Cairo, and would return in time to take passengers to that city, on the arrival of the British steamer, on or about the 21st of the month. We had but two alternatives before us: i. e., either to wait ten or twelve days longer at Alexandria for that medium of conveyance, or take passage up the Nile in a sail-boat, with Arab attendants. I was anxious to improve my time, and my English friend was desirous of spending some days in Cairo before the arrival of the English overland mail, as by the same conveyance he must prosecute his journey to Bombay. The American consul was at Cairo, so that I had not the benefit of his counsel. His son-in-law, Mr. Todd, of Alexandria, thought it our best course to apply to the "East India Agency," Hill & Co., and secure our conveyance to Cairo in sail-vessels. If the wind

should prove fair, we might accomplish our passage in three days, and we might be longer ; but under existing circumstances, he thought this our most expeditious and best course. I had another object in view, in going by this kind of conveyance. Our craft would occasionally stop by the way, and thus give us a better opportunity of making observations ; whereas, if we took the steamer, we must be carried through from Atfe to Cairo, without stopping. We finally decided to take the mode of conveyance thus recommended to us.

We applied to the India agency forthwith, to be sent on our way to Cairo. For our passage we paid each the amount of six pounds sterling. So much for the expense of travelling in Egypt, one hundred and eighty miles, the distance between Alexandria and Cairo. This sum, too, is twelve shillings sterling less than is charged by the steamer. Let travellers not be deceived in relation to cheap fare and board in Egypt. But I was led to inquire, why these exorbitant charges ? All kinds of labor are performed cheap by the natives, and provisions of every kind, so far as I was informed, bought of them at low prices. The obvious fact is, that individual monopoly is at the bottom of this evil. Certain European managers at Alexandria and Cairo are doubtless amassing wealth by draining from travellers all the money they can get by anything like plausible pretences. An English or American traveller comes to Alexandria, and is unable to make contracts or do business with the natives. Thus situated, he may be compelled to either stop where he is, or apply to an English agency to be sent up the Nile. For this he is sure to pay a

round price. He is then given over to a few natives, with a native guide who can speak a little English. The agency pays the natives very cheaply to do this business—pockets the avails—and leaves the traveller to get along as well as he can; while the natives will sponge out of him *bucksheesh* every once in a while, or there is no getting forward. When shall these evils be remedied, and travellers have justice done them in Egypt?

For the sum paid at the India agency office, we were not only to be conveyed to Cairo, but an ample supply of good provisions was to be furnished us, and a good cook to prepare our meals. I was also to have a good mattress and covering provided me. All this was promised most faithfully. On the 10th of December, toward evening, we were ready to start for our boat on the Mahmoudieh canal, through which we must be conveyed as far as Atfe on the Nile. Our baggage, provisions, and wood for cooking, were all placed on two camels. As the day was pleasant, and the distance to our place of embarkation not over two miles, we chose ourselves to go on foot. Natives with donkeys, however, followed us, insisting upon our riding, till their teasing put my English friend quite out of patience. He turned upon them with his cane, and, driving them back several rods, threatened to cane the first black mother's son of them that dare follow us any farther. The process was salutary, and ridded us of these shameless annoyers.

On our way to the boat, we again passed Pompey's pillar. We stopped a few moments, took another survey of this stupendous column of solid granite; and then, taking from its pedestal a few fragments of

cement as relics, passed on. We had been promised the best boat on the canal. It possibly may have been such, but it was in reality an old filthy concern. Its length was about that of a line-boat on the Erie canal, of some longer beam, and covered in a similar manner about two-thirds of the way. The covered part was separated by cross partitions into three small rooms. It had two short masts, with long lateen sails. These are raised when the wind is fair. When there is no wind, five or six of the men go on shore, and by pulling at a rope, tow the boat forward at a very sluggish pace.

Our interpreter, who was also to serve as cook, accompanied us to the boat. He was a young Arab, small in size, and of very dark visage, indicating a mixture of Nubian blood. His dress was better than that of Arabs generally. He spoke some English very badly, and bore the name of Selim Hassan. He proved to be a bad cook, and miserably stupid in everything ; but still seemed to possess rather a benevolent heart. Upon the whole, I should consider Selim a very tolerable young Arab. The crew of our boat were in appearance of the most filthy class, with scarcely rags to cover their bodies. They had every appearance, too, of being badly infested with vermin. All of them had sore eyes, and two of them appeared to be nearly blind.

The boat was soon under way. In the meantime we set about arranging our baggage, and examining our stock of provisions. Much of this we found of an inferior quality, some of it very bad, and the whole scanty. We however hoped for a short passage, and concluded to make the best of an unpleasant

matter. I inquired for the mattress that I was to have. Selim said none had been sent. This was indeed vexatious. What was to be done? Must I lie on the hard boards all the way to Cairo? My kind English friend had no more bedding than he needed, and I wanted no part of Selim's, which at best was scanty. My travelling friend, however, after adjusting his mattress, kindly furnished me with a few things, and Selim insisted on my taking a part of his. From these two sources, with the aid of my cloak, a place was made for me to lie on.

That evening I was suddenly taken most violently ill, first with pains, and then with a profuse vomiting. At first the whole seemed like the result of poison; and yet I knew of nothing I had taken which would produce that effect. I had eaten but one meal on board, and that a sparing one. During a sleepless night, as I lay sick on my hard made bed, I thought of kindred and friends far away, good beds, and nourishing things. Added to this, I was sorely annoyed by fleas and mosquitoes, which abound in Egypt, even in winter. To be taken sick in such a place, and under such circumstances, was a thought gloomy enough. In the morning, though weak and feverish, I besought to be set on shore, that I might breathe a pure air and take a little exercise. The sickly scent of our filthy cabin was peculiarly oppressive. Our boat was then moving but slowly, and my English friend went on shore with me. We walked at a very moderate pace for about a mile. The morning air was balmy and bracing, while the odor of various kinds of trees on our way was delicious and invigorating. On returning to the boat

I felt refreshed, and from that time continued to mend. In two days my health was good.

The entire length of the Mahmoudieh canal is said to be sixty miles. It is designed as an opening for the commerce of the Nile direct to Alexandria, instead of the hazardous route by way of Rosetta and the Mediterranean. Nearly the whole distance we travelled it, the canal passes near the shore of Lake Mareotis, and finally unites with the Nile at the town of Atfe. This lake is a broad, tranquil sheet of water, perhaps ten or twelve miles wide, and stretching considerably farther west than the city of Alexandria. To the south of it, the Lybian desert spreads itself in boundless desolation. The Mahmoudieh canal is an effort of the pacha, to raise fallen Alexandria. For that city he seems to evince a partiality not bestowed on any other place in Egypt. This canal was doubtless a work of great labor, and accomplished at a vast sacrifice of life. It is ninety feet in width, and eighteen feet deep, extending through an entire level space, not requiring a single lock. With the Nile at its head, and Lake Mareotis at its side, this vast excavation must have been made at great inconvenience, from a constant flow of water into the works during their entire progression.

To accomplish this work, the laboring classes of Lower Egypt were put in requisition. To each village and district was allotted the extent of work they were expected to perform. The Arabs marched down in multitudes, under their respective chiefs. The whole of the intended canal was lined with workmen at once; and the number employed at one time, it is said, amounted to two hundred and fifty thou-

sand men.* In little more time than six weeks, the whole excavation was completed. A few months was necessary for additional work, and the canal was opened with great pomp on the 7th of December, 1819. But—awful to relate!—it is said twenty thousand lives were sacrificed in completing this work! Death strewed his victims from one end of this canal to the other. Such a process of accomplishing a public enterprise, could only be carried out in a despotic government like that of Egypt, where the will of one man is absolute law. From his mandate there is no appeal; and wo to the heads of such as dare resist one of his orders!

We had not passed far on the canal before we came to a large encampment of Egyptian cavalry. Tents were pitched over a considerable space, and the horses stood in the open air, each eating provender from a small clay trough. A little distant was a clustre of miserable clay huts, such as we had seen round the suburbs of Alexandria. Among these were, either sitting or wandering, a number of filthy-looking women and children. At different places on the canal, we passed several encampments of troops, presenting the same appearance of tents and miserable clay huts. But all the soldiers I saw, appeared quite civil and well-behaved. Martial music, such as it is, may be heard at all hours along the pacha's canal. Contiguous to the banks are several Arab villages. Some of them are in ruins and deserted, while others swarm with inhabitants. On our morning-walk before mentioned, we passed through and examined a deserted hamlet. Here we had the privilege of looking inside

* Russell

of an Arab's clay-hut. They appeared to be in every possible kind of form. Some of them had entrances similar to the mouth of an oven, and not much larger, without any other opening to admit either air or light. The interior of many that we saw, was too low to admit a person in a higher than a sitting posture. Even the best of them were habitations far too mean for human beings. Never had I examined anything of the kind, so sickening and deathly to everything that combines earthly comforts.

Nothing of the forest kind presents itself in sight of the canal. Tall and beautiful palm-trees, the pride of Egypt, are seen scattered around every Arab village. The beautiful and graceful boughs of the palm give it a delightful appearance. On many of them rich clusters of dates were still hanging. On the banks of the canal are many of the ombu and paraiso trees, both of which have a rich appearance. The white mulberry and honey-locust are also common.

On the canal there appeared a considerable stir of business. We often passed boats loaded with wheat, corn, beans, and various other products. In addition to this kind of loading, many of the crafts were crowded with human beings. Occasionally we met a boat loaded with troops.

On the next day after leaving Alexandria, we arrived at Atfe. A mile and a half from the place, my English friend and I landed, and walked into the town. It was about the middle of the day, and we found the weather oppressively warm. On our way we turned aside and took a look at an Egyptian threshing-floor, where men were engaged threshing wheat in a field, or, in other words, treading it out with oxen. No

barns are seen in Egypt. Wheat is threshed on a plot of ground smoothed and prepared for the purpose, in the field where it is harvested. It is then winnowed with a fan or winnowing shovel, after the custom of two thousand years ago. The best cleaned wheat I saw in Egypt, had small particles of earth mixed with it; and much of the bread in that country, particularly that used by the natives, gives evidence that considerable of this article is ground into the flour.

Atfe is a miserable Egyptian town, with a population of some thousands. This, to be sure, is using a very indefinite term; but it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at anything like accuracy in computing the population of an ordinary Egyptian town or village, as nothing like a correct census is taken in Egypt. A few French and Italian traders reside at Atfe, but the mass of the inhabitants are Arabs and Turks. We spent about four hours in the place, and, during that time, did not meet a single individual who could address us in English. The best houses are low and filthy in appearance. Indeed, a large portion of the town is made up of Arabian mud-huts. These especially line the banks of the canal, as you enter the town from the west. They were the same despicable model of mud-huts described before. Along the canal, one line of them seemed to rise close in rear of another, and then another. Thus ascending back from the canal, they formed a most grotesque or rather indescribable appearance. The streets of the town are only narrow, crooked alleys, and most despicably filthy. In the heat of the day, as it then was, an offensive stench meets you in every direction. The canal was crowded with boats for some distance

up from the Nile ; and boats of various sizes and forms crowded the bank of the river. Not a wheel-carriage of any kind was seen. Camels and donkeys, bearing all kinds of burthens, throng the business streets ; and the traveller has to dodge in every direction to keep from coming in contact with these carrier beasts. In most parts of the East, the camel serves in room of drays, carts, and wagons. Boxes of raisins, figs, oranges, lemons, and dates, were piled in front of boats on the bank of the Nile. Many boats were discharging cargoes of beans, wheat, barley, maize, and other kinds of grain. Finally, Atfe, with all its filth, presented a very considerable display of business.

At this place we changed boats. Between the canal and the Nile there is a dam, so that boats do not pass from the one into the other. There are small sluices, however, in the dam, through which water passes from the river into the canal. Our agent to procure a boat for us at Atfe, was a Frenchman, with whom my English friend could converse. He spoke very discouragingly at first, and gave us fears that we might be detained here a day or two. He informed us that the Governor of Atfe had pressed into his service every boat that could be spared ; and that he (the Frenchman) had, several days before, written to the India Agency at Alexandria, to have no more passengers sent up the Nile by sail-boats, at present. We pressed our necessities, and he promised to do the best he could for us. In the course of two hours he succeeded in procuring a miserable Arab boat, as the best that could be had. We were told that we must either proceed in that, or stop till a better could be obtained.

We went on board, and found it bad enough in all conscience ; but necessity induced us to accept of it. Our baggage was soon conveyed on board, and we made ready to start. The *rais*, (captain,) however, was careful to inform us, through Selim, that he wanted some bucksheesh before setting out. Of course there was no alternative, and we handed over. Suddenly the *rais* was missing. After an absence of about thirty minutes he returned, and informed us, through Selim, that he had been out and purchased eighteen yards of cloth for his family ; and, to be sure that he was not cheated, he had been careful to measure it himself. Soon after receiving this *interesting* piece of intelligence, we got under way up the river.

Our boat was rather large for the convenience of fast sailing. It had a small covered cabin in the stern part, and was rigged with two large lateen sails. As this kind of rigging is never seen in the United States, I will try to describe it. The boat has two masts, about twenty feet in height. To the top of each of these, a spar about seventy-five feet long is fastened loosely, in such a way as to play on the mast as on a pivot. One end of this spar is brought down to the gunwale of the boat, elevating the other end to an angle of about thirty degrees. A large sail, cut in nearly a triangular form, is fastened to this spar. The lower corner of this sail is also fastened to the gunwale of the boat, the opposite side from that on which the spar rests. Vessels rigged in this manner, have a light and picturesque appearance.

It was on a beautiful afternoon on the 11th of December, 1841, that I found myself floating, for the first time, on the bosom of the mighty Nile. Indeed, a

new emotion was awakened from my first entrance on this noble stream, the frequent reading of which was so closely connected with my school-boy recollections. It was a grand sight to look upon this noble river, rolling its waters for nearly fifteen hundred miles, without receiving a single tributary; laving a region which, but for it, would be a desert; and rendering this desert, by its waters, the garden of the world. The Rosetta branch of the Nile, at Atfe, I should think considerably larger than the Hudson river at Albany.

Our boat moved off at something like the rate of four miles to the hour, with a noise and dash through the water that made it appear like much greater speed. On starting, the wind was fair; but at sunset it died away, and the boat was tied to the shore for the night. About a mile and a half above Atfe, on the opposite side of the river, is the town of Fouah. Though not so large as Atfe, it has a much better appearance. The beautiful palm-trees around it, its whitened buildings, with its numerous mosques rearing above them their graceful and lofty minarets, give the whole place an inviting aspect. This, however, was a rather distant view, as the river at that place is over a mile wide, and all Egyptian towns show best in the distance.

At evening, after adjusting our beds and lying down, we soon found our boat sadly infested with rats, cockroaches, fleas, bugs, and mosquitoes. A small dog belonging to my English friend, was placed as sentinel over the rats, while we contested our rights during the night, with the creeping things, as well as we could. But amid the contest of the dog

with rats, and mine with bugs and fleas, I slept very little. Thus passed my first night on the Nile.

Early the next morning, as the wind was ahead the men went on shore and towed the boat several miles, by pulling at a rope. About sunrise we passed a large encampment of the Pacha's troops. Many of them appeared to be running, leaping, and sporting. Some of their musicians were playing a very unmusical tune, as usual. Mr. C. and I went early on shore to take the air, and exercise ourselves with a walk. The sky was lurid and had a fiery appearance—a sure precursor of the dread sirocco, or wind from the desert. The plain of the Delta was spread out in beautiful prospect on every hand. We passed several Arabs engaged ploughing and sowing. Though it was the Christian Sabbath, it was not the Mohammedan. Theirs is on Friday; and from all I could see in the East, is scarcely observed by the Mohammedans themselves. The mode of agriculture which we here witnessed, reminded me of ancient oriental customs. They were ploughing with oxen. A pole, separating the oxen about six feet from each other, was laid on the necks of the animals, and fastened with ropes, instead of ox-bows. The beam of the plough was of sufficient length to be tied to the pole that crossed the cattle's necks. The plough had no mould-board, but was simply a piece of wood shod and pointed with iron. The furrows, in passing over the field, were made near each other. This is ploughing in Egypt; and this the uniform apparatus for turning up the soil in that country.

At that season of the year, the plain of the Delta is certainly picturesque and beautiful. Its numerous

clusters of palm and other trees, known only in that climate—its splendid orange and lemon groves—its numerous flocks of cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and donkeys—its countless flocks of large and small birds of various colors and plumage—all combine to render the scenery along the Nile delightful. But when you say this, you say nearly all. Art has retrograded in that country, for hundreds of years. The miserable Arab villages which spot this vast region, with the filthy and degraded inmates of those wretched hamlets, remind you of the plagues of Egypt. With an enlightened and refined people, under a free and liberal government, Egypt might be made what it once was, the garden and granary of the East. But, alas! what is it under its present despotic government, and in the hands of its miserable inhabitants? How has the mighty fallen and the glory departed!

We went on board at about eleven o'clock, and found our miserable cook had not yet got our breakfast prepared. We got nothing to eat till after twelve o'clock. Then just as we sat down, the wind blew a gale. The dread sirocco had fairly set in. Our boat was rapidly carried across the Nile, and, in its passage, so thrown on the side that it required our utmost effort to prevent our scanty breakfast, crockery and all, being thrown on the filthy cabin floor. This was no small affliction to two hungry men. On reaching the opposite side, the boat was tied up for better weather. Towards evening the wind lulled, and our boatmen towed up two miles farther, to a miserable Arab village, where we lay over night.

The next morning, about sunrise, our boat was in slow progress; but the wind was still ahead. The

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men towed about three miles, crossed the river, and stopped for breakfast. The wind was rising. The lull that had been experienced the evening before, was only a preparation for a more furious gale. The sky had a very hazy and fiery appearance. The gale rose to much greater severity than on the previous day. We were obliged to lie-by till towards night. My English friend had a good rifle. Preparing this, and taking Selim with us on shore, we determined to divert ourselves a little in search of game. We soon found, however, that the wind blew too hard for our comfort as well as our success in hunting. We saw many birds, but killed none. Many Arabs were out, indifferent to the gale. Some were ploughing, and others lolling on the ground, wrapped in their blankets. In one direction we could see herdsmen tending cattle, camels, and donkeys. In another direction shepherds were tending flocks of sheep and goats. In our ramble we came to a beautiful orange-grove loaded with luxuriant fruit. Two Arabs were lying on the ground keeping watch. We tried to purchase some oranges of them. They refused to sell us any, and replied "*bad, bad—not good!*" No doubt the secret was, they were only servants, and dare not sell a single orange without the consent of their master.

Towards night, the wind having slackened, the men towed a short distance, crossed the river and tied up for the night near a small village called Abde. As some articles of our provisions were now getting scanty, we furnished Selim with some small Egyptian coin, and sent him off to purchase an additional stock of eatables. As it was not yet sun-set, we stepped ashore and walked up to the Arab village. Both of

us felt a curiosity to inspect one of those singular hamlets. Here I will remark that neither fences nor hedges are seen on the Delta. Flocks and herds are tended by day and folded by night. Nor are farm-houses scattered over the country, as in the United States. The inhabitants all settle in villages. A portion of land is assigned to the inhabitants of each village to work. The fee of the soil in Egypt rests entirely in the government and the government is emphatically the pacha himself. Each village has a governor appointed over it by the pacha, who sees to the cultivating of the soil ; and those who do the work, receive but one-third of the products. Such villages are scattered along both sides of the Nile, at from one to two miles apart.

We visited the village of Abde. First we passed round the outskirts of it ; and, finding the inhabitants civil and by no means shy of us, we ventured through several of the streets. All met or passed us with civility, and several gave us the Arab salutation. This consists in first laying the right hand on the breast and then on the forehead, at the same time uttering the word *tybene*—well. There was a small mosque in the village, and graves near it. This was built with some taste and had considerable decorations. You will invariably see as much as one mosque in every village on the Nile. All the other buildings were of an abject and miserable kind, generally made of unburnt bricks, and plastered outside with clay, mixed with straw. Many of them were the miserable kind of clay cells described before. We did not intrude so far as to enter one of their houses, but looking through doors, or rather holes

in the wall as we passed, we chose from what we saw to keep outside. We saw not a well-dressed person in all the village. Rags and filth were so common, that there appeared to be but little distinction. The streets were small, narrow lanes, and often between a square of houses would be a cattle-pen or sheep-fold. Brutes and men seemed to live in near companionship. Under a small covering, resembling a farmer's hovel, we saw two girls driving an ox round a circuit. An Arab was standing near, and as we approached, he saluted us with a smiling countenance. The ox was turning a small mill, simply constructed, and grinding wheat. The Arabs use no bolt in preparing their grain for bread, but eat the real Graham article. Among them the business of grinding is performed by the women.

Just at the setting of the sun, the women of each village may be seen passing to the Nile, each bearing on her head a rude piece of pottery called a pitcher, large enough to hold two or three gallons. These they fill with the muddy water of the Nile, and then bear them back in the same manner. The sight is picturesque. On our way back to the boat, I turned and looked at this scene, and then remembered the pictures I had gazed on when a boy, delineating the customs in the East.

CHAPTER IV.

Continuance of the Sirocco—Visit to an Arab Village—A ludicrous Bluster—Village Scenery—Rain in Egypt—Slow Progress and poor Prospects—The Rais' wife and Children—Crocodiles—A fight—Determined on a new mode of conveyance—All's well that ends well—New mode of travelling—Arab Fishermen—Irrigation of land in Egypt—A crowded Ferry-boat—Selim's alarm and fears—A night's lodging—The Pacha's Palace—Ibrahim's Palace—Beautiful Scenery—Arrival at Cairo and visit to the American Consul.

THE next morning when we arose, the sky was still hazy and of a fiery appearance. The sun rose pale and sickly, and the Sirocco was still blowing with unabated fury. Before breakfast we went on shore as usual, but the air seemed to be filled with fine drifting sand, which rendered our eyes painful. We soon returned on board, when the men raised a sail and ran the boat about two miles, the length of a bend in the river. Here we were brought up by the wind blowing directly against us on the next bend. This brought us to the village of Fourdbilche, where we lay-to about four hours. Here we again went on shore, rambled about, shooting at eagles and other birds, but killed nothing. We finally concluded to take a ramble into this village.

On our approach, we first came to a mill, turned by an ox, and in all respects similar to the one I have, before described. A woman was engaged tending it and driving the animal. As we stopped for a moment, she turned upon us a most wrathful countenance, and belched at us, what we supposed to be a curse, beginning with the word *Allah*. We then passed round the village. On the south side were several graves

and tombs. Every Arab grave that I saw in Egypt, seemed first to have had the earth rounded upon it, similar to graves with us. Over this, a white cement is spread, forming a small knob at the head. On drying, this cement becomes nearly as hard as stone. I remarked that in this village, graves were close by dwelling-houses; and in some instances, directly by the side of doors. The houses and every thing we saw, were very similar to those in Abde, except that the inhabitants were more shy of us, and some of them more wrathful in their looks.

Near sunset, the wind having slacked, our boat was got under way by towing. The men labored in this way till about eleven o'clock at night, and then tied up the boat.

We were up by sunrise on the next morning. Our boatmen sat idle and looked sulky. We inquired, through Selim, why they did not proceed, as there was then but little wind, and they could tow. Selim said they were determined to wait for wind. Mr. C. stormed loudly and shook his cane at them. For a few minutes the scene was truly ludicrous. There stood the Englishman storming in his language, and the Arabs in theirs, and neither party understanding the other. Mr. C. by his gestures, however, made them understand there was wrath for them if they did not proceed immediately. They suddenly cowered down and started the boat.

After a slight breakfast, we took Selim on shore to procure a fresh supply of provisions. We walked up the Nile to the neighboring village of Shaboor. Here we tried to purchase some fowls and eggs, but could obtain none. We spent an hour in this village

and walked through various parts of it. The inhabitants appeared friendly and not shy of us. But all in and around the place was much like what I have described of other villages. Children were numerous—many of them in an entire state of nudity, and the whole place appeared closely tenanted. Passing out of the village, we came to a mosque with the door open. As I had never seen the inside of a Mohammedan place of worship, curiosity led me to take a look at this. The interior was much more ordinary than the outside. Nothing was to be seen worthy of note, except that the whole place was very filthy. Around this mosque were a large number of graves and tombs. Many beautiful palm-trees were scattered in and around this village, on some of which large clusters of dates were still hanging.

A cloud was now gathering in the north-west, bearing signs of rain. This we had long desired, hoping it would bring with it a change of wind. As the cloud began to rise, we hastened on board, and soon it rained copiously. I remembered that somewhere I had read that it never rains in Egypt! How strange, thought I. Rarely did I ever see it rain faster, though for only a few minutes. I was told that there are occasional showers even as high up as Thebes and the cataracts of the Nile. The wind shifted with this shower, and soon we had a favorable breeze. Our boat now moved on its way briskly, and all became cheerful. Large flocks of wild-geese, ducks, storks and herons, were seen along the river. We also saw one large pelican of the desert. This was the first living species of that bird I had ever seen.

Our boat was kept running all night before a good breeze. This was fortunate, for the next morning the breeze entirely died away. The sun shone hot, and the day was as warm as June in New England. About 11 o'clock, A. M., we lay-to just above a large village called Zonitrazin. The rais of our boat had stopped at this village to procure, as he said, bread for the boatmen. After waiting two hours for him, the boat proceeded on, leaving him to come when he got ready. As we had no wind, the men were compelled to tow. The progress thus made is not to exceed a mile and a half an hour. The men, however, had worked faithfully four hours, and no rais had come yet. They had eaten nothing since morning, and four of them declared they would proceed no further, but would leave the boat and go for something to eat. We were then not near any village. On learning our situation, through Selim, we requested him to say to the men, if they would proceed with the boat, we would buy them bread at the next village. This soon brought them on board. The wind was rising, our sails were set, and we proceeded on.

During this day, as we advanced up the Nile, the vale on the west, or Lybian side, became narrow. Beyond it the yellow sands of the desert lay spread to view as far as the eye could stretch. Towards night we passed in sight of a camp of Bedoin Arabs. These were the first that I had ever seen of that wandering class of barbarians, and little did I then suppose that such were soon to be my guides and protectors through the dangerous region of Arabia Petra. Their tents were black, and their persons, with everything around them, bore a wild and savage

appearance. At half-past ten, p. m., our men refused to proceed any further that night on any conditions, though the wind was favorable. This was truly vexatious, but what could we do but submit ?

When morning light came, we found ourselves lying beside a miserable village called Venisillama, on the Lybian side of the river. All we had left for our breakfast were a few eggs, some hard dry bread, and some coffee. We commissioned Selim to try at this village for some fowls and milk. I walked with him through several of its miserable lanes, but he could purchase nothing, though I saw plenty of fowls and cattle. This village was built very compact, its streets being not more than six or eight feet wide. The houses were all constructed of mud, and built in every imaginable form. Some of them were square and covered with loose bamboo reeds, while others were round and covered in the same manner. The shape of some of the houses resembled that of a coal-pit just covered, or a straw bee-hive ; while others were constructed in form like an oven, with a similar mouth for entrance. The door or entrance into any habitation was a mere ill-shapen breach in the wall. Cow-yards and sheep-folds were mixed in with the houses in every part of the village. It is extremely difficult accurately to estimate the population of an Arabian village. They most probably range from three hundred to fifteen hundred souls. At this place the Lybian desert comes down to the Nile. There is, indeed, a small green strip of land in rear of this village, but beyond that is an entire sandy waste. The village stands on the Lybian sands.

At ten o'clock in the morning the rais, who had

left the boat twenty hours before, returned, bringing with him his wife and two small children. She was tattooed on her chin, cheeks and forehead, the punctures of which were dyed with blue. This I found very common among females in Egypt, where their faces were to be seen. The two children were girls, and both were marked in the same barbarous manner. The boat was soon got under way, towed about half a mile, and the sails set. The wind, however, proved to be rather ahead, and after sailing about a mile farther, it was tied up on the opposite shore.' Here, while I was sitting on the bank of the river, three small crocodiles rose for a minute to the surface, and then suddenly disappeared. They were the only ones I saw on the Nile, and I was informed they are rarely seen at all below Cairo.

At this place a sharp contention took place between two of the boatmen and the rais; the result of which was, the two boatmen left. After waiting an hour and a half the boat was towed forward. In the meantime the rais followed the men who had left, and succeeded in bringing them back. Selim and my English friend had gone to a village further up the river, to purchase provisions. They returned about the middle of the afternoon, with a little mutton, some coarse-looking Arab bread, some dates, and a few oranges. They stated that it was very difficult for them to purchase provisions of any kind. As the little they procured could last us but a short time, Mr. C. was determined to leave the boat, hire camels, and take our baggage direct to Cairo. We took our coarse dinner at about four o'clock, and really found the Arab bread better than we had ex-

pected. This done, Mr. C. and Selim set out for the next village to engage camels, while I remained on board to see to our baggage. Soon after, the boat arrived at the village of Abonishabi, where they had gone. They soon came on board with an Arabian camel driver, having agreed on the price for taking us the next day to Cairo. Right glad were we at the prospect of leaving the old miserable, filthy boat, and its brutish crew. They here tied up for the night.

On a boat lying very near to ours, two Arabs got into a noisy quarrel, and from that to fisticuffs. They fought like two savages, as they really were. At length one of them getting the better of the other, caught up a heavy stick, and beat his antagonist in a most brutal manner.

A kind of fair had been held in the village during the day. A very large tent was pitched near the place where our boat was tied. Curiosity led us to visit it. We found a select company of Arabs seated around, smoking and taking coffee. We were pointed to a seat, and soon coffee was served us. It was rich, and of an excellent flavor.

Morning came and the camels we had engaged were early on the shore to receive us and our baggage. We were hurrying through with our sparing breakfast, elated with the prospect of soon being in Cairo. Suddenly Selim entered the cabin crying, "the camels are going! the camels are going!" And sure enough, the governor of the place had sent an officer to seize them for his own service. Here was a new scene of trouble. We were nearly out of every thing to eat, and found it all but impossible to purchase wholesome food to subsist upon. We took

Selim and went to the governor, who was pointed out to us, standing a few rods further up the river. Taking off our hats, we made an humble salutation to his *excellency*. He was a man of about thirty-five, well dressed in Turkish style, with a silver crescent and star on his right breast. His stature was tall and his countenance rather handsome, with a most serpent-looking eye. All that Selim could say availed nothing. His reply was, "Go and hire other camels; you cannot have these." He well knew we could hire no others when it was known through the village that he had seized those we had hired. We, however, set out in pursuit of other camels, but after a fruitless search of over half an hour, Selim became discouraged, said he could do no more, and insisted that we must keep the boat. Mr. C. declared that he should be sick and would die if confined much longer to that wretched boat. He finally started alone for the governor, who was still standing where he had left him. Uncovering once more to his *excellency*, and taking out a handful of gold, with tears in his eyes, he made signs that he was sick and must be taken to Cairo. Gold produces a peculiar charm upon a Turk. By this time he probably began to suppose he was treating with men of some consequence. He immediately softened down, and coming near to where I was standing, gave orders to a man to go with Selim and get camels for us. In about an hour, two camels, two donkeys and a horse were obtained. Our baggage was soon placed on the camels, and after paying one half of the sum agreed upon, at 11 o'clock, we were on our way to Cairo, taking Selim with us.

From the village where we left the boat, the distance to Cairo must be as much as thirty miles; though from what had been told us, we supposed it was not more than half that distance. Among Arabs, however, you can learn but very little of distance, computing by miles. Inquire the distance to any place and they will say so many hours, or so many days; measuring the ordinary time of travelling the distance with loaded camels.

In taking our direct course for Cairo, we struck immediately off from the Nile back into the country. This gave us the opportunity of seeing lands and villages not often visited by Frank travellers. Our route was over most beautiful and fertile lands, where numerous herdsmen were tending cattle, camels, and donkeys, and shepherds their flocks. Large flocks of storks, herons, wild geese, ducks, and other birds, for many of which I had no name, were flying in every direction. Early on our journey, we passed a deep cut, extending miles back from the Nile, to draw water into the interior for the purpose of irrigating the land. In approaching a certain point of this cut, we noticed a flock of large hawks flying around in a circuitous manner. Drawing near the place, we saw a number of Arabs engaged taking fish with small scoop-nets, while the hawks seemed ready to contest a portion of the spoil. Men were wading in the water in an entire state of nudity, while women on shore were gathering up the fish in baskets. The fish were of an inferior quality.

Not far from this place we saw men engaged in irrigating land. The process is simple. The land to be irrigated is first sown. A large range, entirely

level, is laid out into sections of about a rod square. To do this, small ridges of earth are made to cross each other at right angles, about a rod apart. A small trench is made in the centre of each ridge, in which the water can run. The water was raised out of the cut before named, by means of a wheel with earthen buckets fastened to it and turned by a buffalo. The buckets filled as the wheel revolved, and emptied by the same process. The water ran out on the land in the trenches I have described. Places were opened from the trenches into each square and closed again. By this process every part of the field was in due time watered. Although this was on the 18th of December, the weather was as warm as June in New-England. There is no winter in Egypt to impede the growth of grain, and hence two crops a year may be obtained from the same ground. We saw large fields of wheat, barley, flax, beans, cotton and sugar-cane, in a state of luxuriant growth.

During our first day's travel we passed nine Arab villages. These are generally situated on a slight eminence, and surrounded with beautiful and lofty palm trees and orange groves, which give them a pretty appearance in the distance. But the moment you come near them, beauty vanishes, and the same uniform filthiness, found in all of them, renders them odious and repulsive. Approaching the village of Mitnameh, we passed a large cotton-field. This was the first cotton I had seen growing in Egypt. From the appearance of this, I should judge that Egypt is well adapted to the growth of that article. We passed many luxuriant fields of sugar-cane near this village, and further on our way. In the same

vicinity was an immense brick-kiln burning, and another building. A large number of hands were engaged carrying bricks to the kiln, from every part of an immense yard. The bricks were carried on their heads in baskets, and the carriers sung as they went, much as I have heard southern slaves when at their field-labor.

When we arrived at this village, I was surprised to see the immense quantity of corn that lay piled in the ear, recently husked. I examined and found it much like our Indian corn. It was of a white color, and the ears rather small. At this place the two large pyramids of Gizah were plain in view, rearing their lofty tops in solitary grandeur. They seemed but a few miles distant, when in reality we were more than twenty miles from them.

Between four and five o'clock, we crossed the Darnietta branch of the Nile, at the village of Metalphéh. Our two camels with their loads, one horse, three donkeys and nine men, were all crowded into a keel-boat of rather small dimensions for such a load. With no little apprehension of danger, we however crossed and made a safe landing. At this village we purchased a few oranges, some pressed dates, and a quantity of coarse bread. This was the only food we expected till we arrived at Cairo.

About one hour further on, we passed an encampment of Bedoin Arabs, and soon another. Their black tents and savage looks drew rather hard upon poor Selim's courage. Night was coming on, and he expressed fears that we might fall in with more of them and be robbed. Mr. C. had two guns and a brace of pistols, and Selim wished to have them got out. The

guns were taken from among the baggage, and at his request one of them was handed to him. He inquired, however, if it was loaded. "All ready," said Mr. C. Selim then insisted that I should take the other, charging me to see that that, too, was ready. "All ready," said Mr. C. Selim shouldered his gun with all the importance of a grenadier, exclaiming, "Now I no fraid to go. I no fraid to travel all night." The plain truth was, there was no charge in either gun. This I knew, but Mr. C. was quite willing that Selim and the other Arabs with us, should think the guns were loaded. The ammunition had been put in a trunk and could not be got at without disturbing the whole baggage. Selim never found out that he had carried an empty gun till the next morning, after all his apprehended dangers were over, and then he laughed heartily with us at the joke.

The moon shone pleasant and we travelled till eight o'clock, when we came to the village of Abfattah. Here Selim's courage all suddenly evaporated, and he declared it would not do to go any further that night. He insisted that we should be robbed if we proceeded. Of course we had no alternative left but to try what fare we could find in an Arab village. Selim first went to the house of the governor, but before he had half stated his errand, the door was slammed in his face: a sufficient hint that no entertainment would be afforded us there. Several other places were tried but with no better success. We finally began to think we should have to lie down in the open air. At length a Nubian who resided in the village, came to us, expressed pity for us in our condition, and kindly invited us to his habitation. He was dressed in Turkish

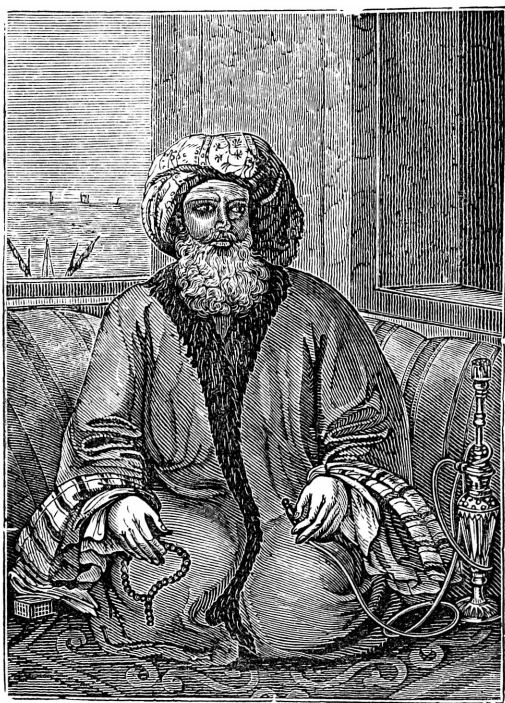
style, but was clean and neat in his appearance. His countenance was black, but his features were regular and rather handsome. The mildness of his eye denoted a benevolent heart, and I should think from his appearance, that he was considered wealthy. We were conducted into a room with a ground floor, without window or chimney. There was, however, a place to kindle a fire, but none to let the smoke out, except the door and holes in the wall. He made a blaze with cornstalks, which afforded us light to get our baggage in, but soon the room was so filled with smoke that we were obliged to go into the open air to take breath. Searching our canteen, we found part of a candle, which we lit, and then begged to have no more cornstalks burnt. We tried to get some hot water to make a little tea, but were unable to do it. Mr. C. and I made our supper of coarse Arab bread, some pressed dates and a few oranges, while Selim and our camel drivers gathered round in a circle, and ate what they had. Our scanty bedding was then spread on the ground floor, and we covered ourselves for the night. Our Nubian host brought in his mattress and slept in the same room, while the Arabs who came with us laid down in their blankets, and soon all around were silent. Though considerably annoyed with fleas, I slept tolerably well during the night.

Early the next morning, we took leave of this benevolent Nubian, who refused any remuneration we offered. He, however, accepted the present of a small quantity of gunpowder. About two hours' travel brought us to the Pacha's palace, on the Nile. It is very large and shows to considerable advantage at a distance, but when we came near to it, its beau-

ty greatly diminished. Its walls were much out of repair. There was a splendid show of windows at a distance, but when we drew near, they were found to be bricked up. Nor did there appear to be much real taste displayed in the grounds around it. I noticed near it a large field of cotton, and near that another of sugar-cane. As we were not in a condition to stop, we did not visit the gardens of this palace, which are represented as very fine.

We had now arrived again at the Nile. As we passed onward, we saw more and more indications that we were approaching a great city. At one place we met fifteen camels loaded with cotton. Each camel carried five bales. Camels, horses, and donkeys, were bearing into Cairo various kinds of vegetables and other products to market. The road was literally crowded, and all was bustle and stir. For three miles before reaching Cairo, the road is truly beautiful. Honey locusts, mimosa and other ornamental trees, are set close in lines, forming a beautiful shade on both sides. The air was balmy and luxuriant. Patches of lotus, sugar-cane and bananas, with groves of olive and orange, became numerous.

Amid the bustle of hundreds who were going every way on the road, we noticed an old, tall, lean Arab, of haggard countenance and filthy dress, approaching us. Putting his hand into a filthy bag which he carried under his arm, he drew out a large serpent and held it up, writhing and twisting round his arm. He then let it coil round his neck, and opening his mouth permitted the serpent to thrust his head into it. After several like feats with that serpent, he put it back into his bag and drew out another of black and yel-



Ibrahim Pacha.

low appearance. This serpent was permitted to perform similar acts. Putting that back into his bag, he took out a live scorpion. After holding this reptile up in his hand, he opened his mouth and thrust the scorpion into it. At this awful sight, we started on. Pulling the scorpion out of his mouth, the old fellow ran after us crying, "*bucksheesh me ! bucksheesh me !*"

About two miles from Cairo, we came to the seat of Ibrahim Pacha. This, with the scenery around it, had a much more splendid appearance than that of his father which we had just passed. His gardens, with fountains, arbors, and ornamental shrubbery, had a beautiful appearance. Between Ibrahim's palace and Cairo there are several splendid seats. Indeed, the scenery for one mile onward, is highly picturesque and inviting. At about three o'clock, P.M., we entered the city of Grand Cairo, the famous seat of so many oriental tales and of as much eastern legendary. After winding along narrow and filthy streets for about one mile, we arrived at the place where I had been recommended to take lodgings. This completed just nine days from Alexandria.

After partaking of a meal prepared in a hurry, and making some shift of wardrobe, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. Gliddon, the American consul. He received me very courteously, and kindly offered me any assistance in his power to render.

CHAPTER V.

Visit to the Pyramids of Gizah—Old Cairo—Island of Roda—The Sphinx—Pyramid Cheops—Examination of its Interior—Ascent to its Top—Magnificent View—Descent—Oppressive Attention of the Arabs—Catcombs.

As the steamer from Alexandria was expected hourly, on the arrival of which my English friend was to embark for India, he was anxious, before leaving, that I should accompany him on a visit to the pyramids, the two largest of which are situated about eight miles from Cairo. Without waiting to take a view of the city, we set out on the morning of the 20th of December, mounted on donkeys and accompanied by a guide, for the purpose of visiting those vast monuments of antiquity, ranked among the world's wonders. Threading narrow and crowded streets for a long distance, we at length passed out of the city by a gate on the west side. Our course lay direct to Old Cairo, which is situated on the banks of the Nile, distant from the wall of the present city about three miles. It is now but a small place, and has in its suburbs many ruins. Near Old Cairo is the small island of Roda, where, according to tradition, Pharaoh's daughter found the infant Moses. This little island is one of the prettiest spots around Cairo. On it is a large fine palace, belonging to Ibrahim Pacha, and other buildings, which show to good advantage. The gardens on this island are spacious and highly cultivated. At the south end is the ancient Nilometer, which has stood there for centuries, marking the rise and fall of the Nile during its annual overflowings.

At Old Cairo we crossed the river in a ferry-boat,

to Gizah. This is a considerable town on the west bank of the Nile. Here we again mounted our donkeys and set off on a full gallop, desiring to lose as little time as possible by the way. The pyramids are situated five miles west of Gizah, on the edge of the Lybian Desert. They are in fair view as you pass out of the town, and do not appear to be one half of that distance. On our way we passed the villages of Conesse and El Goboor. At the latter the pyramids would seem not more than half a mile off, when, in reality, the distance is all of two miles. A short distance east of the largest pyramid, is the village of El Cafera.

Approaching the pyramids from a south-east direction, we came first to the Sphynx. This stands about eighty rods from the pyramid Cheops, and directly in the midst of an enormous sand-bank. The ground rises from it towards the desert in two directions; consequently the sands have been drifting upon it for thousands of years. It presents the upper part of a human image, cut out of a solid block of granite. Such are the vast dimensions of the part still visible, that the whole image, could it be extricated from the sand, doubtless would greatly astonish the beholder. Only the head, neck, shoulders, and breast are to be seen. The face is now considerably marded, the nose being quite broken off. Originally its countenance must have been very natural, mild, and intelligent. It stands as if looking towards the rising sun, and as a guardian genius in the midst of mighty sepulchres. When it was sculptured—who was the artist—or what was the certainty of its design—are all wholly lost in the vast labyrinth of its

age. It, however, stands as an enduring monument of ancient art, and shows that sculpture flourished in Egypt to an astonishing state of perfection, ere the science of letters was known.

From the Sphynx we ascended the sand eminence to the largest pyramid, called Cheops. This enormous pile covers over eleven acres of land, and is exactly square at its base, the sides perfectly matching to the four cardinal points. The stones of which it is constructed, are of vast dimensions, and are placed in layers one above another. Each layer is placed farther inward, say the distance generally of about three feet and a half; thus forming steps to ascend upon. It tapers in this regular manner, from all its sides. Some of the layers, however, are thicker than others, some being not more than eighteen inches, and some more than three feet. In this form the pyramid rises, till the summit is contracted to a square space of about twenty feet. Indeed, the top bears the appearance of having once ascended higher; as, from its broken state, stones appear to have been thrown off. The whole rises to the enormous height of nearly five hundred feet, and appears to be entirely solid stone and cement, with the exception of the small cavity which I shall presently describe. I was not in a situation to measure its exact height, but the best of authors set it down as above stated. The number of layers of stone from bottom to top, is two hundred and six, making just so many steps. The whole pile is supposed to contain about six million cubic feet of stone.

Our guide first led us to the entrance, which is on the north side; and recommended us to explore the

interior first. A crowd of ragged Arabs were gathered at the place, each struggling to have something to do with conducting us. We charged our guide to admit but four with us ; but a fifth got in. We had two lights with us. The entrance begins at the sixteenth step. It is a passage of three feet and a half square, descending at an angle of twenty-seven degrees. Its sides and covering are of polished granite. This descent extends straight forward ninety-two feet, keeping a person in an extreme stooping posture all the way. Here the passage turns to the right, winding upwards to a steep ascent of eight or nine feet. At the termination of this, the passage becomes five feet high for the distance of about one hundred feet, ascending continually till you arrive at a kind of landing-place. Directly to the right of this, something like a trench in the wall discovers itself, into which you are permitted to look as into a dark chasm. It is called the Well. Beyond this, the explorer moves through a long level passage, and arrives at what is called the Queen's Chamber. This is a room seventeen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high. Its sides and covering are of polished granite. A short distance beyond this is another opening, into which I did not enter, as it is partly filled with fallen stones, and contains nothing of very peculiar interest. The Queen's Chamber was empty, except that numerous bats, of enormous size, were flying about in it.

Leaving this room, and passing immediately back the way we came, about eighty feet, we turned to the right and commenced ascending an inclined plane of smooth granite, of about one hundred and twenty feet in length. The first part of this ascent is diffi-

cult, as you have to advance on a narrow strip of granite, with slight holes cut for steps, while at your side is a chasm deepening as you rise. You at length step on solid footing, and have a clear passage the rest of the way, at the termination of which you enter the King's Chamber. This is about thirty-seven feet long, seventeen wide, and twenty high. The walls of this room are of polished sironite or red granite, each stone extending from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling is of nine large slabs of granite, extending from wall to wall. At one end of this chamber stands a sarcophagus. This is also of granite, and must have been chiselled out of a solid block. Its present appearance is that of a large stone chest, seven feet and a half long, three feet three inches wide, and three and a half deep. Whether it ever contained a human body, is wholly uncertain. If it ever did, there is no trace of it now. It will be remarked by the reader that the size of this sarcophagus is such that it could not have been conveyed through the entrance of the pyramid to this room, after the whole pile was completed. It consequently must have been placed where it is now seen, at the time the pyramid was building. That the pyramid was designed for the sepulchre of some great king, is most probable; and that this room was designed as the place for depositing his body, is equally probable. The difficult, narrow, steep, and even dangerous passage to it, was obviously designed for its security, that the sepulchre might not be easily found to be ravaged or pillaged.

The King's Chamber is the termination of research, as all beyond that appears to be solid rock

and cement. Numerous bats were flitting about in this deep and lonely recess, and the heated state of the air was truly oppressive. No person can endure it long without painful sensations. We now hastened to retrace our steps to the place of entrance.

After descending to the first landing-place, I stopped a moment to look into what is called the Well. It presents nothing but a dark chasm, said to be of vast depth ; and had I felt assured that the enterprise was practicable, I had not sufficient curiosity to attempt a descent into it. Oppressed with the heated and confined air, I was in haste to breathe again the atmosphere of day. On arriving at the place of entrance, I was in a state of profuse perspiration. We seated ourselves a few minutes, and then prepared to ascend the pyramid.

We commissioned our guide to permit but four Arabs to ascend with us ; but in spite of his efforts, there were six. We, however, found this number very useful. One to hold each arm, and one to brace the explorer behind, render the ascent perfectly safe. The place of commencing the ascent, is near the north-east corner. The Arabs clambered up with more rapidity, than was desirable to me, often dragging me after them with such force as to put me nearly out of breath. Sometimes I had to roar lustily to make them slack their hands. It was not till I had ascended one-third of the distance, that I began to realize the vast height I had to climb. Pausing to take breath, I first looked down and then up, and felt almost discouraged with my task. My English friend proceeded, and I followed. Arriving at what is called the half-way, we paused again to take breath. Here

the Arabs began to cry "*bucksheesh*;" but we gave them to understand that they would receive none till we had done with them. While we were at this place, three vultures flew from the top of the pyramid, startled, no doubt, by the sound of our voices. After a pause of some three minutes we commenced our ascent again. Accomplishing one-half of the remaining distance, we paused again to take breath. The next time starting, we soon completed our task by stepping on the flat area at the top. We were both much out of breath, and in a state of perspiration. By my watch I found we had been just forty-three minutes in ascending, including the stops we made by the way. On arriving at the summit, the Arabs raised a loud and triumphant shout, patting us on the shoulder, and crying "*bucksheesh! bucksheesh!*"

After seating ourselves a few minutes to take breath, I handed my English friend an orange and half a roll of good bread, which I had brought with me. Serving myself in like manner, we here ate our lunch, which indeed was timely and refreshing.

We now spent about half an hour in surveying the vast scenery spread around us in every direction. We looked down to the base from whence we had started. There were our donkeys, our guide, and a few Arabs huddled together. To us they looked like a small flock of hens seated on the ground. Our eyes then travelled over a vast space of the Delta, surveying different branches of the Nile in that direction, with countless villages spotting its shores and the valley farther back. Following the Nile in its turnings, our eyes traced the valley southward as

far as vision could stretch. There lay before us the former site of Memphis, the residence of Joseph, from whence he supplied his father and brethren with corn, and finally made himself known to them in the extraordinary manner recorded in Holy Writ. This spot was about eight miles from the place where we were standing, and yet, from our vast height, it seemed nearly at our feet. It is marked by other pyramids in its immediate vicinity. Beyond, the valley stretched to our view as far as sight could trace it. To the west lay the unexplorable Lybian desert, with its yellow sands glistening in the sunbeams. To the east stood Grand Cairo, with its mosques and lofty minarets, its environs and neighboring villages. To the south and east of it the eternal sands lay spread out in all the majesty of boundless desolation. The day, though hot, was one of the finest for our purpose. Never could the sky be clearer, and at no time could our eyes have travelled over a greater space. In the midst of what a scene were we standing! No man can gaze from the top of the pyramid Cheops without emotions never to be forgotten. His thoughts roam backward through thousands of years. He gazes with astonishment on the mysterious works of art spread at his feet. He thinks of the countless thousands employed in constructing these vast monuments of human toil. He contemplates the whole as done by men who lived and moved and had a being more than four thousand years ago. Where are they now? Gone! all gone! their names lost, and even the design of their vast labor enveloped in mystery and uncertainty!

We now began to think seriously of descending.

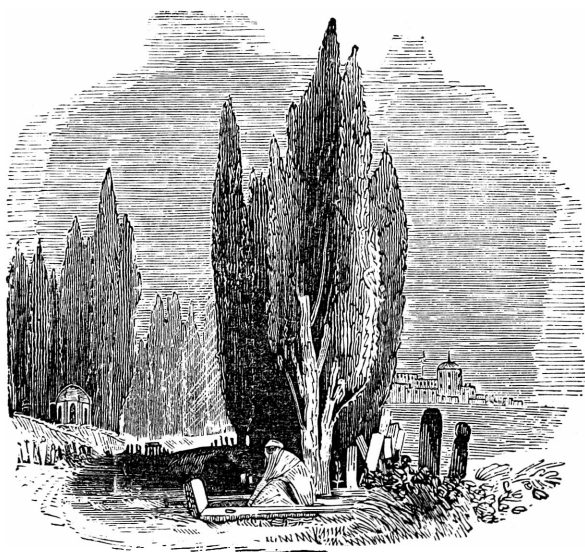
As I turned my eyes down the vast sloping side, our descent looked like a fearful task. At first thought, I would have given a pretty little sum to be set in safety on the ground below. But on commencing a descent, how was I disappointed! With an Arab at each arm, and one before you, the descent is one of the simplest things in the world. No fatigue attends it, and all is perfectly safe to one who is not troubled with giddiness of head. We completed our journey to the base in about one-third the time employed in ascending.

The Arabs, now supposing they had completed their labor, gathered around us, all clamorous for *bucksheesh*. Even those who had rendered us no assistance were as noisy as the others. We paid the six who had attended us, liberally. All of them, however, wanted more. Attempting to get to our donkeys, we were interrupted by the ravenous beings who assailed us, crying "*bucksheesh! bucksheesh!*" We flourished our canes and put on more threatening countenances than we desired; but all to no avail. We, however, succeeded in mounting our animals, and pushed our passage forward. Such was the pushing and shoving that my donkey fell and pitched me over his head. I rose up from the sand-bank into which I had been plunged, and, flourishing my cane, remounted the animal and made my way off. They could, however, outrun my donkey, though I pushed him forward to the utmost. In the midst of a continual din, we made our way down past the Sphynx, and pushed for a range of catacombs situated a short distance south of the pyramids.

Seeing us dismount to examine the catacombs, the



Portrait of an Ancient Egyptian Queen. (81)



Oriental Burying Ground.

Arabs became silent. We passed some distance in front of these subterranean chambers, situated side by side, extending many rods, and cut into the side of a hill. At length an Arab boy pointed to a catacomb with peculiar interest ; and, leading the way, we followed. There was an opening at the mouth, though the entrance was nearly closed up with sand. We crawled on our hands and knees through the small aperture left. Here we entered a chamber about thirty feet long, fifteen wide, and ten high. The whole presented a very ingenious piece of workmanship. The entire walls were covered with hieroglyphics, made with red paint, and still in a good state of preservation. These most probably were, in their time, historical records of some person or persons deposited there. On one side of the wall was a niche, and in it the image of a female ingeniously sculptured ; all of the stone that formed the wall. This may be the likeness of some great queen whose body was once deposited there, and for whom this catacomb had been mainly constructed. There was a deep hole or shaft in the centre of this tomb, probably once leading to a mummy-pit below, where bodies embalmed had been stowed in great numbers. All, however, has been rifled, and not an entire mummy now remains in this decorated charnel-house. Most of them may have been burned for fuel ;* and she whose likeness is so ingeniously sculptured in the wall may have been exhibited in Europe or America long since. Fragments of skulls and other bones are now strewed in and around that catacomb. Such frightful relics are all that now remain of the mighty

* Mummies are often broken up and burned for fuel in Egypt.

dead once deposited in this splendid chamber. Alas ! for the vanity of human greatness, and the futile attempts of man to preserve that which is only dust, and properly belongs to dust again ! The numerous catacombs in the immediate vicinity of these pyramids have all been plundered like this.

At the south end of this range we found several of these catacombs turned into dwellings. Families live in them, monopolizing the place of the dead ! After examining a few more of these chambers, less splendid than the one I have described, we began to think of returning to the city. We, however, first made a hasty survey of the pyramid Sephrenes, which stands but a few rods west of the one we had ascended, and which, indeed, is but little inferior in size and height. Its sides, however, are covered with a smooth cement, which prevents its being ascended.

At four o'clock, having got rid of our Arab tormentors, we were on our donkeys, galloping towards Cairo, in haste to secure our passage through its gates, all of which are closed a little after sunset. We were successful in reaching just in time.

CHAPTER VI.

Rambles in Cairo—Slave-Market—The Citadel—Bastinado—Immense Burial Ground—Tombs of Mamelukes—The Pacha's Family Tomb—Tombs of the Caliphs—Egyptian Funeral—Mosque—Madhouse—False Tradition—Heliopolis—Description of Cairo—Oppressive Policy of Mehemet Ali.

On the next day I concluded to begin my various rambles in Cairo. After strolling among the bazars and workstalls for some hours, in company with Mr.

C., we procured a guide to conduct us to the slave-market. We did not go there with the expectation of deriving pleasure from the scene—far from it ; but because it was one of the objects of attraction in Cairo. I should suppose this mart of human flesh to be situated near the centre of the city. It is entered by a narrow passage, and forms a court, around which are stalls, or chambers, in which different classes of slaves are sitting, and waiting the moment they shall be sold. In the open area, or court, were seated, on mats, in different groups, the number of about one hundred slaves. Two groups of these were, from appearance, diseased. Their countenances were fallen, and their whole appearance emaciated and sickly. This kind of *article* goes off cheap, being disposed of like damaged goods, for a mere trifle. The other groups in the open area were all composed of children, varying in ages of from eight to twelve. Something like twenty of these would form a group. Some of them were entirely naked, and others with but little to cover their nakedness. They were all black, being of the Nubian stock. Their skin, however, appeared smooth, their faces oval, their features regular, and their countenances mild.

We next commenced an examination of the stalls. The first we entered contained about ten young females of about eighteen. Three or four of these were of the black Nubian color, and the others of a dark yellow. These last were Abyssinians. They had regular and rather pretty features, and might have been considered beautiful, in spite of their copper complexion. Their forms were delicate and

graceful, and there was an expression of thoughtful melancholy on their countenances which I should think a national characteristic; though it might have been heightened by a sense of their degraded condition. As we entered, the one I first passed looked at me wishfully, and held out her arm to be examined. She then ran out her tongue to show that she was in good health, and finally made every expression she could by signs, to induce me to purchase her. As I passed by she looked disappointed. Near by sat another, whose countenance was very sad, and her eyes gave evidence that she had been weeping. Passing to the next stall we there found another group of young females, very similar to those we had just seen. Here was a Nubian woman of about forty, very black, but richly dressed, conversing with some of the slaves. Whether she was seeking to purchase a slave from among her own race, or was only conversing with them to raise their spirits, I was unable to learn. The enslaved were, however, far from being cheerful. Passing on, we found all the stalls on that side of the court to contain groups of young females (mostly Abyssinians), waiting to be sold. From signs made by many of them as we entered, they were impatient to be bought, that they might know the worst of their destiny.

On a balcony at the east side of the court were a number of young men, standing and sitting, ready to be sold. Among them were some of the Abyssinian, but they were mostly of the Nubian stock. From all that we could see, the sales that day were not very brisk, as we did not see a single purchaser during our stay. I was informed that the prices of

slaves at Cairo range from twenty to one hundred dollars. Painfully disgusted with this sickening scene, I turned away with no desire to visit it again.

On the morning of December 22d, finding a donkey-boy who spoke some English, I mounted his donkey and set out to see the citadel and other scenery in that vicinity. For a mile and a half I found it a most difficult job to work my passage through narrow streets, literally jammed with loaded camels, donkeys, carts and human beings, all in motion. The first place we visited was the Pacha's zoological establishment. This is a low stone building, of strong and ample dimensions. His variety of wild animals, however, is not large, mostly consisting of a few fine-looking lions, tigers and leopards. The Pacha, I understand, designs, however, to increase this establishment to a large and full variety.

Near the gate of the citadel, I was shown what is called the well of Joseph, but at present better known as the well of Saladin. This well is said to be forty feet wide at the mouth, and two hundred and twenty feet deep. The whole is cut through a solid rock, to a spring of brackish water on a level with the Nile. The water is raised in buckets on a wheel turned by a buffalo. The exceeding large size of this well enables a person to see its entire depth to the water.

The interior of the citadel presents an area of several acres of level and handsome ground. On it, as I entered, were standing several Arabian chargers, splendidly caparisoned. On the balcony of the Pacha's palace were seated several officers of high rank. Sentinels were placed in different directions, walking to and fro. From the west parapet of the citadel, the

prospect is beautiful and fascinating. The western suburbs of the city, Old Cairo, the Nile, Gizah, the pyramids, the site of Memphis, with a vast extent of Egypt's fruitful valley, are spread out in beautiful variety. Outside the citadel, and hundreds of feet below it, is a large parade-ground. A line of barracks stretched along its west side, in front of which troops were parading and music playing.

Here the palace of Mehemet Ali occupies a commanding and picturesque position. It is a handsome and substantial edifice, and contains some fine apartments. The Pacha and his son Ibrahim were both up the Nile during my stay in Cairo, so that I had not the privilege of seeing these *lions* of the East.

Passing from one place to another, I, partly by accident, entered the room where the governor of Cairo holds his court and transacts other business. A crowd was gathered in this apartment, and as I entered I saw the governor standing at the farther end. He is a man, I should judge, of about sixty. My attention, however, was immediately directed to another transaction about to take place. A miserable ragged-looking Arab was just laid on the floor to be bastinadoed. His position was face downward. Two men were standing over him, one each side, with whips like large cowhides in their hands. Four men held the culprit down. The blows fell thick and heavy on the poor wretch's naked feet, while he screamed most piteously. When the full number had been given, he attempted to rise, but could not stand, and was borne out by his friends, groaning as he went. The governor, in the meantime, stood as though hardened to such transactions,



Mehemet Ah.

munching his jaws like a sheep chewing the cud. I turned with disgust from the barbarous scene.

Making our way out of the citadel by another gate, we turned a southerly course through the suburbs in that direction. Soon passing a steep descent, near a broken tomb, we entered the largest burial ground I ever saw. I should think the whole forms an area of over two miles square. It is entirely in the sands of the desert, though, at the east side there is a steep range of rocky cliff. In the side of those rocks are many tombs, and some of them highly decorated with columns, arches, and minarets. But on many of them the splendid works of art have suffered by the wasting hand of time, and probably by ravages of invading foes. Splendid tombs had once spotted the whole field now before me. Now about all of them are dilapidated and broken; some of them presenting nothing more than a mere broken arch, emptied of all they once contained.

Passing to the south-west something like a mile, we came to the tombs of the Mamelukes. Here another guide conducted me through a door, and then a narrow passage into a square area, though in reality a building, covered with a dome, and lighted with ornamented glass. Here I was pointed to a number of the marble monuments which cover the ashes of distinguished Mamelukes. The covering of each was in the form of a large marble chest, purely white, and of beautiful polish. This group was all that I examined, as I learned it presented a fair specimen of the whole. The tombs are large and handsome buildings, but are fast going to decay.

A few rods distant from these, is the family tomb

of Mehemet Ali. This is a large stone building, surmounted by several domes. It is considered one of the best structures of modern Egypt. I was conducted into it by one of the guides who are always there in waiting. After entering the door and passing a short distance, I was bade take off my shoes. The interior is divided into two rooms, both of which are richly carpetted. In the first room, and at a central place, is deposited the body of his favorite wife. The covering is in the form of a large chest, of white marble, beautifully polished, and splendidly decorated with gildings. Several of the Pacha's children are deposited in the same and adjoining room, together with other near relatives. All the monuments are of the same material, constructed very nearly alike, and highly ornamented with gildings. The stillness of the place, with its peculiar trappings, cannot fail to strike the visitor with a kind of solemn awe. In the second room of the tombs, a vacant place is reserved for the Pacha's body when he dies.

Leaving the Pacha's tomb, we now returned across the same extensive burial ground and entered the city by the Victory gate. Near this place are the celebrated tombs of the caliphs. They are large and beautiful buildings, displaying the taste of the Saracens, in whose times they were erected. But they, too, are fast going to decay. Just after passing the gate of the city, we met a funeral procession. The corpse was placed on a kind of litter, and borne by three men. It was preceded by six other men, and immediately followed by a train of women, with faces entirely covered, who were making a most hideous, wailing noise. These were followed by a small pro-

cession. Afterwards I saw several funeral processions in Cairo, all of which were similar to this. The wailing women who follow the corpse are always hired on the occasion to howl by the hour.

At a short distance further, we came to one of the largest mosques in Cairo, that of Sultan Hassan. I dismounted and ascended a long flight of steps in front of it, and advanced a few feet within the door. The inside presents a beautiful specimen of workmanship. Its vast columns, highly decorated and arching from each other, in Gothic form, throughout the vast edifice, had an imposing appearance. Several Turks were inside, and some of them engaged in their devotions. Under the rule of Mehemet Ali, mosques in Egypt are open for Christians to enter; a permission not granted under any other Mohammedan government.

During my stay of nine days in Cairo, I visited about every thing in and around the city which is considered of interest to travellers. There is a public madhouse in the city, which can never be visited but with painful emotions. Insanity is considered an immediate visitation from Heaven; and where the sufferer is inoffensive, it very often procures for him superstitious reverence among Mohammedans. But the frantic and dangerous must be restrained; and as insanity is regarded as incurable, those who are unhappily in this condition, are treated merely as dangerous animals. A more painful and revolting spectacle I never saw than the madhouse of Cairo. I was shown into a spacious, lofty stone hall, having a row of cells, or rather dens on each side, with strong iron gratings in front. Each of these dens contained

a creature, secured by an iron chain, one end of which was attached to a collar round his neck, and the other fastened into the wall, on the outside of the grating. When I saw one frantic creature, half naked, his head and beard unshaven and matted with dirt, sitting on his heels, grinning horribly, and shaking the iron bars with both hands, I could scarcely believe I was looking at a human being. There is no medical attendance, because it is considered useless; and the place is in nearly every respect, like a collection of wild beasts. It was, indeed, some time before my nerves recovered from the shock, and the horrid sounds were ringing in my ears for days afterwards.

The Coptic church at Old Cairo, which is said to cover the grotto in which the virgin Mary and Joseph dwelt, with the infant Saviour, when they had fled from Judea to escape the wrath of Herod, is often visited by travellers. The grotto or cave is a small excavation, covered with smooth tiles, and of dimensions but little larger than barely sufficient to permit a person to sit upright in it. No enlightened traveller can believe this tradition entitled to any credit. If, indeed, Joseph and Mary fled to Cairo, the place of their residence during their stay, is not now to be identified.

The site of the ancient Heliopolis is about two hours' ride from Cairo. The place where this city stood is now marked by several low mounds, enclosing a space about three-quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. This was the *On* of the Egyptians named in Scripture, where the father of Joseph's wife was priest. One solitary obelisk, which stands on this site, is all that remains of the former

splendour of the "City of the Sun." Near by is a very old sycamore tree, under which tradition says Joseph, Mary, and the infant Saviour, once rested. I broke a small branch from this tree and left the place.

Cairo is a compact, irregular-built city. The streets are not more than fifteen feet wide, and often not more than eight. Many of them are quite filthy, though the Frank quarters are kept more clean and neat. In this respect, however, Cairo is superior to Alexandria. The houses are of stone and generally high, jutting over the streets above the first story. The sun is thus almost wholly excluded. The houses have uniformly flat roofs, constructed of stone and cement. The city is fortified with a high and substantial wall, and is entered from without by massive gates. I should judge the wall of Cairo to be about twelve miles in extent. The suburbs, however, on the outside of the wall, are large, and perhaps include one-fourth part of the inhabitants. Besides the outer wall, about two miles square of the city is guarded by gates, which in peaceable times are never closed, but may in case of sudden outbreak, or attack by an invading foe. Within this part are the Frank quarters, with the largest bazars and manufactories. The population of Cairo is supposed to be about 240,000, made up of Turks, Arabs, Jews, Armenians, Copts and Franks. By day, the streets, especially in the vicinity of the bazars, are crowded almost to suffocation. Often you are stopped, even on foot, for minutes together, to await a clearance for you to pass; and if on a donkey, you must wait for your turn, if you can get it. The compactness of the city—the narrowness of the streets, together with

the close manner in which nearly all of it is tenanted, render it a crowded and bustling place.

You will often see richly-dressed ladies, with their faces closely veiled, except peep-holes for their eyes, flaunting along on foot, or riding on a donkey, guided by a black eunuch. Such are generally Circassian ladies, bought and kept in the harems of rich Turks. When the ladies of Egypt go out riding, they invariably sit astride of the animal that carries them, whether it be a donkey, horse or dromedary. European fastidiousness has not yet introduced the side-way fashion among them. The common classes, however, dress miserably. Males and females in filthy and ragged clothes, with bare feet, constitute seven-tenths of the population. Stockings are worn only by the wealthy, and a few pairs of shoes, comparatively, will stock the market of Cairo for a year. Finally, the general fashions, here, are much the same as in Alexandria.

Labor in Cairo is performed cheap by the natives. You may hire a donkey a whole day in Cairo for five piastres, (about twenty-two cents) and have a lad to run after you and whip up the beast in the bargain. Articles of manufacture are sold cheap. The market is well supplied with beef, mutton, poultry, eggs and milk, all of which are sold low. Moham-medans, like Jews, raise and use no pork. I do not recollect to have seen a single swine in Egypt. Breadstuff is abundant and low, as are also rice and beans. Oranges, dates, and bananas are abundant, and sold surprisingly cheap. A person may at any time purchase in the streets, six superior oranges for about the amount of one cent. But notwithstand-

ing all this, board at every Frank house is dear. The lowest is thirty piastres a day, and at the English hotel it is invariably fifty piastres a day ; and the table, too, not sumptuously furnished. So gentlemen who had boarded there informed me.

The Pacha of Egypt keeps a very considerable force in and around Cairo. In the heart of the city are several military quarters, and without the walls are extensive barracks and many troops. You will see companies of them marching daily through different parts of the city. A company of Egyptian troops makes a very motley appearance, both as to dress and tactics. I have never seen them march in platoons, but always in files of two abreast. They have the music of drum and fife, and airs peculiarly their own. But soldiers, in marching, pay but little attention to time or step, moving forward in a heterogeneous manner, and with very little regard to order.

The present government of Egypt is despotic and extremely oppressive. Degraded as the Egyptians long have been, there is very little hope of their rising under the iron rule of their present despot. Mehemet Ali has been desirous of raising himself in the eyes of the civilized world, as a reformer. Nearly all his reforms, however, are so managed as to continually increase his own wealth and extend his power. By the present system of government, the tillers of the soil cannot own an inch of land. By one single decree, the Pacha declared himself the sole owner of all the lands of Egypt. Thus the people were at once made mere tenants ; nay, worse ; they were made slaves. The inhabitants who till the soil and rear their herds and flocks, are settled in vil-

lages. Each village has apportioned to it land to the extent of a millè or two miles around it, according to its strength and population. Over each village or district, the Pacha appoints a *bey*, or governor, whose business is to let out the land, superintend the tilling of the soil, and in every thing to act as the Pacha's agent and magistrate of the place. While the Pacha grinds the face of the whole people, these agents are sure to increase the burthen in their own villages. Whenever a tax-levy is made on a village by the former, the latter will so manage as to extort nearly double. To give some idea of this oppressive system, it is only necessary to state a few simple facts. Every village is compelled to cultivate two-thirds of its lands, with cotton and other articles, solely for the Pacha. This is not all; but a considerable portion of the other third is rendered back to him in form of taxes and exactions. Each individual is not only held responsible for the burthens laid upon himself, but also, as the inhabitant of a village, he is bound with others to make good the delinquency or arrears of every other inhabitant. Cases, too, occur, in which after a village has paid up its own taxes, it is compelled to make good arrears of another village which had been stripped of nearly all, and that not enough to cancel demands. With such a state of things, what could be expected among the people but utter degradation in morals and character.

The Pacha has the name, too, of having done something in the cause of education. But what has he done? He has not taken a single step to diffuse general education among his people. The schools established are for the sole purpose of training up young

men for his own service. Such are selected at his will, or through the agency of his officers. He has manufactories, too. But the workmen in these only labor from compulsion, and are pressed in by force. When the Pacha has established the manufactory of any article, it at once becomes a monopoly. Then the people must purchase that article of him or go without it. Not a family in Egypt dare manufacture a certain coarse cotton fabric that they wear.

His soldiers are not recruited volunteers, but are forced into his service by direct levies. When the Pacha wants more troops, it is only for him to make a levy on certain villages, to turn out so many men, and they are forthcoming. Often these are dragged from their families and their homes by brutal force. No service in Egypt is so dreaded as that of the army. Many instances are known of men voluntarily maiming themselves for life to escape being made soldiers. Children are often mutilated in their fingers, their teeth, or an eye, in order to protect them from military service. Living under such circumstances as I have here enumerated, is it to be wondered that Egyptians should be naturally indolent and set little or no value on their time? What have they to labor for? The more they accumulate, the more in proportion they are stripped.

The Pacha, however, has reformed some things well. He has prepared the way for foreigners, even Christians, to travel with perfect safety in his dominions. At present there is no more danger in traveling in Egypt than there is in France or Italy. Fifteen or twenty years ago, a Christian could not walk the streets of Cairo without insult, and often open

abuse. Now he is not only protected, but a Protestant mission has been established at Cairo, where service according to the church of England, is performed every Sabbath. The boys from the missionary school attend the public service in the chapel, and I was informed that several of them were children of Mohammedan parents. During my stay at Cairo I attended at that place of worship on the Sabbath. These children serve as the choir, and I was pleased with the softness and sweetness of their voices. Their parents are induced to send them to this school that they may acquire the English language, which is becoming an important accomplishment. The free opening for Europeans and Americans to travel through Egypt, brings large numbers of them there every winter. This intercourse will gradually diffuse among that people some knowledge of civilization and refinement. The Pacha's schools, too, may yet lay the foundation for a better state of things in process of time. When natives capable of being teachers are raised up, the people may share the benefits, and science spread. This would assuredly produce a revolution in the moral state of things in Egypt. His manufactories, also, may produce accomplished workmen, who at length may be able to set up for themselves. Indeed, much of his present management may be gradually paving the way for a better order of affairs. Here I take my leave of Egypt.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author meets two Americans in Cairo—Contemplated Journey through Arabia Petra—Discouragements—Preparations to proceed—Commencement of the Journey—General Appearance of the Desert—Camels and Dromedaries—A Caravan murdered—Arrival at Suez—Description of Suez—Passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites—The Fountains of Moses—Journey onward in the Desert—Well of Howara, or the Marah of Scripture.

ON my arrival at Cairo, I providentially met two American gentleman who had recently returned from the cataracts of the Nile, and had been making some arrangements to go to Palestine by the way of Suez, Mount Sinai, Akabah, and the ruins of Petra. A written contract had been made a few days before, through the American consul at Cairo, with the Bedoin sheik, Tueileb, so well known among travellers, to convey them and any others that might accompany them, as far as Akabah. Another written agreement had been made through the same medium, with sheik Hassein, the head of the Alloeen tribe, to convey them and others who might accompany them, from Akabah to Hebron, by way of the ruins of Petra. Late news, however, of the disordered state of Syria by civil war, and the effects of the late revolution in the Holy Land, had thrown serious discouragements in the way of their enterprise. Not a Frank traveller had ventured through the proposed route for about two years; and the probable lawless and uncurbed state of certain tribes bordering on Syria, augured nothing favorable to the undertaking. In consequence of the late unfavorable news received from that direction, the American consul spoke of such a journey in rather discouraging terms; and, indeed, every gentleman in Cairo with

whom they conversed on the subject, withheld advice for them to proceed. My first conversation with them gave spur to the enterprise. They expressed a wish that I would accompany them. I was indeed anxious to pass over that interesting route. It would lead through a country which, aside from the Holy Land, I considered from its sacred historical and prophetic scenery, the most interesting portion of our globe. Our route would embrace a very large part of the road travelled by the Israelites in their journey from Egypt to the promised land. It would lead through Idumea, the ancient land of Esau, as well as through a portion of the inheritance of Ishmael. I should see the place of the Israelites' wonderful passage of the Red Sea. I should be permitted to stand on the holy mount where Jehovah came down amidst thunders and lightnings, and delivered the tables of the law to his servant Moses. I should see the ruins of Petra; and, through the doomed land of Idumea, read sacred prophetic fulfilments written as with the finger of the Almighty. I considered myself peculiarly fortunate in having such an opportunity offer of travelling through that interesting region, which, on leaving my native land, I had scarcely dared to anticipate. Finally, I encouraged the enterprise, and said, "*I will go.*"

This engagement was made very soon after my arrival at Cairo. Preparations were immediately put in train for accomplishment. A *dragoman*, or interpreter, and a cook were hired to accompany us. The name of the first was Mahomet Russeta, a large, dark-colored Egyptian Arab, and a native of Cairo. He had accompanied Mr. A. and B., my two future

companions, on their late journey up the Nile. Our cook's name was Comeo. He had accompanied Professor Robinson through Arabia Petra, in 1838. We found him a fine, resolute, and trustworthy servant, faithful in every thing, and ready to defend us to the last moment. We purchased a tent for ourselves, and one for our servants. Ours was furnished with two strips of carpetting to spread on the ground, on which to lay our bedding when we slept. Some soft bread, for the first part of our journey, was purchased, and also a full supply of hard bread. Beans to make soup, rice, butter, eggs, pressed dates, dried apricots, oranges, coffee, sugar, a few fowls, and some meat. Some cooking and other utensils were laid in. We also purchased for each of us a camel-saddle, and a huge pair of saddle-bags. The sheiks who were to conduct us, had enjoined upon us that we must go armed. To this I at first demurred; but as my companions were provided with swords and pistols, a double-barrelgun, belonging to one of them, was assigned to me, to sling over the pommel of my saddle. Indeed, we armed ourselves not so much with the expectation of using our weapons in combat, as for the purpose of making show of them, as we passed among the Bedoin Arabs of the Desert. I now think, from experience, that we adopted the best policy by taking them.

Mr. Gliddon kindly procured for us the Pacha's *firman*, which, in other words, was a passport for our protection and uninterrupted passage as far as his dominions extended. Also, through the same medium, a letter was obtained for us, from the Greek Convent at Cairo to that at Mount Sinai.

I would here state that on the arrival of the English over-land mail two or three days before my departure from Cairo, my good, social friend and companion, Mr. C., set out for Bombay. Our parting was warm and affectionate. On my return home, I learned that he was then in the United States; but I have to regret that I did not see him. His stop was short. He wrote me affectionately from Boston, on the eve of his sailing for England. May prosperity attend him; and should these pages ever fall into his hands, he will here accept another assurance of the undiminished regard I bear for him.

On the 28th of December, at 3, p. m., Shiek Tueilib, accompanied by several Bedoins of his tribe, came with twelve camels to take us and our baggage on our proposed journey. Some two hours were spent in getting all into the street and finally adjusting the several loads on the different camels. The roaring of the camels and the loud talk of the Arab drivers, rendered the vicinity noisy and confused enough. Having taken leave of the few friends we had made acquaintance with in Cairo, at about one hour sun all was ready for a start. I mounted the camel assigned me, and we took up our line of march, passing out at the Shubra gate. It is the general custom of a caravan, when about leaving Cairo, to encamp the first night only a short distance without the walls. We encamped that night about one mile south-east from the city, and not far from the tombs of the Caliphs. Here for the first time we took our coffee and supper in our tent. The evening was clear and beautiful, and our tent accommodations proved more comfortable than I had anticipated. We all

enjoyed a very tolerable night's rest. Within a few rods of us were three encampments of Bedoin Arabs.

The morning was the time for adjusting all the loading for our journey through the desert. The sheik was to receive twelve dollars for each camel we might find necessary to convey us, our servants, and baggage, the distance we had contracted with him. The Arabs endeavored to press as many camels on us as possible, by loading all very lightly. We felt ourselves obliged to contend some for our own interests, and to remonstrate a little against this course. We succeeded in lessening the number of camels one; but for peace' sake thought it best to be rather indulgent. Finally, we agreed to take eleven camels under our pay. At about nine in the morning we got under way. Two Arabs, mounted on camels, joined us, making the caravan thirteen in all. To me the scene was romantic and grand. In my school-boy hours I had often tried to picture to myself a caravan in the desert; but little did I then think I should ever see one, much less that I should ever travel in a desert of Africa.

From Cairo to Suez there are three tracks. We chose the southern one as the most probable route taken by the Israelites on their way from Egyptian bondage. I now think this doubtful. In one hour from our starting, every human habitation was out of sight, and we were as completely surrounded by a desert waste as if we had been travelling in it for days. Our course was about due east. In two hours we began to pass a portion of what is called the petrified forest. Petrified pieces of wood were thickly strewn on every side; and in several instances we

saw trunks of large trees, quite perfect in their appearance, but in an entire state of petrification. Occasionally we passed gentle eminences, several of which bore strong appearance of having been volcanic. Occasionally we crossed slight valleys, all of which bore marks of having some time been channels for water, but now wholly dry. By the side of our way were strewed carcasses of camels, on which vultures and numerous crows were feeding.

This was our first day's experience of riding dromedaries. On account of our loaded camels our progress was only that of a walk. The gait of the animal keeps the rider in a constant rocking motion which at first is rather unpleasant, but less so after becoming accustomed to it. Most generally they are docile and kind, though some of them are cross and turbulent. They always kneel down to receive their load, or for their rider to mount. On their rising, the rider needs to guard against a fall, as the animal always rises on the hind legs first. Like the goat, they can subsist on poor, coarse fare, and are thus peculiarly adapted to the desert. In the winter season a camel can travel nine days without water; but in the heat of summer they must drink once in three or four days. Their flesh is eaten and their milk used by the Arabs. The Arabs also shear the necks of their camels once a year, the hair of which is used in manufacturing certain fabrics. The only difference between a camel and a dromedary is, the latter is trained for riding and the former for burdens. All are called camels; but only those used for riding are called dromedaries. Some camels have two humps instead of one. It is said this is effected by cutting

a piece from the middle of the hump when the animal is a colt—a barbarous act.

Dec. 30. We had intended an early start this morning; but on collecting our camels, two were found to be missing. They had strayed away. These were the two rode by Mr. A. and myself, the best in the caravan. Poorer camels were furnished us than the lost ones; and it was thought best that we should all immediately proceed on, except the sheik and one other man. These would continue the search, and, on finding the camels, would follow us. Soon after starting, we met a caravan of seventeen camels, on their way from Suez to Cairo. To-day we saw several places in the desert bearing the same kind of volcanic appearance. Melted stones and pieces of lava were strewn for rods around them. The day was exceedingly pleasant, and we walked a good part of the time. In many places the plain was covered with small pebbles glistening in the sun. Many of these were beautiful in form and color. Petrified wood was still abundant. We passed two entire trunks of large trees in a most perfect state of petrification. They were broken in pieces of two and three feet in length, had every appearance of wood, and yet were as really stone as the pebbles on which we were walking. In nearly every valley we saw some specimens of vegetable life, such as a low kind of prickly shrub, tufts of coarse broom grass, and a kind of herb resembling wormwood, but of most pleasant and odoriferous smell. The camels crop this herb with great avidity. In the course of the day one of our Arabs showed us several pieces of salt, which, he said, he had just found in a valley.

It was very white, and resembled the Onondaga salt. It is said the Arabs often supply themselves with this article, gathered in a crude state in various parts of the desert. Soon after pitching our tents for the night, the sheik arrived with the camels we had left him in search of.

Dec. 31. In the course of this day we met several caravans. At 4, P. M., we came to the place where two ridges of highlands, which had been visible for two days, came near together. Shortly after passing this gap we came to a hill of singular appearance, standing a little to the right of the main path. On ascending it, we found small piles of stones heaped near each other, and extending over a very considerable space. These heaps of stones mark the graves of a murdered caravan. This bloody occurrence happened in 1815. A large caravan on its way from Suez to Cairo, and loaded with coffee, were here waylaid by the Bedoins, nearly all murdered, and their camels and coffee taken.

At about sunset we came to some wells of brackish and bitter water, situated about two miles north-west from Adjarood. Although the camels drank of this water, I found, by tasting it, that it was very unpalatable. Here we encamped for the night.

Jan. 1, 1842. As we were now but a few miles from Suez, and were desirous of spending several hours in that place, we gave directions for the men with the loaded camels to take the nearest course around the head of the gulf to the "Fountains of Moses," and there pitch our tents. In company with sheik Tueileb, our servants, and some others, we made our way direct to Suez. Soon after starting,

we passed the fortress of Adjarood. This is one of the fortresses erected by the pacha of Egypt for the protection and supplies of the Hadj caravan of Mohammedan pilgrims on their way to and from Mecca. Its appearance has nothing peculiar. It is supposed by some to be "Etham, on the verge of the wilderness," where the Israelites encamped when they had gone three days' journey out of Egypt. Its situation and distance from the Nile would seem to agree pretty well with the sacred narrative, as Adjarood is now the third stage of the pilgrim caravan. There is, however, great difficulty in fixing this point, as the Gulf of Suez appears to have once extended farther north than it now does.

About three miles from Suez we passed an Arab caravansary. At this place was a fountain of brackish and very bad water. Some of our camels, however, drank of it very greedily. We also met, at this place, a caravan of one hundred and fifty camels, loaded with coffee. A little past noon we entered the town of Suez, and repaired to Hill's English hotel. The dromedaries we rode were immediately despatched round the head of the gulf, to be in readiness for us on the opposite shore, when we should get ready to "cross the Red Sea." After partaking of a lean New Year's dinner at the hotel, we prepared for a short ramble around the town.

Suez is built on an angle of land facing the gulf on the east and south sides. That portion of the gulf which passes east of the town is scarcely a mile wide; but immediately along the south side of Suez, the shore turns westerly, extending the width of the sea in that direction some two miles. The town is

walled only on three sides, and that poorly, the east side being open to the water, where is a harbor. Here were lying a number of vessels of some eighty or a hundred tons. They were sharp built, with tall spars for lateen sails, high poops, and strangely painted. Besides these, there were lying farther south one small steamer and two armed vessels belonging to the pacha of Egypt. The town is thinly built within the walls, and has many open spaces. Near one of these is the house of the Governor, and one occupied by the English Consulate. Nearly all the houses are poorly built, giving the place a rather abject appearance. There is a street of shops or bazars, only indifferently supplied with provisions and stuffs brought mostly from Cairo. The population is about fourteen hundred, nearly all Mohammedans.

About one hundred rods north of the town is a very considerable mound of rubbish, containing some remnants of stone wall and fragments of pottery. The Arabs call it Tell Kolzum. This is most probably the site of the former city of Kolzum, mentioned by Arabian writers as the port where fleets were built on the Red Sea. The early city of Arsinoe, or Cleopatris, is supposed to have stood somewhere in the vicinity, and may perhaps have occupied the same spot.*

The transportation of products and merchandise from the East, by the Red Sea to the Nile, has long caused the existence of a city near where Suez now stands. The present town, however, is of modern origin. Vast numbers of pilgrims here embark for Meccà yearly. And the present arrangement for

* Robinson.

passage from England through Egypt, thence by way of the Red Sea to Bombay, adds still more to its resources. The aspect in and around Suez, however, is dreary. There is not a fountain of fresh water in the place. All the water for the necessary use of the inhabitants is brought from a fountain three hours distant, and that is so brackish that it is hardly drinkable.

The miraculous passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, must have taken place but a few miles at farthest south of Suez. Professor Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," fixes the land of Goshen from whence the Israelites fled, on the Pelusiatic arm of the Nile, directly east of the Delta, constituting the part of Egypt nearest to Palestine. Having carefully examined his reasons for fixing that land where he does, I consider his arguments entitled to, at least, a good degree of credit. The land of Goshen given to the Israelites was, according to sacred history, the best part of Egypt. Such, to this day, is that portion of Egypt which Dr. R. thinks once constituted the real Goshen of the Israelites.

All that kind of reasoning which has for its object the means of dispensing with a direct miracle in causing the waters of the Red Sea to divide for Israel to pass over, I regard as savoring too much of direct scepticism. Nor is it without regret that I see so much of this kind of argument in Dr. Robinson's valuable "Researches." It has been contended that "a strong east wind" caused the entire water at the north end of the gulf to recede southerly for miles, thus offering a way for the Israelites to pass over. 1. An east wind would not naturally drive the water in the gulf south, as the gulf itself leads off in nearly

a south direction. 2. If this were possible, it would not agree with the sacred account of the event. "And the Lord said unto Moses, lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thy hand over the sea, and *divide* it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground *through the midst* of the sea." "And the children of Israel went into the *midst of the sea*, upon the dry ground; and the waters were a *wall* unto them on their *right* hand and on their *left*." In whatever way, therefore, "the Lord caused the sea to go back" by "a strong east wind," it was in no other way than to leave the waters a wall on either hand. Nothing but a direct miracle could have effected this.

The most prevalent tradition fixes the miraculous passage of the Red Sea at Ras Ataka, a promontory extending into the gulf about five miles south of Suez. Without pretending to a decided opinion on a question which cannot be determined with certainty, my impression is that the Israelites did not cross much, if any, higher up than this point.

The children of Israel demanded of Pharaoh that they might go three days' journey into the wilderness to offer sacrifices. It was only when they began to move from their encampment at Etham, and when "it was told the king of Egypt that the people fled," that he determined to pursue them. He "overtook them encamping by the sea beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon." This was a singularly difficult and perilous position which they had been expressly commanded to occupy, for the purpose of inducing Pharaoh to follow them; "for Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in."

The word Pi-hahiroth signifies "the entrance of the valley;" and there appears to be some difference of opinion whether it was a proper name or only a descriptive epithet. The names Migdol and Baalzephon are no longer known. The range of mountains along the western shore of the gulf is called Gibbel Ataka; and the promontory to which I have already alluded, Ras Ataka—evidently names commemorative of the miraculous deliverance of the Israelites from their Egyptian pursuers. The Arabic word Ataka signifies "deliverance." It is now very probable that the names mentioned in Scripture, were suppressed by others rising out of this extraordinary event; and have been, in process of time, altogether forgotten.

Had the children of Israel marched in any other direction than along the narrow stretch of shore between the present Gibbel Ataka and the sea, I cannot see how it could, with any propriety, have been said they were "entangled in the land," or that the wilderness had shut them in. But here the entanglement was complete. On one hand were the mountains, on the other the sea; and when the Egyptian host pursued them into this fastness—for the promontory prevented their advancing to the south—they had no alternative but to defend themselves in their disadvantageous position, or to march through the sea. Indeed, the Israelites, having no idea of this latter movement, gave themselves up for lost. "And they said unto Moses, because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?"

Now as they were pursued by the Egyptians, it is

evident that the van of the host of Israel, and consequently those who first entered the sea, were those farthest to the south. When we consider the immense number of the Israelites, with their women, and children, and cattle, we must believe that their encampment extended several miles along the coast.*

During our stay at Suez, we walked a distance on the shore south of the town, inspecting with our eyes every point of land along the gulf, as far as our sight could stretch. The next morning we visited the shore on the opposite side, at a point south-west from the Fountains of Moses. From all the observations I was enabled to make, I came to my present conclusion as to the place where was wrought the stupendous miracle of the passage of Israel through the Red Sea. At Ras Ataka, the Red Sea is probably about five miles wide.

Having spent about four hours in Suez, which affords sufficient time to see all of peculiar interest in and around that miserable town, we began to think of crossing to the opposite shore. A small sail-vessel was procured, into which we were stowed, and soon a light breeze wafted us across this arm of the Red Sea. Here we imperceptibly glided out of Africa into Asia. We found our dromedaries in waiting where we landed. At a little past seven in the evening, we reached the Fountains of Moses, where we found our tents pitched and all things in readiness for us.

The Fountains of Moses are six or seven springs of brackish water, all within a short space of each other. They are as near as I can judge, about six

* Kinnear.

miles south-east from Suez, and two east of the gulf. A few low, shaggy, and unpruned palm-trees grow around the place, affording the only picturesque feature in the landscape. At these fountains it is supposed the Israelites first encamped, after having come up out of the Red Sea.

Jan. 2. In consequence of having paid a visit to the shore of the Red Sea, this morning, we were late in getting under way. On leaving the Fountains of Moses, our course was nearly south, over a dreary wilderness of sand, broken here and there into dry, gravelly hollows. We passed "many little hillocks of mortality," designated as small heaps of loose stones, hardly covering the remains of pilgrims who have found a lonely grave in the desert. Encamped about 5, P.M., in Waddy Sader, still in sight of the sea.

With our Bedoin guides we had now become on pleasant and familiar terms. They were good-natured, kind, and obliging fellows, always ready to do every thing we wished, as far as in their power.

Sheik Tueileb took charge of the arrangements for encamping at night and setting off in the morning; but in other respects, all seemed to be on a footing. The sheik always discovered a kind, benevolent, and obliging turn, taking every pains to render us as comfortable as circumstances would permit. At night the camels were placed in a circle round our tents, where they lay down. Our guides used no tents; but, wrapping themselves up in their blankets, lay down with their camels and slept in the open air. The dress and general appearance of the Bedoin Arabs I shall describe in another place.

Jan. 3. Our course during to-day bore more east-

erly than that of yesterday. Soon after starting we lost sight of the sea, which is always a refreshing object. For about ten miles our path lay over a level waste, with scarcely an undulation. We were, however, approaching a mountainous region. For several hours near the middle of the day, the heat was oppressive. In the afternoon, as we were passing among hills, we saw many ledges of what had the appearance of being white marble. About one hour sun, we arrived at the Well of Howara, supposed to be the "Marah" of Scripture ; where we encamped. "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink the waters of Marah, for they were bitter ; therefore the name of it was called Marah." This well rises in a low sand-hill, and the ground about it is encrusted with salt. The water is exceedingly bitter and undrinkable. I had the curiosity to taste it, and found it extremely bitter and nauseating. The Israelites reached this spring after three days' march, without water, in the desert of Shur. It is situated a little less than fifty miles from the Fountains of Moses, and answers well to the supposition that it is the true Marah. The basin is six or eight feet in diameter, and the water about two feet deep. Near it were two stunted palm-trees and some small bushes.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Elim of Scripture—Rugged and wild Scenery—Pilgrim Inscriptions—Ruins of Surabit el Khadim—A rude Fortification—A Battle—Visit to an Arab Encampment—An Arab Dance by Star-light—A Desolate Region—Arrival at Mount Sinai—Reception at the Greek Convent.

January 4. Set out this morning in good season. About one hour after, met a small caravan, in which were four Bedoin women walking. Their faces were concealed with veils, after the Eastern fashion, while their entire appearance was very filthy. At about 11 o'clock, we came to a valley called by the Arabs Waddy Ghurtundel. This valley is deeper and better supplied with bushes and shrubs than any we had yet passed. A few small palm trees are also scattered in different parts of it. Our Arabs informed us that there were fountains of water at one side of this valley, but not so good as some we should find further on. As we had a small supply of water yet on hand, we made no search for any here. The valley bore marks that water had run through it but a few months before. This valley is now commonly regarded as the Elim of Scripture, to which the Israelites came after leaving Marah, and found twelve wells of water. Professor Robinson thinks there is nothing improbable in this supposition.

Our course to-day lay between ridges of mountains of entire naked rock. In many places were ledges of a white chalky color. The whole scene around us bore a peculiarly wild and savage aspect. Nature is often said to smile, but here it may be said emphatically to *grin*. About the middle of the afternoon, we came to Waddy Esaide, in which was a small

spring of brackish water, contiguous to which were a few stunted palm trees. Our Arabs filled some of their goat-skins at this fountain. We had sent off in another direction with the prospect of obtaining good water, but that too when it arrived, was very brackish. An individual can never so sensibly realize the blessing of good water as when travelling in the Desert. Near sunset we encamped in Waddy El Homard.

Jan. 4. Soon after starting this morning, we left the Waddy or valley in which we had encamped, and ascended a very considerable ridge of land. From this we passed over a region covered with small pebbles of beautiful and variegated colors. I picked up a few of them. We saw a number of hillocks to-day which bore strong evidence of having once been volcanic. At 3 o'clock, P. M., we came to Waddy Nasb, where it was concluded to encamp and send a distance of two miles for good water. Wishing, also, to visit some mysterious ruins situated but a few miles from this place, the lateness of the hour required that we should take another day for it.

The scenery in and around the place where we now encamped was wild, romantic and hideous. A few rods to the west was a pyramidal mountain of solid rock, small at the base, but rising to the height of some two thousand feet. Its craggy form and towering aspect gave it a peculiar and antique appearance. I made an attempt to ascend it, but after succeeding in climbing about half way up its side, found myself completely foiled by projecting crags. I then descended and passed round the base. Large masses of rocks had fallen from its summit and sides,

and were here piled in promiscuous confusion. On large numbers of these I found many inscriptions, mostly in Arabic, some in Hebrew, and a few in English letter. This had been the encamping place of many a Mohammedan and Jewish pilgrim, together with a few English and French travellers, probably on their way to Mount Sinai. Many of the inscriptions looked exceedingly ancient. My name was there left among others. The mountains around this place are lofty and bare ; in the valley are very few shrubs of any kind, and but little of vegetable life. About sunset our men who had been sent off, returned with two skins of excellent water, which at that time was a valuable acquisition.

Jan. 5. Early in the morning we sent our loaded camels with our servants, on by the direct route, and giving them directions to proceed as far as Waddy Barrak and there encamp, we took Sheik Tueileb and three other Arabs with us to visit the mysterious ruins of Surabit El Khadim. In a few minutes after starting, we turned into a valley leading off nearly south, and in about one hour reached the foot of Gibbel Gerabee, the mountain on which are situated these singular remains of antiquity. Professor Robinson estimates this mountain at from six or seven hundred feet in height. From the time employed in reaching the summit where the ruins are found, I must consider the height much greater.

Ascending a steep bank of sand, and passing round the head of a valley of yawning dimensions, we began to ascend the mountain. The path was rugged and precipitous. We had to use our hands as well as feet in climbing from rock to rock, till the scene

below us presented a vast chasm, strewn with mountain wrack, and fearful to look into. Passing along a narrow ledge on the margin of the abyss, and again climbing with hands and feet, after passing several dizzy positions, we succeeded in reaching a table surface. From this place our path was winding up a gradual ascent, though often steep, till we finally reached the summit of the mountain. From this lofty position the view over the desert is gloomy and desolate. Nothing is to be seen but a sea of barren rocky mountains, with wild fantastic peaks surging up from the sandy valleys that wind among them. "A land of desert and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death, a land where no man passed through and where no man dwelt."

The ruins appear, from a little distance, a group of upright stones amidst a confused mass of fallen mason work, and bear a considerable resemblance to an old church-yard. The upright tablets are from six to eight feet in height, about two feet broad, and are arched at the top. They are covered on both sides with hieroglyphics; but on the side exposed to the northern blasts, the inscriptions were nearly obliterated. Many of these tablets are thrown down, and mingled with fragments of square pillars and the ruins of some kind of building. Among them we found two capitals bearing the head of Isis, sculptured on four sides, with ox ears, and the hair falling in a long curl on each side of the face. Other upright stones of similar dimensions are standing in various directions without the enclosure.

On carefully examining the whole ruins, we succeeded in tracing the plan and dimensions of a build-

ing which must have been a temple. At the eastern end is a subterraneous chamber, resembling an Egyptian mummy-pit. This is excavated in the solid rock and is square. The roof is supported in the middle by a square column left from the rock. This column, and also the sides of the room, are covered with hieroglyphics, and in each of the sides is a small niche. The whole of these ruins bear undoubted evidence of being originally the work of Egyptian artists.

These remains of antiquity were discovered by Niebuhr, in 1761. The next Frank visitor was the French traveller Boutin, in 1811. Subsequently Burkhardt, Heniker, Laborde, and various others, have visited them. Most of these travellers suppose them to be the remains of a cemetery, in which the Egyptian workmen, employed in the copper-mines which were worked at a very early period in these mountains, were buried.* This, however, is but a mere conjecture. It is not very probable that so much labor would have been bestowed in covering the tombs of common workmen, perhaps slaves, with such elaborate hieroglyphic inscriptions. A thought more reasonable struck my mind while standing in the midst of those ruins. In the days of ancient Egyptian idolatry this was considered a sacred mountain; perhaps regarded as the abode of one of their deities. On this account a heathen temple was here erected, priests constantly kept in it, and sacrifices here offered. To the Egyptians this mountain became a place of pilgrimage, as Sinai now is to Christians or Mecca to Mohammedans. If this, indeed, be the right conclusion, these ruins may be

* Kinnear.

nearly or quite as old as the pyramids of Egypt. But be this conclusion right or wrong, this lone spot is deeply interesting. Here the visitor is led back into the gray mists of high antiquity, and here he is filled with wonder and awe as he surveys, far from the abodes of human life, the labors of men unknown, for an object alike mysterious.

About three-fourths of a mile from these ruins, our guides led us to three broken tombs, situated near each other. These were excavated in the solid rock, forming rooms about twelve feet long, eight wide, and seven high. The entrance into these tombs must have been from above. The roofs are now off, and the tombs entirely empty. One of them had on one of its end walls many hieroglyphics, and a large rock near by has on it many more similar characters. I have not seen any account of these tombs given by a single visitor previous to ourselves.

We passed down the mountain on another side; difficult and dangerous, but not as much so as the way by which we had ascended. On our arrival at the base we found our dromedaries, with the two men we had left them in charge of, in waiting. Mounting once more, we set off in haste to overtake our caravan.

Passing up this valley in a south-west direction for about two miles, we came to its termination. Here we had a steep mountain of considerable height to cross. We dismounted and permitted our camels to clamber up before us. The descent from this mountain on the other side was gradual, forming a long sand plain for over a mile before us. Beyond this we entered a valley of over four miles in length.

Ascending an eminence beyond this, we came to a large burial ground in this desert place. Some of the graves were rudely walled, and others had a flat stone set at the head. Here we descended into another valley, which brought us on the direct route by which our caravan had passed. The valley into which we now descended soon became narrow, with tall, dark mountains towering on either side. Our way was strewn with large rocks and small sharp stones, while but very little of vegetable life was to be seen anywhere.

At about 5 o'clock, P. M., we came to a rude stone wall, or breastwork, which crosses the valley. This marks the scene of one of the most important events in the modern history of the Tawarah tribes. The story given by the Arabs is about as follows:—Formerly the carrying of goods between Cairo and Suez belonged to the Tawarah tribes; or in other words, was a monopoly of theirs. But several years ago the Pacha began to employ some from other tribes to do this work, to the no small dissatisfaction of the Tawarah confederacy.* To recompense themselves for this infraction of their rights, as they considered it, several tribes combined together and plundered a large caravan of several hundred of camels laden with coffee and other merchandize, between Suez and Cairo. The men of this caravan were nearly all killed, and the camels and loading taken by the Bedoins to their encampments among these mountains. The cutting off of this caravan is mentioned in the foregoing chapter.

* This, according to Professor Robinson, is a confederacy of five Bedoin tribes on the peninsula of Sinai.

The Pacha sent to demand back the plunder : but the Bedoins, in the meantime, had revelled in their spoils, and eaten up and disposed of the whole. Their laconic answer was, "We were hungry and have eaten." The Pacha immediately despatched a force of two or three thousand men against them. The Arabs gathered at this place and built a wall, expecting the troops to come along the valley. But the latter divided and climbed along the mountains in order to get round the Arabs. They, of course, were compelled to meet the Pacha's forces on the heights, and these rugged ridges are pointed to as the place where the battle was fought. Almost as a matter of course, the Bedoins were completely routed, with little slaughter, and the troops marched as far as Mount Sinai. The chief sheik came out and surrendered himself, and peace was granted on condition of their paying the expenses of the war. Since that time the Tawarahs have remained in quiet subjection to the Pacha.* We arrived at our encampment at about half-past six, and found our caravan had preceded us only a few minutes. Hungry and tired as we were, we had to wait till a late hour for our dinner.

Jan. 6. This morning Tueileb gave us an invitation to accompany him to his encampment, which lay but a short distance off our direct route, and which we could reach by a little past noon. We felt a curiosity to spend one night in a Bedoin encampment and as a matter of course, accepted the invitation. He put on the new scarlet dress we had presented to him at Cairo, his new red morocco boots, and

* Robinson.

fixed up his turban with peculiar care. These new fineries gave him a dashy and splendid appearance. He soon gave us to understand that we were to hurry on with him and leave our loaded camels to follow at leisure. Our dromedaries trotted on with life, as though they were familiarly acquainted with the way and place we were approaching. About 10 o'clock, we passed a burial-ground, very similar in appearance to the one we saw yesterday. At about twelve, we passed a woman and two small boys tending a flock of goats. This was the first thing of the kind we had seen since we left Cairo. After passing for some miles through a valley with high broken mountains on either side, we at length turned to the left into Waddy Sheik. We had passed up this valley but a few rods, when we saw a long range of black tents directly in front of us. The sheik pointed to these as the tents of his people, and motioned for us to follow him in a line. We at once struck into a single file with the sheik at the head. As we advanced, we heard small bells ringing in every part of the encampment, intermingled with shouts of welcome. At this time we saw many women as well as men standing in front of the tents. We were conducted in front of the first line of tents, the whole length of the encampment, that all might have a view of us. Our dromedaries were then made to kneel and we dismounted. At this time every woman was missing. They had retired to the female apartments of the tents; a principle of etiquette not to be dispensed with among Bedoins on the arrival of male guests.

This encampment consisted of twenty-six tents,

pitched in three lines, directly in rear of each other. In the centre of the front line was the sheik's tent, which appeared to be the largest and most commodious of the number. Our saddle-bags and saddles were taken off and carried into his tent. In front of these a piece of carpeting was spread on which we were bidden to sit down. Directly a quantity of pressed dates were set before us of which we ate freely. I had never seen better. Soon after coffee was served us. Many gathered in front of the tent and appeared anxious by every sign, to make us believe we were welcome ; often uttering the words "*salaam kleikum*," peace be with you.

In a short time our caravan arrived, when we ordered our tent to be pitched about forty rods in front of the encampment. Soon after we had repaired to our tents, Tueileb brought to us a large supply of pressed dates of superior quality, nicely put up in some kind of skin. We were requested to accept of these as a present. He also requested us not to have any of our provisions cooked, but to dine with him. We excused this as modestly as possible, and insisted on his dining with us. He still insisted, as he was to have a sheep killed, that we must eat with him. But as we found his sheep could not be had till sunset, we ordered Mohamet to have our dinner prepared and invite the sheik. When all was ready the sheik came and ate with a hearty relish.

The plain on which we were encamped was of considerable extent, with valleys leading off in three directions. It, however, had a barren and sterile appearance. Some tufts of coarse grass, with here and there a low thorn shrub, marked a water-course

now dry, passing a little to the south of us. These constituted about all of vegetable life to be seen in the place. We again walked up to the Arab encampment. All was to us romantic and strange. What a singular people were we among ! The dark swarthy sons and daughters of Ishmael—the wandering denizens of the desert, which was possessed by their fathers for long successive ages rolled by. Here were a portion of that people of whom it was said, “His hand shall be against every man’s hand, and every man’s hand against his.” Here they dwell in the midst of wildness, barrenness, and desolation. Despising the luxuries and refinements of life, they cling with unbroken pertinacity to their dark mountains and sterile vales. Their wants are few, and these they supply by simple means. Here, too, we saw before us a sample of the pastoral life of ancient patriarchs. They were dwellers in tents, and like these wanderers of the desert, moved from place to place. Night approached and we retired to our tent.

Early in the evening we heard a strange, unharmonious singing in the vicinity of the Arab encampment. Soon Tueileb came to our camp and told us we must go and witness a dance. We followed him to a level piece of ground, directly in rear of his family tent, where about twenty women, one old man of about eighty, and a large number of men were assembled. They were singing in a loud, harsh tone, and seemingly repeating the same words over and over to the tune. A piece of carpeting was spread a short distance in front of the singers, on which we were bidden to sit down. The old sheik seated himself at our right. The singers now ar-

ranged themselves into two lines, forming an angle. They then commenced singing with great vehemence, the men clapping their hands and bowing by way of keeping time. The singing was also occasionally interlarded by a wild, singular scream or shriek, uttered by some of the women. Soon a woman stepped a short distance in front of the line that faced the south, and another took a position a few feet in front of the line that faced the east. Both these commenced moving forward and backward, by short, slow steps, throwing up their arms at each step. Two would thus perform a dance for about five minutes, and then be succeeded by two others. These changes were repeated five or six times during our stay. These dancers were dressed in a coarse dark-coloured fabric, and had thrown over their heads a piece of black cloth in the form of a shawl, which extended down below the hands. In throwing up their arms while dancing, this part of their dress lying over the arms gave to the motion a peculiar appearance; and having their faces concealed behind black veils, they looked to me like spectres moving in the star-light. The Bedoin women are small of stature, and spare built, but carry their whole persons very erect. There was, however, but very little music in the singing, or dexterity or grace in the dancing. We remained till about nine, took our leave, and retired to our tent. The singing continued for about half an hour after we came away. The next morning the sheik very modestly informed us that the dancers expected a little bucksheesh from us. This could not be denied, and of course we handed over.

Jan. 7. This morning the sheik sent to our tent some of his fresh mutton, cooked in their way. We found so much of the wool mixed in the dish, as well as other marks not very palatable, that we ate but sparingly of his present. He informed us that he should now remain at his encampment and send some men with us to Mount Sinai, and that in five days from that morning he would meet us there with his camels, prepared to convey us to Akabah. To this we had no objection, as the distance to Mount Sinai was only about six hours' ride.

The morning was delightful, and we set off cheerfully, with the hope of arriving that day at a place of rest. Our route extended for some miles along a broad smooth valley, with tall dark mountains, as usual, on both sides. Ascending a small eminence, at about 10 o'clock, we had a distant view of Sinai. From this eminence we made a long descent over a broad sandy space, wholly bare of vegetation. At the termination of this, we entered upon a broken, rocky path, and commenced an ascent among huge rocks which had been hurled about in the most promiscuous confusion. The mountains on each side of us gathered a wild, dark, and most desolate appearance. Their broad, craggy sides rose in every fantastic form, while often their towering peaks seemed reared to battle the clouds of heaven. We dismounted and walked through this solitary and dreary pass. The sun shone clear, and the heat was very oppressive. Our camels wound along their difficult way, in the midst of rocks piled on rocks, for about one hour and a half. In several places we saw on the mountain sides copper ore, and gathered a few

specimens. In many places it appeared to be very abundant, but how valuable I was not enabled to judge. At length, making a turn in this mountain pass, we saw the valley before us extended into a plain of about half a mile wide, while directly in front was Sinai, with its dark craggy sides and awful towering peaks. The view we had of it from this point seemed to present its base as but a few rods before us, while, in reality, it was more than two miles distant. The plain on which we now entered ascended gradually for about one mile, and then descended about the same distance to near the foot of the mount. When we commenced the descent, the convent became visible—lonely but grand in the midst of the solitude. It is situated at the foot of Mount Sinai, and on the east side. Passing on this side of the mountain, we came to an Arab burial ground. Beyond this our path still extended south through a narrow defile with scattered rocks, till we came in front of the convent.

The monks had seen us approaching, and on our arrival several of them showed themselves at a door in front of their building, but elevated at the height of over thirty feet from the ground. On our dismounting, a rope was lowered to receive our letter from the convent at Cairo. This being read, the rope was again lowered for one of us to be drawn up. The process of drawing the rope was by a windlass, turned on the inside, and the operation of being hoisted up in this way is rather a ludicrous and dizzy performance. At the lower end of the rope was a loop, in which I seated myself, and then clenched the rope firmly above my head. Soon I was dangling in the

air, and rising with a gradual motion. In the process I found ample use for my feet to keep myself from coming in collision with the stone wall of the building. At length, on arriving at a height opposite the door, a monk took hold of the rope and drew me in like a bale of goods. The superior, who was a venerable-looking old man of about seventy, with a long white beard, received us very affectionately, and the other monks saluted us with smiling countenances.

CHAPTER IX.

Convent at Mount Sinai—Greek Church—Chapel of the Burning Bush—The Library—Charnel House of Human Skulls and Bones—The Garden—Rules of the Convent—Accommodations for Strangers—Arabs around the Convent—Sinai and Horeb—Ascent of Mount Sinai—Legend of a Fountain—Chapel of the Virgin—Fountain of Elijah—Chapels of Elijah and Elisha—Impressions on arriving at the Summit of Sinai—Hermits—Plain where the Israelites Encamped—The Rock of Moses—Chapel of the “Forty Martyrs”—Ascent of Mount St. Catharine—A Legend—Vast and astonishing Scenery:

THE Greek convent at Mount Sinai is an irregular quadrangle, situated on the slope of one side of the valley. Part of the wall rests on the base of the mountain, while the rocks on the opposite side of the ravine are not more than twenty paces from the front of the convent. There are only two entrances; one the door by which we had been admitted, and the other a subterraneous passage communicating with the garden. This passage is secured by a strong iron studded door at each end. The walls are high and well built, of square blocks of granite, and strengthened with small towers in various parts. In a few of these are small cannon. The interior is divided

into several courts, around each of which there is a wooden balcony, from which the upper rooms are entered. The lower rooms are mostly, as I believe, used for store-houses, workshops, and cells for the monks. The last of these are small and miserably furnished; generally containing only a mat, a rug, a chair, but no table.

Tradition says that this convent was established by the Emperor Justinian, A. D. 527, on the place where a church had been built by St. Helena in the fourth century. Dr. Robinson, however, asserts, that there is not the slightest historical hint that Helena was ever in the region of Mount Sinai, or caused any church to be erected there. The great church of the convent was built by order of Justinian, about the middle of the sixth century. It is supported by a double row of granite pillars, with rude Corinthian capitals. These pillars, as well as the interior walls, are covered with a coating of thin white plaster. The altar is separated from the body of the church by a high screen, richly covered and gilded. This screen is surmounted by a large gilded cross, reaching nearly to the roof. There are many paintings of saints, great and small, all in the flat hard style common in Greek churches. Thirty-four silver lamps hang from the roof, and some of them are exquisite specimens of workmanship. The floor is very beautifully paved with marble of different colors, wrought into figures. On the altars there is quite a display of pixes, chalices, and crosses, set with precious stones. They show the silver lid of a sarcophagus, representing a full-length figure of the Empress Anne, of Russia, who, it seems, intended to be buried here.

Another is shown, covered with a white pall, *said to contain* the bones of St. Catharine, which were found in the neighboring mountain, whither, according to the monkish legend, her body was conveyed by angels. The alcove over the altar exhibits, in Mosaic, a large picture of the transfiguration, and portraits of Justinian and his Empress Theodora.

The most sacred spot is the chapel of the Burning Bush. We descended a few steps from the interior of the church to a low door, where we were desired to take off our shoes before entering this sanctum sanctorum. I really thought the old superior and monks made more ceremony about admitting us, than reverence after we were in. The spot designated the Burning Bush, is covered with silver, over which are several lamps continually burning; and the whole chapel is richly carpeted. Near by they show the well also, from which (as they say) Moses watered Jethro's flocks. On the altar were lying two very beautiful MSS. of the gospels. The exterior of the church is without any architectural beauty. On each side of the entrance I noticed several shields and coats of arms, rudely engraved on the stone. These, no doubt, were memorials of the chivalry of the crusades, and perhaps scratched with their daggers by some knightly pilgrims.

Besides the great church, there are twenty-four chapels in different parts of the convent. Some of these formerly belonged to the Latins, and some earlier to the Syrians, Armenians, and Copts. At present, they are all in the hands of the Greeks. One of these, I noticed, is dedicated to St. George. It is gaudily adorned, containing flat staring pictures of

saints, with gilded glories round their heads. The saint himself is represented as on a charger, with his spear and shield, while the dragon is trampled under his feet. Another chapel is dedicated to St. Catharine, the patroness of the convent. Not far from the great church stands also a Mohammedan mosque, large enough for two hundred worshippers. It is said this was built about three hundred years ago, when the convent was threatened by one of the Moslem rulers of Egypt. Permitting this mosque to be built was a compromise with the infidel, and this, say the monks, saved the convent.

The library contains a very considerable number of books, both in print and manuscript; principally in Greek and Arabic. They are in sad confusion, and appear to be but little used. The good old superior seemed to be very ignorant of any knowledge of their contents. Knowing that I spoke the English language, he put into my hands a very thin octavo, to which he appeared to attach considerable value. It was an annual report of the London Bible Society!

In the garden of the convent is the cemetery of the monks. We were conducted to this charnel-house with some seeming reluctance. This may be owing to some indiscreet travellers having wounded the feelings of the monks, by expressing either disgust or great horror at the ghastly spectacle. A narrow staircase, cut into the rock, led down to an excavated square of about twenty feet. On the left of this was a small door opening into a vault, where formerly the bodies of dead monks were laid on an iron grating, till all the flesh was wasted away, and only the bones remained. Now they are buried for

about three years. The bones are then taken up, washed, and placed in the great cemetery, which is situated directly opposite. In following to this great depository of human skulls and bones, we first passed a small antechamber, and from this through a low door into the great cemetery. This is also divided into two rooms or vaults; one containing the bones of priests, and the other of lay monks. At our left hand, as we entered, in the corner of the room, was a most huge pile of skulls, kept in a compact form by a fence at one side and end of the pile. The fence was about four feet high, forming in conjunction with the wall a bin or crib, about eight feet wide, and twenty long. It was full of skulls, and rounded up at the top. Directly in front of the entrance was a pile of bones more than ten feet high, extending along the whole width of the chamber, and how deep I could not see. Here legs occupy one part of the pile, arms another, ribs another, &c. The bones of priests and laymen are piled separately, in different vaults; except the skulls, which are thrown promiscuously together. The bones of the archbishops whose bodies are always brought hither with their clothing and property,* after death, are kept separately in wooden boxes. The skeleton of one particular saint was pointed out to us, also those of two ascetics, who are said to have lived as hermits in the adjacent mountain many years, wearing shirts of mail next the body, and binding themselves together by the leg with an iron chain, parts of which are here preserved.

This was emphatically the house of death! Here

* Robinson.

he has sat enthroned for centuries, and here he still sits. Here every year he has been receiving new victims, until this great charnel house is nearly filled up with the fleshless relics of the dead. Never before had I visited a depository of lifeless remains fraught with so much for solemn reflection! And yet the monks seemed to catch none of the spirit of the place. There was a stillness in their manner, but no solemnity.

The garden joins the convent on the north extending for some distance down the valley, and is in like manner enclosed with high walls. Like the convent, it lies along the slope of the mountain. It is formed into several terraces and planted with fruit trees. The Superior excused the state of the garden from a long-continued drought. It, however, appeared beautifully verdant, in contrast with the reigning desolation that surrounds it. Besides the tall, dark cypresses, exhibiting such beauty at a distance, it contains an assortment of the fruit adapted to the climate. There were in it pears, pomegranates, oranges, figs, quinces, apricots, mulberries, olives, and many vines. But few vegetables of any kind appeared to be cultivated in it. It is true, the garden did not present much taste or order, yet it looked like a green spot in the midst of surrounding sterility and barrenness.

At the south-east corner of the garden, the wall is mounted on the inside by a style, with a ladder to let down outside, forming a way of entrance to the garden and convent. When ladies happen to wander as travellers into this solitary region, they are usually introduced by this way. There is, also, a similar entrance to the garden through a small building on

the wall in the north-west part. This is easier and more used, as the wall here has a slight inclination, and is ascended by the help of a rope. Both these passes are strictly shut up at night.

The discipline of the convent is very severe. The monks are obliged to attend mass twice every day. Animal food is prohibited them, and even fish; yet they are all hearty and athletic looking men. The old Superior is rather corpulent. They have small bells in the convent, which appear to be seldom used. The monks are summoned to their duties, by striking with a hammer on a long piece of stone, suspended by a cord from the middle, which sends forth a most doleful sound. The number of monks I do not exactly recollect, but think it was a little short of thirty. Here they dwell apart from the world in the very bosom of solitude. Here at the foot of the mount of God, they keep their vigils and say their prayers; and here they maintain a habitation inviting and comfortable to the weary traveller. Were it not for this convent as a resting place, Mount Sinai would, indeed, be seldom visited by civilized man.

On our arrival, we were conducted to the department called the Strangers' Rooms. The rooms we occupied were small and tolerably neat. The floor was covered with carpets, though considerably worn. A low divan, neatly cushioned, was raised along three sides of the room, which served as a place to spread our bedding at night. Our meals were prepared in an adjacent room. This business was attended to by our interpreter and cook, under the direction of an old monk, near eighty. Soon after our arrival we succeeded in purchasing a kid of the

neighboring Arabs, which furnished us with meat during our stay. The convent furnished us with very good bread, and some other articles. In the court near the Strangers' Rooms, is a large well ; but the water for drinking is usually taken from the Fountain of Moses, near the church, and is very pure and excellent.

I should say of these monks that they are good, honest-hearted men. In mind, I should think them rather ordinary ; indeed, I did not notice one that indicated great or vigorous intellect. Not one of them could speak English, though one or two could converse in Italian. Several of them could not even converse with our Arab interpreter. Soon after our arrival a young monk, who was a Russian, came to us with great interest to make some inquiries. Two aged Russians had visited the convent about two months before, and, as he said, had told him that war had broken out between Russia and America—that the Emperor Nicholas had sent one hundred ships of war to the United States, to take that country. On our assuring him we had never heard of such an event before, he was greatly surprised. I told him I had left the United States less than three months before ; and assured him that, up to that time, no such affair had happened, nor was it even talked of. This relieved his mind greatly. He said he had a brother in the Russian navy, and he had felt great anxiety through fear that he had been sent on that expedition. Poor monks in this solitude ! what can they know of the affairs of the world ?

The monks appear to be on tolerably friendly terms with the Arabs around the convent. This

friendship, however, is in a manner purchased. They have to pay the Arabs a small tribute of bread every week. They collect under the wall at the appointed time, and, the rope being let down, they fasten to it their bags. These are drawn up, and a portion of bread is put into each, when they are again tossed down, one by one, to the hungry expectants below.

These Arabs inhabit caves in the neighboring mountains, and belong to none of the regular tribes, calling themselves simply "mountaineers." They are said to be descended from a few slaves, originally from the shores of the Black Sea, who were sent here by Justinian, as menial servants to the priests. As they increased in numbers, they were settled by the convent as guardians of the orchards and date-groves throughout the peninsula. But at a subsequent period the Bedoins deprived the convent of many of its possessions, and these slaves became Moslems, and adopted the Bedoin habits. They acknowledge their descent from the Christian slaves; and some of them are still employed in the convent garden, and in collecting fire-wood.*

The mountain on which the peak of Sinai is situated is called, to a certain height, Mount Horeb. Now I know of no reason based on Scripture to apply the name of Horeb to any one mountain in this district. It more properly belongs to the whole district, including every mountain and valley in it. By consulting the Bible, it will be seen that whenever Horeb is mentioned, the transaction referred to at the time is said to have taken place *in*, and never *upon*, Horeb. "Behold, I will stand before thee

* Kinnear.

upon the rock *in* Horeb." "They made a calf *in* Horeb, and worshipped the molten image." Wherever the events which occurred at Sinai are recorded, they are spoken of as having taken place *upon* the mount ; or the phraseology is such as to indicate that Sinai was one entire individual mountain of the group, in the district of Horeb. "They pitched their tent in the wilderness, and there they encamped before the mount." "The third day the Lord will come down in sight of all the people, upon Mount Sinai. Take heed to yourselves that ye go not *up into* the mount. And Moses went *down* from the mount. And the Lord came down *upon* Mount Sinai, *on the top* of the mount ; and Moses *went up*." All this, to me, plainly indicates that Mount Sinai was an individual mountain ; while the manner in which Horeb is mentioned would lead one to regard it rather as a general appellation for the whole district. We also find Horeb mentioned in connexion with a certain event which occurred before the arrival of the children of Israel at what is termed, in the following chapter, "the wilderness of Sinai." When the people did chide with Moses at Rephidim, saying, "Give us water that we may drink," the Lord commanded Moses to take his rod in his hand, and go, "And, behold, I will stand before thee on the rock which is *in* Horeb ; and thou shalt smite the rock." And in a subsequent chapter, we read that the children of Israel "were *departed from* Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai." I would conclude, from this, that Horeb was a term for the whole district around Mount Sinai, for a considerable extent.

Jan. 10. Having fixed upon this day as our time

for ascending Mount Sinai, we made early preparations for the journey. A young novitiate who could speak Italian, agreed to accompany us as a guide. Passing through the subterranean passage into the garden, and thence descending the wall by aid of a rope, we here met two Arabs who were also to accompany us. They were to carry some provisions for us, and the means of making coffee. The way of ascent is through a ravine on the south of the convent. The course from the convent to this pass, and nearly to the head of it, is about south. It here opens a passage through the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain. At first the ascent was easy, but at length it became steep; and for twenty minutes we ascended on rude stone steps. In half an hour we came to a beautiful clear fountain under an overhanging rock. The water of this spring is said to be carried down to the convent by an aqueduct. It is, by the Arabs, called the mountain-spring. In relation to the origin of this fountain, the monks relate a most improbable legend. They say that under this rock a cobbler pilgrim who had come to the holy mountain, once seated himself, on a hot day. Being an industrious man, while sitting here, he took out his cobbler-tools and commenced cobbling. While he was here at work, he thought of the wickedness of the world, its temptations, and of the devil's peculiar tact to catch cobblers. He resolved at once to leave the world, turn hermit, and live under this rock. There was no water near it then; but as soon as he had made this resolution, the water gushed forth, and a living fountain has remained here ever since. Such is the simple legend which the monks

say they believe. The water of this spring is excellent.

In about half an hour more, we came to a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin. Around this place, some centuries ago, resided a large number of hermits. The chapel had been fitted up several times; but the Arabs had as often entered it and destroyed its contents. I saw in it a small, solid picture of the Virgin. The spot where this chapel stands, is well suited to retirement. It is quiet and isolated, but not wholly dreary; and is well suited to a contemplative spirit.

Passing onward, sometimes by means of rude steps made with stones, we entered a defile of precipitous rocks, and soon reached a gate about three feet wide.

When pilgrimages were frequent to this place, a guard was stationed here, to whom it was necessary to show a pass, or permission from the Superior of the convent. A little beyond this is another narrow passage, secured by a door. Here it was formerly necessary to show a pass from the keeper of the gate below. At this place a very few men could make a successful defence against a large army. This passage gives entrance into a small plain or basin of land. In ascending the peak of Sinai, that part of the mountain called Horeb, terminates at this plain. Professor Robinson estimates this plain at about thirteen hundred feet above the valleys around the base of the mountain. On the right, clusters of rocks and peaks from two to four hundred feet higher than this plain or basin, extend some two miles north-north-west. These terminate in a high, bold front, which faces the plain of Rahah, situated directly

north of this entire mountain. All this last-described part of the mountain bears the name of Mount Horeb. This, however, as I have already stated, I consider improper. The entire mountain should be called Sinai.

But, to return to the plain or basin into which I had just mentioned of entering, it is an open space of some twenty rods long and perhaps four rods wide. Near its centre is a well, called the Fountain of Elias; and the monks say the prophet dug this with his own hands, when he dwelt in this mountain. It is a well of considerable depth, and stoned up in the regular form. Near it is a tall cypress, the only tree on the mountain, and said to have been planted by the monks more than a hundred years ago. It has a beautiful appearance in the midst of this solitude. A few rods from the well, and just where the ascent of Sinai begins, is a small, rude, stone building, containing the chapels of Elijah and Elisha. In that of Elijah, the monks show, near the altar, a hole just large enough for a man's body. This, they say, was the cave where the prophet dwelt in Horeb.

Leaving this building, which is dilapidated and fast going to decay, we began our ascent of what is called the peak of Sinai. The way is steep, though not difficult, as in many places there are steps constructed of stones laid together. On our way we turned a little one side to see the track of Mohamet's camel, said to be left in the solid rock, as a memorial of his having once ascended this mountain. It is, indeed, a very tolerable representation of the track of a dromedary, chiselled in the rock with some considerable accuracy. Mohammedan priests undoubtedly know

as well how to play off monkish tricks, as some who bear the Christian name. This wonderful track, too, is a very good specimen of their skill in playing at humbuggery. In about thirty minutes after leaving the chapel of Elijah, we arrived at the summit of Mount Sinai. Solemn indeed were my impressions, as I stepped upon the hallowed rock, once signalized by the most awful display of Jehovah's presence, where Moses talked with God, and where the law, written on tables of stone, was given to man as the sacred rule of righteous living. Was it a dream, that I stood on that hallowed spot? No, all was reality! I could see the place every way suited for the awful display recorded by the sacred historian. After indulging a few moments' reflections amidst a hasty view of the scenery, one of our company read from the holy book, the ten commandments. Never had I listened to the sacred Decalogue, with such solemn awe. I heard as if here receiving them from the Deity himself. I took the Bible, and silently read them over again. Never till my latest breath, shall I forget the overwhelming sensations of my mind, while standing on the bleak, lonely summit of the sacred mount of God!

The nearly level surface at the top of Sinai, is about sixty feet square. Its elevation above the level of the sea, is about 7500 English feet. At the eastern part of the level area, is a small chapel, nearly in ruins. It has stood here for many centuries; and here, in the early ages of Christianity, monks and hermits used to retire and sing the praises of God on the summit of Sinai. About forty feet to the north-west of this, is a small Mohammedan mosque, in a

ruinous state. The followers of Christ and the followers of Mohamet have here united in early fixing, as by common consent, this spot as the place where the law was given to Moses; and here they still unite in worshipping the true and living God.

In centuries gone by, many hermits took up their abodes in the rocky caverns of this mountain. In the East, the superstition of monastic life first took its rise. First, a single individual, withdrawing himself from the society of men, wandered for years among the rocks and sands of the Desert, devoting himself to a religious vow, by bodily mortification. This scene of mistaken humility and self-torture caught the imaginations of other frenzied minds. Many followed the example, emulating each other in self-abasement and bodily afflictions. The deserts of Thebaid were covered with hermits; and many thousands of anchorites were wasting out their lives in the gloomy wilds of Sinai, startling the solitude with the cries of their self-afflicted torture.* The ruins of their cells and convents may still be seen in every part of this mountain. At present, no solitude can be more perfect than that of this bleak mountain of rock. Indeed, the whole scenery of this and the neighboring mountains may well be compared to "a sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen on the bare and rugged sides of the numerous mountains, rearing their dark and hideous forms on every side of Sinai.

I shall not perplex the reader with an examination of every vain speculation employed to set aside the present Sinai, and fix on some other part of this moun-

* Stevens.

tain, or even some other mountain in the neighborhood, as the place where the law was given. Some travellers seem rather to pride themselves in attempts to remove ancient landmarks, and change long traditionated locations. In the midst of Bible scenery, they should never do this but with extreme reluctance, and then never but with overwhelming reasons for the change. About all travellers now admit that the plain of Rahah, situated directly on the north side of this mountain, must have been the main place of the Israelite encampment at the time the law was given on Sinai. No other valley in the entire region of Horeb, of the extent of the plain of Rahah, or even suited for such an encampment, is to be found. This being settled, the next probable location for Sinai is this very mountain. Here is a mount that may be touched from that plain. Here is a mountain in the entire view of that plain, and valleys branching from it. I regret to see that, though Professor Robinson admits the law to have been given on this mountain, he thinks it must have been on an entire different part of it, i. e., on the northern side or peak, directly in front and in full view of the plain of Rahah. His objections are the distance that the traditionated peak of Sinai is situated from this plain, and that no part of it could be seen from the plain of Rahah. Now, in my judgment, this short distance constitutes no valid objection, when we duly consider the Scripture representation of the scene. "And Mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it, and the whole mount quaked greatly." This awful display of the divine presence, which covered the

whole mount, could certainly be seen from the plain of Rahah ; and what more, I ask, could be seen from the location chosen by Professor Robinson ? “ And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the *top* of the mount.” Certainly the top of the mount means, in its strictest sense, the highest part. Has Professor R. then fixed on the highest part, or peak of the mountain ? No : but on one some hundreds of feet lower than the peak of the present Sinai. I repeat it, I see no cause to exchange the present Sinai for any other location to be seen anywhere in its vicinity.

We descended the mountain in about one-half the time we had occupied in ascending it ; and on arriving at the convent were both weary and hungry.

Early the next morning, preparations were made to ascend Mount St. Catharine, which is divided from Mount Sinai by a narrow ravine on the west. Taking with us the same guides, and passing out by the same way we had the previous day, our course led us around the north and west sides of Mount Sinai. This made us a walk of about four miles, to the place of ascending Mount St. Catharine. Our course at first was nearly north ; and at but a short distance from the convent we passed what the monks call the ruins of the house of Aaron. As these are doubtless fabulous, they need not be described. Arriving at the north side of Sinai, the long plain of Rahah was spread out, extending north about two miles. Its widest places are something like half a mile. Here, undoubtedly, the Israelites mainly encamped during the giving of the law on Sinai. On the border of this plain we came to a

broad, flat stone, with a few holes indented in its surface. This was represented to us as the place where Moses threw down the tables of the law, and broke them, when he returned from the mount, and found the people engaged in idolatrous worship. About fifteen minutes farther brought us to another stone of singular legend. It was represented as no other than the one in which Aaron cast the golden calf. The monks think they can see the exact mould of the calf's head still remaining in that rock. I was, however, unable to discern it. A short distance farther, to the right of our path, was a Hebrew burial-ground. It had that appearance; but I have no correct historical knowledge of the periods of its having been used as such. The monks say the Hebrews buried their dead there while they were encamped before Sinai!

Near the place of turning into the valley that winds round the west side of Sinai, was a small garden, with fruit-trees in it; and, a short distance beyond that, another. Both of these belong to the convent, and are tended by Arab servants employed by the monks. Both these gardens stand in the midst of desolate barrenness, and are the only green spots of the landscape. They mark the sites of two monasteries, now entirely gone to decay. At a short distance farther, we came to the rock which they say Moses smote and the water gushed out. This rock is of a large cubic form, and is a kind of coarse red granite. Down its front, in an oblique line from top to bottom, appears to run a seam of fine texture, about one foot broad. In this are several irregular, horizontal crevices or gashes, of perhaps ten inches

in length and three or four broad in the centre, one above another. The seam extends through the rock, and is seen on the back side, where are also similar gashes, though rather smaller. I could not determine that these holes were artificial, though I examined them carefully. The rock is rather a singular one; but to me it had the appearance of having fallen from the side of the mountain. There is not a shadow of ground for assuming a connection between this narrow valley and Rephidim. The part of Horeb where Moses smote the rock, must have been near to Rephidim; and this miracle was wrought when Israel was a day's march from Sinai. There is no evidence, then, that the rock here shown, was the scene of this miracle.

About fifteen minutes farther on, we came to what is called the convent of "The Forty Martyrs," from the circumstance that the Arabs once took it by surprise and killed the forty monks that were its inmates. The convent, as such, has been deserted for many years, and is now fast going to decay. We found it entirely empty, out of repair, and very filthy. Around the building is a garden and a large variety of fruit-trees. In the garden, also, is a fountain of pure water.

A few rods distant from this place, in a south-westerly direction, we commenced our ascent of Mt. St. Catharine. I need not here describe our toil and labor in ascending this bare, high, and majestic mountain. We arrived at its summit after a most fatiguing toil of three hours and twenty minutes.

Mount St. Catharine is the great rival of Sinai, in the range of mountains on this peninsula; but the

former is a little over one thousand feet the highest, its summit being about 8500 English feet above the level of the sea. It takes the name of St. Catharine from the following legend, which the reader is left to believe if he can. I will give it in the words of Mr. Stevens: "In the early days of the Christian Church, the daughter of the king of Alexandria became converted. While her father remained a pagan, she tried to convert him; but, indignant at the attempt, he cast her in prison, where she was visited by the Saviour, who entered through the key-hole, and married her with a ring which is now in the hands of the empress of Russia. Her father cut her head off, and angels carried her body to the top of this mountain, and laid it on a rock. For centuries, no one knew where it was deposited; the Christians believing that it had been carried up into heaven, until about two centuries ago, when a monk in the convent dreamed where it had been laid. The next morning he took his staff and climbed to the top of the mountain; and there, on the naked rock, fresh and blooming as in youthful beauty, after a death of more than a thousand years, he found the body of the saint. The monks then went up in solemn procession, and, taking up the body, bore it in pious triumph to the convent below, where it now lies in a coffin with a silver lid, near the great altar in the chapel, and receives the homage of all pious pilgrims." Now, on the summit of this mountain, and over the spot where this body was said to be found, stands a small stone chapel, at present much dilapidated and out of repair. In the centre of this chapel, the monks, to this day, think they can see a

likeness of the body of St. Catharine, in an impression made in the rock !

This mountain has but little of historical interest connected with it ; at least none with the giving of the law. Although it is a most laborious task to ascend it, yet well does it repay the traveller for his pains. The day was serene, cloudless, and beautiful. None could have been better suited to our purposes of observation. Mount St. Catharine overlooks everything in its vicinity, and seemingly every mountain on the peninsula. If a boundless expanse of dark, naked towering mountains, surging up in every shape and form, can afford a scene to attract the gaze of wonder and admiration, here the traveller has it spread below him to perfection. Never had my eyes roamed over scenery in nature to compare with this. Stretching north, lay the Gulf of Suez to our left, visible nearly its entire length. To our right, stretching north-east, lay the Gulf of Akabah. Directly south lay the Red Sea, over which our eyes travelled as far as vision could stretch. Every peak of the numberless mountains around us lay below the vast eminence on which we were standing. Even over the dark, towering peak of Sinai, we could see mountains beyond mountains in the vast distance. Indeed, looking on three sides of us, countless mountains seemed spread below us, in the form of a vast amphitheatre. No man can gaze from the top of Mount St. Catharine on this vast expanse of nature, in its wildest and most desolate form, but with impressions never to be forgotten. As his eye wanders over this dark sea of desolation—as he gazes on the numberless massive peaks tower-

ing up in every fantastic form, spread over the vast field beneath him, he is ready to exclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!"

At this great elevation the air was piercing and chilly. We seated ourselves within the little chapel, and there took our lunch and coffee. Then, reluctantly tearing ourselves from a scenery so vast, so wild, and so interesting, we set out to retrace our path to the foot of the mountain. On our return, as we entered the recess west of the plain of Rahah, we were pointed to the place where the earth opened and swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. This is another monkish error. That occurrence took place, according to Scripture, at Kadesh, not Sinai. We reached the convent at a little past sunset.

The next day was devoted to arrangements for our final departure on the day following.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from the Convent—A Bloody Scene threatened—A Sheik's Tomb—Mountain Scenery—An Alarming Incident—Preparations for Battle—Providential Escape—Majestic Scenery—Gulf of Akabah—A Difficult Pass—Remains of an Ancient Fortress—Arrival at Akabah, and Reception—Parting with Tueileb and his men—Cities of Ezion-geber and Elath—Present Fortress of Akabah—Visit to the Governor—Pastime during Detention.

January 13. Tueileb had arrived with his camels and escort of men, and the time had now come for us to take leave of the kind monks at Mount Sinai, who had indeed received us affectionately and entertained us hospitably. They make no bill of charge

to the strangers they entertain, and ask of them no remuneration for their services. There is, however, a well-known rule, which gentlemen travellers will not forget to observe. That is, on leaving the convent, to present a few English sovereigns to the old Superior. Who would go away and not do this? Surely, no *gentleman*. We paid the young novitiate who had served as guide, and presented the old monk who had superintended our table with a handsome present. When a few shining pieces of gold were put into the hand of the old gray-bearded Superior, his large black eyes glistened approbation of the act. All appeared satisfied, and the parting scene was warm and affectionate. Peace to that kind, simple brotherhood; and long may that peaceful convent remain a resting-place for the weary traveller. The windlass was now manned, and one by one we were slung out upon the rope, and lowered down in the same manner we had been hoisted up on our arrival.

On getting down to our camels, we found the Arabs in a most angry state of quarrel, and seemingly on the very verge of battle and bloodshed. An aged sheik, called *Tiger* by way of distinction, had come to the convent, and insisted upon the right of supplying three of the camels necessary to convey us and our baggage to Akabah. Tueileb remonstrated, and insisted upon the right of conveying us himself. Old Tiger showed himself rightly named. His countenance actually became frightful, and his eyes flashed fire. In the height of the quarrel, he sprang and caught up his sword, which was lying a short distance from him. Tueileb and another seized hold of it with their hands, while old Tiger wrenched and

scuffled to get it in his own possession. We now expected to see serious work. The sword was taken by force and put away; but the quarrel still continued loud and boisterous. All at once it softened down: old Tiger had prevailed, and three of his camels were put into the caravan. But although his camels were going in room of three of Tueileb's, we were right glad to learn that he was not to be one of our company. Never had I seen a more savage or blood-thirsty visage on any human being.

At about 11 o'clock we got slowly under way. Our course led north, to the Valley of Rahah, which I have so often mentioned before; when, crossing a part of that plain, we turned a north-easterly direction into Waddy Sheik. The mountains in this direction we found not so high as those we had left, and the valleys generally wider. But all were still bare of timber, and nearly of vegetation, if we except a few thorn shrubs, and occasionally some clumps of coarse, rush-looking grass. It is, however, said, that on the tops of some of these mountains there is table-land productive of grass and even grain.

Late in the afternoon we passed the tomb of Sheik Salih, a spot deemed very sacred by the Arabs on the peninsula. It is simply a rude hut of stones, in which the coffin of the saint is surrounded by a partition of wood hung with cloth, around which are suspended handkerchiefs, camels' halters, and other Bedoin offerings. This saint is held as the progenitor of the Sawalihah tribe. It is said that, once a year, all the tribes of the Tawarah make a pilgrimage to this tomb, and encamp around it for three

days. This is their greatest festival.* Encamped for the night in Waddy Sal.

Jan. 14. Early this morning a kid was brought us, which we had bargained for the evening before. We found it, however, so miserably poor, that we deemed but little of it eatable; and consequently gave it nearly all to our Arabs. Soon after starting, we passed a large number of Arab tents. On the sides of the mountains their sheep and goats were feeding. We tried to purchase a sheep of them, but did not succeed. As we advanced to-day, the valley, in many places, was wide, and much of the thorn-shrub was scattered in various places. The camels crop the small twigs of this bush with great avidity. The mountains, to-day, bore every kind of shape, being uniformly of soft sand-stone. Some of them were like a pyramid, and others like a sharp cone; while the peaks of some had been worn by the storms of centuries into so many fantastic shapes, that they often resembled the work of art. Encamped for the night in Waddy Ras esh-Shuikairah.

Jan. 15. Passed, to-day, some miles down the valley in which we had encamped. The mountains continued to be of soft sand-stone, worn into almost every imaginable form. In some instances, the tops of these mountains appeared to have once been composed of a different and harder kind of stone; but in consequence of the sides near the base having worn away, the tops had tumbled over the sides in broken masses, and now lay scattered in promiscuous confusion. In many parts of the valley, the sand was deep, dry, and flexible. The *Sirocco* and *Simoom*

* Burckhardt.

that blow in these regions, had, in many places, carried the yellow sand far up the sides of the mountains. About ten in the morning, we entered Waddy Gazellah. Here the mountains began to assume more of the granite appearance. As we still progressed, the sand-stone was lost in the more craggy and lofty appearance of the dark-red granite.

Just as we entered this valley, three savage-looking Arabs came up with us, mounted on dromedaries. For a few minutes, the most angry and boisterous language ensued between them and Tueileb. Although all was in Arabic, we could not help seeing that something serious was in the wind. At length, the three wheeled their camels and rode off in the midst of boisterous talk, looking back and shaking their hands in the most threatening manner. As we were at this time a little in advance, our interpreter hastened to us with his eyes standing out with eagerness and terror, crying, "There will be war, every gun, pistol, and sword must be got ready!" We were soon informed what the difficulty was. We were now passing through a region inhabited by a strong tribe called the Muzeinies. They had supposed that the business of conducting Frank travellers from Cairo to Akabah was a money-making matter. These men had, consequently, been sent out to demand us of Tueileb; alleging that he had no right to conduct travellers through their country and get pay for it—we must be delivered up to them, they take us to Akabah and receive the pay. If given into the hands of these barbarians, we knew we should have no security whatever; nor was it probable, after getting us in their power, they would

care much about our getting to Akabah. They were robbers by profession, and if they got us in possession, would most probably strip us of every thing, if not take our lives. Our situation was, indeed, rather startling. Our entire party consisted of but thirteen, and although armed, we were prepared to make no formidable resistance, should a strong party come upon us. These men had gone off, declaring they would go and bring a party of their tribe and take us by force. Our interpreter appeared confident that they would come and attempt to take us, and Tueileb appeared rather apprehensive of the same thing. What was to be done?

Our caravan was called to a halt, and all dismounted. Every gun and pistol was seen to be well charged, and every sword girt on. This was the first time I had ever witnessed a formidable preparation for battle, and must say it was not a very pleasant place for one of my profession, with all my peace principles. Mr. B. had one of Colt's patent pistols, which would fire five shots in a minute. This was put in prime order, and a double-barrel gun, well charged, was placed on the pommel of my saddle for use. When all was got ready, we again mounted and moved on. As part of our camels were heavy loaded, we could not materially increase our speed. We, however, moved forward with a quick step, often looking back to see whether our enemies were coming. In about one hour we came to a valley branching to the left of Waddy Gazellah. The ground was hard and would not retain the tracks of our camels. Tueileb thought it best here to change our route by taking another valley. It would make

a few hours' more travel, but should the threatening emissaries attempt a pursuit they might here be foiled by keeping the way they would naturally expect us to take. The plan was adopted and the new course taken. We pursued our way with as much speed as possible, and glad to find, from hour to hour, that the threatened pursuers were not in sight. Late in the evening, we arrived at the borders of another tribe, where, fatigued and hungry, we ventured to encamp. Our entire company of Arabs, however, refused to sleep, but kept a watch all night. We ate a hearty meal of such as we had, and soon all thoughts of danger were lost in refreshing sleep. I never slept better.

Jan. 16. The morning light found us still peaceful and undisturbed. Whether our enemies had been misled in their pursuit, by the change we had made in our course, or whether they staid at home, considering "caution the better part of valor," we were unable to determine, and certainly we felt no disposition either to go or send back to inquire. I have no doubt, however, had they come on, that Tueileb and his men would have defended us to the utmost of their power.

We were now in Waddy El-Aine, leading directly towards the Gulf of Akabah. Shortly after setting out this morning, we came to a turn in the valley, which afforded us the most lofty and sublime display of mountain scenery that we had enjoyed since leaving Sinai. On three sides of us, mountains of naked red granite, rose in awful grandeur for thousands of feet in height, while the valley in which we were passing, was but a few feet wide. Towering cliffs

almost lost in the sky, reared their awful summits on either hand, in a continued range for miles. At one place the pass was not more than fifteen feet wide, and the rocks gave ample evidence that sometimes high torrents of water rush down this narrow gap during rainy seasons. At a short distance further, we found some springs of brackish water, of which the camels drank freely. Around the place was considerable of the oleander shrub, interspersed with the wild fig. At about noon, we came in sight of the Gulf of Akabah. The sea afforded a pleasant sight, just emerging, as we were, from the midst of loneliness and solitude. Arriving at the plain bordering on the gulf, our course turned north by east. We found this plain much cut up with water-courses, caused in the rainy season by the rush of water from among the mountains.

In our progress forward, we came to several clumps of palm-trees, situated near the sea-shore. Here we saw two wells of water, but it was extremely brackish and bad. Near these were several Arabs tending flocks of goats. Of one of them we succeeded in purchasing a kid. Along the coast are immense quantities of sea-shells, and some of them very beautiful. We saw a white stork (the Egyptian Ibis) walking along the shore, and at a short distance was a large school of porpoises sporting. Encamped for the night near a tall mountain on the coast called Gibbel El-Adede.

Jan. 17: This morning we walked ahead of our caravan for some miles. The weather was delightful, and the air balmy and bracing. At one place, a fine hare started up near us, but as we had not the

means of taking him, he made his escape. These animals are numerous in that region. In some places, the plain is broad, but mostly bare of vegetation. Along our left were ranges of dark towering mountains, and at certain points, these shut down close to the sea. In some places we saw mountains composed partly of granite and partly of sandstone, which gave them a very singular appearance; the sandstone having worn into very fanciful shapes. At one o'clock, P.M., we came to a place where the direct pass was closed by a mountain projecting into the sea. Here our only passage was by a narrow valley, winding back, from which we must cross this mountain higher up. In less than half an hour we came to a steep path leading over to the next valley. The path was very narrow, ascending close by a ledge of sandstone, and had the appearance of artificial work. After ascending to the summit, we followed a steep and rocky path to a broad valley below, between two promontories. Passing down this still further, we arrived at a valley near the sea-coast. We encamped for the night in Waddy Merakh. It was in the broken path we had just passed over, that Burckhardt was attacked by robbers.

Jan. 18. This morning, about ten o'clock, we passed opposite the small island of Graia, called by the Arabs *El Kurey*. It is merely a narrow granite rock, of some three hundred feet in length, situated about a quarter of a mile from the shore. On it are the ruins of an Arabian fortress, with an embattled wall running around it, having two gateways with pointed arches. This is, without doubt, the former citadel of Elath, mentioned by Abulfeda, as lying in

the sea. In A.D. 1182, it was unsuccessfully besieged with ships by the impetuous Rainald, of Chatillon. In Abulfeda's time (about A.D. 1300), it was already abandoned and the governor transferred to the castle on the shore, now Akabah. The ruins, therefore, cannot well be referred to later than the twelfth century.* They give the island a romantic appearance.

We passed, to-day, immense quantities of shells on the coast, with many specimens of both red and white coral. Another substance was abundant, which had the appearance of petrified sponge. Crabs were also seen running along the shore.

A little past noon we came to a bold, high promontory, approaching to near the water's edge. Our way wound around its base, and beyond it the mountains fall back, leaving near the coast low hills. The head of the gulf was plain before us, and embosomed in a grove of palm trees, on the opposite side, was to be seen the fortress of Akabah. We could now see the opening of the great valley of Arabah, stretching north towards the Dead Sea. Far up, on its east side, the dark mountains of Seir, of which I had so often read in Scripture, were rearing their huge summits in all the grandeur of wild desolation. The valley appeared strewn with yellow sand-drifts as far as the eye could stretch. Soon turning in an easterly direction, we passed along the north end of the gulf, and winding around the east side, arrived at Akabah a little past 2 o'clock, P. M. Our tents were immediately pitched in the midst of a grove of palms, situated directly between the fortress and the sea—a picturesque and pleasant spot.

* Robinson.

No sooner had we arrived than a large number of Arabs, large and small, gathered around us, among whom were several soldiers and officers of the fortress. I marked, among them, the commanding officer, who was rather a fine-looking fellow for an Arab. The governor came to us soon after our tent was pitched. He was a small, swarthy, thin-bearded, greasy-looking fellow. Evidently he had dressed up a little for the occasion, and no doubt wanted to make a dignified impression. We invited him to a seat in our tent, served him with coffee, and then handed him the Pacha's firman, which we had brought from Cairo. After reading it over hastily, he exclaimed, *tyebe* (good), as he handed it back. He then gave us a warm invitation to remove within the fortress. This we declined, preferring our present location. Soon after, he went away, but came again at about 5 o'clock, and smoked and took coffee. Mr. B. then fired his patent pistol, which discharges five shots in immediate succession. Several officers, beside the governor, were present. All expressed the greatest astonishment to see a fire-lock of such powerful dimensions. On taking his leave, the governor gave us the strongest assurance that we had nothing to fear while we remained in the place. He would set a guard of four men around our tent every night, and if anything should be stolen during our stay, he would see that it was restored.

We had now arrived at the end of our engagement with Tueileb, and according to arrangement among the Bedoin tribes, he had no right to conduct us any further. Sheik Hassein, of the Alloeens, was to meet us at Akabah, with camels and an armed guard, to

conduct us thence by the ruins of Petra to Hebron. He and his men had been at Akabah three days before, but had now left for his encampment, which was off a distance of two days' ride. Immediately on our arrival, a messenger was despatched on a dromedary to give him notice as soon as possible that we were here in waiting. We had now no better prospect before us than that of being detained at Akabah at least five or six days.

Jan. 19. This morning we parted with Tueileb and his men, having settled up with him the evening before, given him bucksheesh, and beside, a sheep and some coffee. Before parting, we served some bucksheesh round among all his men. On taking final leave, they all shook hands with us in the most affectionate manner, and the old sheik kissed us until we were tired of the ceremony. Indeed, when I came to part with these rude, untutored sons of the desert, I felt more of the tender spirit than I had anticipated. They had been kind and obliging, to a man, and I doubt not, had occasion required, would have defended us at the risk of their lives.

Sheik Tueileb is a man about sixty years of age, small in stature, and very lean in flesh. He is some cross-eyed, of dark but mild countenance. For many years he has been a very influential sheik among the Tawarah Bedoins, and has conducted many travellers from Cairo to Sinai and Akabah. I believe every traveller he has had under his guidance, has spoken well of him. Through the whole time we were with him, he was uniformly affable and kind to us, as well as unwearied in his exertions to render our journey pleasant and interesting. As the Mohammedan reli-

gion allows four wives, Tueileb has two. He is considered a man of property among his tribe, if indeed, a few camels, sheep and goats can entitle him to that appellation. I hesitate not to pronounce him honest and trustworthy to travellers who put themselves under his protection.

Situated at the head of the gulf, it might be supposed that Akabah would be a place of some business. Not so. Desolation marks all its borders, and were it not for the fortress, with a few miserable Arab huts around it, embosomed in a beautiful grove of date palms that skirts the shore for about a mile and a half, the place would be a barren waste. The last, with the placid green waters of the gulf, afford all the inviting scenery there is in the place. Alas! how has the visage of nature and art here changed! In very ancient times, there were situated in this very vicinity, two cities of special note in Scripture history, Ezion-geber and Elath. The former is mentioned first as a station of the Israelites, from which they returned to Kadesh, probably a second time. Both places are again mentioned after that people had left Mount Hor, as the point where they turned eastward from the Red Sea, in order to pass around on the eastern side of the land of Edom. "And when we passed by from our brethren, the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the *plain* from Elath and from Ezion-geber, we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab."—DEUT. ii. 8. The Hebrew word translated *plain*, in the above passage, is "*Arabah*," the same as the present Arabic name of the great valley extending directly north from the Gulf of Akabah.* The two

* Robinson.

places were near together. "Ezion-Geber, which is beside Elath on the shore of the Red Sea."—1st KINGS, ix. 26.

Ezion-geber became famous as the port where Solomon, and after him Jehoshaphat, built fleets to carry on a commerce with Ophir. Josephus says it lay near Elana, and was afterwards called Berenice. But it is mentioned no more, and no certain trace of it seems now to remain.

Elath was an ancient city of the Edomites, which was taken possession of by David when he conquered Edom. Under David and Solomon, it appears to have been a place of great importance, as commanding the commerce carried on through this branch of the Red Sea. It remained in the hands of the Jews till the reign of Joram, when it was retaken by the Edomites. It was again taken by Azariah, but during the reign of Ahaz, "Rezin, king of Syria, recovered Elath to Syria, and drove the Jews out of Elath," nor did they ever regain possession of it. In the days of Jerome it was still a place of trade to India, and a Roman legion was stationed there. Elath became early the seat of a Christian church, and the names of four of its bishops are found in various councils, from 320 to 526. But soon after Mohamet carried his victorious arms northward, Elath became lost under the shroud of Mohammedan darkness. In 1116, a party of crusaders, under Baldwin I. made an excursion to the Red Sea, took possession of Elath, and found it deserted. It was again wrested from the Christians by Saladin, in 1167. In Abulfeda's day, and before 1300, it was deserted. That author says, "In our day it is a fortress, in which a governor is

sent from Egypt." Such as Elath was then, Akabah is now. Mounds of rubbish alone, about two miles north-west of the present fortress, mark the site of that ancient city. A fortress, occupied by a governor and a small garrison, under the Pacha of Egypt, serves to keep the neighboring tribes of the Desert in awe, and minister to the wants and protection of the annual Egyptian Hadj caravan on its way to and from Mecca.* Where once fleets of shipping lay moored, now not a bark of any kind is seen. There is not even a fishing boat in the place.

At the invitation of the governor we visited the interior of the fortress. It is a quadrangle, enclosing, as near as I could judge, about one acre. The walls are stone, substantially built, and about thirty feet high, with a bastion and tower at each of the corners. All around the wall, on the inside, is a row of rooms with solid flat roofs, forming a platform around the interior of the castle. On each bastion there are some twelve pound carronades mounted. We found the fortress in bad regulation, and extremely filthy in every part. In a small room in the south-east bastion, the governor had us seated, and in a few minutes coffee was served us. From this he conducted us to other places, and at length to his own room, where coffee was again served us. This room was very coarse, the sides being unplastered stone wall, with one window, but no glass. The floor was nothing but the bare earth, and the covering overhead loose bamboo reeds. There was a divan on two sides, coarsely carpeted and very filthy. Finally, we found but little in either the governor or his apart

* Robinson.

ment to court our stay. Excusing our brief visit, we returned to our tent. The governor always visited us as often as once a day to smoke and take coffee.

There are but few troops kept in the fortress, and these seem to have nothing to do but to waste powder in shooting at a mark. We, however, saw them make some excellent shots, which proved them to be expert marksmen. The Arabs that dwell in huts around the fortress, seem to have nothing to do, and how they live is to me a mystery. During our stay, we amused ourselves in reading such books as we had with us, bathing in the sea, and hunting pigeons. We killed a quantity of these birds, which afforded some addition to our stock of provisions. Eagles were numerous in the vicinity. We occasionally purchased some good fresh fish of Arab fishermen. The red mullet are plenty in the Gulf, and of excellent flavor. The weather was excessively warm; the flies were very annoying, and we had cause to be continually in fear of scorpions, which reptiles abound in the place. We were finally detained six days awaiting the arrival of Sheik Hassein.

CHAPTER XI.

Bedoin Arabs—Their General Appearance—Tents and Furniture—Dress—Their Women—Mode of Encamping—Food and Manner at Meals—Diseases—Degradation of their Women—Singular Manner of Courtship—Marriages—Divorces—Circumcision—Funerals—Customs of Salutation—Hospitality—Robbery—Mode of settling Quarrels—Avengers of Blood—Barbarous Customs in War—Amusements—Education—Religion—Prophetic Fulfilment.

In stature, the Bedoin Arabs are spare but straight, always carrying themselves very erect. They are

seldom tall, and generally would fall below the medium size ; indeed, I never saw a fleshy person among them. Their complexion is about like that of the American Indian, but their faces are more thin, and their features not so heavy. Their eyes are uniformly black, and generally sunken in the head, with dark, heavy eye-brows. They have low foreheads, high cheek bones, noses of the Roman mould, thin lips, and very white teeth. Their hair is black and straight. Their countenances are sober, and they are seldom seen to smile. Their movements are generally quick, and they often show great dexterity.

In the domestic life of a Bedoin, there is but little to attract the admiration of strangers. The tent forms his cherished home, and when he removes he carries his frail dwelling with him. The covering of his tent is a coarse black fabric, made of goats' hair. The tent is generally about seven feet high, and greatly differing in size, according to the wealth of the owner, or the number of his family. It is always divided into two apartments, one for the men and the other for the women. The furniture of a Bedoin tent may be comprised very briefly. A small carpet is spread at the back part, directly behind which are arranged his camel-saddles, on which his visitors may sit or recline ; his water bags, made of tanned goat-skins, with the hair on, and nearly whole as taken off the animal ; a few jars of rude pottery ; a coffee-pot and coffee-cups ; a coffee-pan and mortar ; a few wooden dishes and wooden spoons. His weapons of defence, consisting of a short sabre, a brace of pistols, and a gun, with his entire camel-gear, also adorn his tent. When an Arab sits down, it is always on

the ground, in the form of a tailor on his shop-board.

The dress of a common Bedoin is very simple. It consists of a red woolen cap, a long white cotton shirt coming to the knees, a girdle around the waist, and sandals on his feet. Over this, he occasionally wears an outside dress called an *abba*. This is a coarse woolen stuff, striped white and brown; is loose and very simple in its construction. It rather resembles a large sack, with openings for the head and arms, and is wholly without sleeves. The dress of a sheik, however, is showy, and sometimes costly. Around his red cap is wrapped or wound, a large yellow cotton kerchief, with a corner hanging down each side to protect his face and neck from the sun. He wears a shirt and leggins, and over the whole a long silk garment, with very large sleeves, striped with red, yellow, and blue; red slippers, or yellow boots. In his belt, which is a thin cashmere sash, he carries a brace of Turkish pistols, and slung on the pommel of his saddle is either a double-barrel gun or a short carbine. Some of them carry a long lance. Occasionally he puts on a kind of cloak made of sheepskins tanned, and the wool turned inside. The Bedoin always has his head shaved, with the exception of a small tuft on the crown. The beard is always worn long, and is esteemed very precious. Shaving the beard is sometimes inflicted as a punishment, and nothing is more humiliating.

The female dress consists of a full length cotton gown, of dark color. A black kerchief is tied around the head, from which, by a clasp, is suspended a small veil, similar to that worn in Egypt. Over the head

is also thrown a large three-cornered black shawl, fastened under the chin, and falling down the back and to the hands. They are fond of huge silver jewelry, and if able, always wear them, even though they go bare-footed. They generally tattoo their chins, lips, cheeks, and foreheads. These punctures are dyed with blue. Their eyelids and lashes they paint black with a preparation of lead ore, called *kohel*.

The Bedoins seldom allow strangers to see their women in their tents, and never out of them, unless they are closely veiled. The men and women never eat together; the males eat first, and then the females take what is left. When a stranger is introduced to their tent, the females always retire to their apartment, and are not even seen looking through a crevice at their lord and guest. It is reckoned a breach of decorum to salute one of their females in any form, or even to look at her steadfastly.

The mode of encamping varies according to circumstances. When the party is small and the tents few they are pitched in a circle. If the number be considerable, they are extended in a line. In that case, the sheik's tent is in the centre. When in a circle, his tent is in the most prominent position. When wandering in search of water and pasturage, they move in parties slowly over the plain. The armed men ride foremost, as a reconnoitring guard. The flocks with their young follow next, and behind some of the beasts of burthen, loaded with women and children, tents, baggage and provisions.

From the constant, suspicious watchfulness of the Bedoin tribes, several of their senses become exceedingly acute. Their powers of vision and hearing

continually improve in the open air. On their large plains they will discern an object beyond the reach of a less practised eye. But one of their most singular faculties is that of discerning footsteps of men and beasts on the sand. A Bedoin will often determine by footsteps, whether the individual belonged to his own or some neighboring tribe. He is thus enabled to determine whether he be a friend or an enemy. He discerns, from the faintness or depth of the impression, whether the person carried a load or not; whether he passed the same day or several days before. From examining the length of the steps, he judges whether or not he was fatigued, as in that case the steps become shorter and more irregular. An Arab can distinguish the footmarks of his own camels from those of his neighbors. He can also determine whether the animal was pasturing, or loaded, or mounted by one or more persons. This sagacity becomes extremely useful in the pursuit of fugitives, and searching after lost camels. It is said instances have occurred of camels having thus been traced by their owners to the residence of the thief, even at the distance of five or six days' journey.

Inured to fatigue, they can endure hunger and thirst to a surprising degree. Those who travelled with us, for all that we could see ate but little. But when we invited a sheik to dine, he would eat about as much as three of us. It is said they travel days without tasting water. They are swift on foot, and certainly the finest horsemen I ever saw. They are very expert in handling their arms, and from frequently seeing them shoot at a mark, I know them to be excellent marksmen. It is said that their shep-

herds use the sling, and with it throw stones with great precision. Their lances are twelve or fifteen feet long, made of wood or bamboo, and pointed at both ends with steel. In striking, they balance it for some time over the head, and thrust either backward or forward if pressed by an enemy.

The Bedoins are models of sobriety, rarely using intoxicating drinks of any kind. They, however, smoke tobacco excessively, and drink strong coffee. They never indulge in luxuries, except on festive occasions, or on the arrival of a stranger. Their usual articles of food are rice, dates, figs, milk, butter, and flour. Their bread is baked in hot ashes, and is always eaten warm. Their style of cooking and eating is slovenly and disagreeable. In eating, they use neither knives nor forks. They tear the meat with their fingers and dip every piece in a bowl of melted grease, placed in the middle. They eat with great avidity, thrusting the whole hand in the dish, which is soon emptied of its contents. They have only two meals a day—breakfast in the morning and dinner at sunset. They use the milk of goats and camels freely. Camels' flesh is occasionally eaten, and that of the female is preferred. The operation of churning butter is performed in a goat-skin bag. This is usually tied to the tent-pole or the branch of a tree, and moved constantly backward and forward until coagulation takes place. Their butter thus made, has a profusion of goat's hair mixed with it, which seems not in the least to injure its relish with the Bedoins. They generally drink a small cup of coffee after meals, and when camels' milk is plenty, each is served with a bowl of that. The first time I

tasted camel's milk, it was with some qualmish sensations, but in reality, I found it palatable and good.

From the temperate and frugal habits of the Bedoins, fewer diseases prevail among them than among civilized nations. Many of them live to a great age. Leprosy, in its worst form, is said to be among them, though I did not see a case of it while in Arabia. The ravages of the smallpox have long since been arrested by artificial means. Jaundice, bilious complaints, agues, or intermittent fever, are of frequent occurrence, though seldom fatal. Toothache is rare, as a Bedoin's teeth are almost invariably sound.

The wealth of a Bedoin consists almost entirely in his flocks. The profits of these enable him to procure the necessary provisions of wheat and barley, and occasionally some dresses and trinkets for his family. No family can subsist without at least one camel, and a man who has but ten is reckoned poor. Thirty or forty place him in easy circumstances, and if he have sixty, he is considered rich. However, nature and circumstances combined render the wants of a Bedoin few and cheaply supplied.

Domestic industry is little practised among them. The husband enjoys his amusement, while almost the entire care of the household devolves on the females. A menial degradation of women is common among the Arabs as well as other Asiatic nations. Women are regarded as much inferior to men, and on them rests a more than double burthen of servitude and care. Both men and women, however, spin yarn of camels' hair, goats' hair, or wool, but the women do the weaving. Both are done in the open air, and by a very simple process.

Polygamy exists among the Arabs as well as other Mohammedan nations. In general, however, they are content with one wife, and very rarely follow the Koran so far as to take four. One reason is, the expense attending, and another the family broils like to rise out of it. In courtship, the Bedoins often display much gallantry, as the constraints to which their women are subjected do not wholly prevent intrigues. The pastoral life is favorable to forming acquaintances. There are occasions, too, when the youth of both sexes mingle in parties to sing and dance, in the open space, before and behind the tents.

The marriage ceremony, though differing in various tribes, is generally very simple. Negotiations commence with the father of the maiden, who if pleased, consults his daughter, and if the consent is gained, the match is formed. The marriage-day is set, perhaps five or six days after the contract is made. On that day, the bridegroom comes to the tent of his betrothed, bearing a lamb in his arms. He there cuts the animal's throat before witnesses, and as soon as the blood falls upon the ground, the marriage is regarded as completed. All the guests present must eat bread and meat. This is a circumstance indispensably necessary on such occasions. Among the Bedoins of Sinai, the father of the bride gives the bridegroom a twig of a tree, or something green, which he sticks in his cap, and wears for three days to show that he has taken a virgin in matrimony. Among the tribes of the Tawarah, the maiden is seldom made acquainted with the change that is about to take place in her condition. On re-

turning at evening with the flock, she is met at a short distance from the camp by her future spouse and two of his young friends. They suddenly seize her and carry her to her father's tent. If she entertain any suspicion of their intention, she defends herself with stones, pelting her assailants, though she has no dislike to her lover. The more she struggles, bites, kicks, cries, and strikes, the more she is applauded ever after by her companions. If she can escape she will, and it may be some time before the bridegroom can find her.

When brought to her father's tent, she is placed in the women's apartment, where one of the youngmen immediately throws over her an *abba*, in the name of her future husband. Often this is the first time she learns who the person is to whom she is betrothed. She is then dressed by her mother and female friends, in her wedding-suit, which is provided by the bridegroom. Mounted next on a camel, which is ornamented with tassels and shreds of cloth, she is conducted, still screaming and struggling in the most unruly manner, three times round the tent, while her companions utter loud acclamations. If the husband belong to a distant camp, the women accompany her, and during the procession, decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly.*

If the bride be a widow, or a divorced woman, the wedding is attended with little ceremony or rejoicing. This sort of marriage is always considered of ill omen. No resistance is made, no feasts take place, as no guest will eat of the nuptial bread. For thirty days the husband will not taste of provi-

* Crichton.

sions belonging to his wife, and visitors who come to drink coffee, bring their own cups. To touch any thing belonging to the newly-married widow, would be considered the sure road to evil fortune. The bride, on this occasion, is decked out in the finest attire, and figures of flowers, trees, &c., are painted on her body.

Instead of receiving a marriage-portion the husband invariably pays for his wife. The sum, however, varies, according to rank and circumstances. Among the Tawarah, it is from one hundred to two hundred piastres,* and sometimes six hundred, if the girl be handsome and well connected. In the Holy Land, young men obtain their master's daughters by serving a number of years. Part of the sum is paid down, and the rest is left standing over as a kind of debt, or as a security in case of divorce.

Marriage has but a slender hold on the Arabs, and may be dissolved, at the pleasure of the husband, on a slight occasion. This facility of separation affects morality, though it may reflect no dishonor on the woman or her family. She may be divorced three or four times, and yet be free from any stain on her character. It is not uncommon for a Bedoin, before he attains the age of forty, to have had a dozen wives. If the woman depart of her own will, she receives nothing, and even forfeits the unpaid portion otherwise due to her father. But if she is turned away without any valid proof of misconduct, she is entitled to a small sum of money, a camel, a goat, a copper-boiler, and hand-mill, with some other articles of kitchen furniture. This acts, in some de-

* One hundred piastres is little less than five dollars of our currency.

gree, as a check on the evil of hasty divorces. The law, also, allows females a kind of divorce. If mistreated, or not happy, she may fly to the tent of her father, and the husband has no right to reclaim her.

The children are brought up in the most hardy manner. The name is immediately given on the birth, and at the age of six or seven, the males are circumcised. This is always celebrated with feasting and rejoicing.

Funerals in Arabia Petræa are attended with some rather ludicrous ceremonies. Some tribes bury the dead man with his sword, turban, and girdle. Linen being scarce among the Bedoins, they sometimes wrap the body in an *abba*, which serves as a winding sheet. Women, but not men, wear mourning. Females are hired on these occasions, to howl in the most heartrending accents, for which they are paid a small sum by the hour. The female relatives of the family accompany the bier, dressed in black; and, as a farther demonstration of their grief, stain their hands and feet blue, which they suffer to remain eight days. During that whole time they abstain from milk, alleging that its white color ill accords with the gloom of their minds.*

Notwithstanding the rude appearance of the Bedoins, they have among them principles of etiquette, to which they adhere with rigid precision. Their usual salutation is "*Salaam eleikum*"—peace be with you. I never saw them shake hands on meeting; but in room of this, they extend their right hands and bring the palms of them gently together, twice. If they have been separated any considerable time,

* Crichton.

they generally kiss each other on both cheeks. I remarked that they never smile when giving a salutation, but always look very grave. If two Arabs quarrel, they never use the ill names and scurrilous language so prevalent among those of more polished nations. Hospitality, among them, is of sacred and rigid standing. Though hungry himself, the Bedoin always divides his scanty meal with a more hungry wanderer. He never eats without inviting all around to partake with him. As soon as a stranger is seen approaching an encampment, he is reckoned the guest of the one who first descries him. So long as he remains, his life and property are secure. Should a robbery even occur, the host, if he possess the means, will make good whatever loss he may sustain, while under his protection. Though they make it a virtue to rob Frank travellers wherever they can meet them unprotected, yet the moment a Bedoin has eaten bread and salt with such as guests, he will hazard his own life in defence of theirs. Scarcely a greater insult can be given to an Arab, than to tell him he does not treat his guests well.

The Arabs may be termed a nation of robbers; and among themselves they attach no disgrace to the open profession of brigands. Nay, they consider it honorable, and one of the most flattering titles that could be conferred on a youthful hero. I recollect hearing a young Bedoin of our company, boast of an exploit which he and another were engaged in, against a neighboring tribe. In one night they succeeded in stealing a large number of camels, goats, and sheep, which they drove off in triumph. They rob wherever they can get the opportunity, except

of a guest. A defenceless traveller is waylaid, seized, and stripped ; but his life is not taken, unless he resists or sheds the blood of a Bedoin. Instead of saying, I robbed a man of this or that article, they say, "I gained it." They even pretend to a sort of kindred relationship with the victim they plunder. "Undress thyself," says the Bedoin to the wayfaring stranger, "thy aunt (meaning his wife or mother) is without a garment." If they are reproved for their depredations, "you forget that I am an Arab," is the reply. This, too, is spoken with an air and gesture which show how little the impudent robber is affected by the opprobrium.*

If a Bedoin owes another, and refuses to pay, the creditor takes two or three men as witnesses of the refusal. He then seizes or steals, if he can, a camel or something else belonging to the debtor, and deposits it with a third person. This brings the case to trial before the judge ; and the debtor forfeits the article seized. In their quarrels they avoid beating each other with the fist or with a stick. This they regard as disreputable, it being the mode of punishing slaves and children, and a great indignity to a man. If it takes place, the sufferer is entitled to very high damages. Their code of honor allows blows only to be given with a sword or a gun ; and by these the sufferer feels himself far less aggrieved. In a quarrel of this kind, where swords have been used, if the case be brought to trial, a fine is imposed upon the party least wounded, large enough to counterbalance the injury received by the other party. Whatever the provocation for the quarrel may have

been, is of no account in the trial. It is always taken for granted that nothing can justify such a quarrel.*

The Arab code regulates the revenge for blood, by the nicest distinctions. He who sheds blood, owes, on that account, blood to the family of the slain person. This debt may not only be claimed of the actual murderer, but from all his relations. In case of a slain parent, his lineal descendants, to the fifth generation, inherit the duty of avenging his death. If one death is simply avenged by another, the account is considered settled. But if two of the assassin's family be killed by the relatives of the deceased, the former are bound to retaliate. Though murder may be expiated by a fine imposed, it remains with the near relatives of the slain person, to accept or reject the penalty. If the offer is deemed satisfactory, the homicide and all his kin included in the law of vengeance, make their escape to some friendly tribe. A sacred custom allows the fugitives three days and four hours to accomplish this, during which time their enemies abstain from pursuit. But they may return again, if they choose, as soon as a reconciliation can be effected.

As the Bedoins are divided up into petty tribes, liable to frequent hostilities with each other, debts of blood are frequently incurred. When a slaughter occurs, accompanied with treachery or contrary to the law of nations, a debt of blood is always the consequence. When a tribe kills their enemies while they lay wounded on the field, the adversary retaliates by killing double the number with the same

* Robinson.

circumstances of cruelty. However revolting this policy may appear, an Arab would be censured were he not to follow the general practice.

The amusements of the Bedoins are few. They have few games, and these are mostly of the athletic kind. They have songs and dances; but the former are very harsh and unmusical, and the latter destitute of both dexterity and gracefulness. There is a species of song said to be common all over the desert, in which the youth of both sexes take part. This is accompanied by clapping of hands and various motions of the body. It is called the *mesamer*. We had a specimen of this kind of singing in Tueileb's encampment, described in another chapter. The verses are often composed extempore, and may relate to any circumstance which may have called for the singing. They have also war-songs and war-dances. One of these I shall describe in its proper place, as I saw it in the Holy Land. They have also chants to enliven their camels. These are loud, harsh, and to me very unmusical. They think at least their camels never move with so much ease as when they hear their masters sing. The most common entertainment among the Bedoins is, the reciting of stories or tales, after the manner of the Arabian Nights.

All the Bedoins, throughout Arabia, are entirely ignorant of letters. I saw but one Bedoin sheik who could read and write, and he lived near Bethlehem, in the Holy Land. He was one who accompanied us to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. Efforts have been made to introduce science among them; but still these warlike tribes remain a most illiterate race. Illiterate as they are, it may well be sup-

posed that they are extremely superstitious. Astrology is cultivated among them, and held in high repute. They never conclude a weighty bargain, or enter upon an important undertaking, without first consulting the stars. Of the mechanical arts they are extremely ignorant. They know little else than tanning leather and weaving coarse fabrics. They have a few blacksmiths and saddlers; but all handicraft occupations are considered degrading.

Although the Bedoins are professedly Mohammedans, the precepts of the Koran sit very loosely on them, and its ceremonies are but little practised by them. If Mohammedans pray at all, they are sure to pray to be seen of men. While at Akabah, I saw some of the Bedoins around that place occasionally engaged in their devotions; but I did not see one of the Arabs who accompanied us pray. Some of the Bedoins think the religion of Mohamet could never have been intended for them. "In the desert we have no water," say they; "how, then, could we make the prescribed ablutions? We have no money; and why should we bestow alms? Why should we fast in the Ramadan, since the whole year is one continual abstinence? And if God be present every where, why should we go to Mecca to adore him?" Finally, the whole of their social and moral economy strikingly illustrate prophetic truth: "Ishmael shall be a wild man, whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." Enemies alike to industry and the arts, they dwell without bolts or bars, the free, wandering denizens of the desert. Opposed to the luxuries and refinement of civilized life, these rude barbarians present the phenomenon

of a people living in a state of nature, unsubdued and unchanged ; and yet, in their acknowledgment of the true God, still preserving evidence of their lineage as the children of Abraham.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival of Sheik Hassein and Company—Plain Dealing with a Governor—Land of Idumea—Prophecy concerning Idumea—Dreary Scenery—Mount Seir—Desert of Zin—Kadesh—A Waren—A Chase, but no Battle—Nights in Arabia—An Eclipse—Arab Notions—Ascent of Mount Hor—Aaron's Tomb—View from the Top of Mount Hor—Arrival at Waddy Mousa—Lodgings in a Tomb.

ON the morning of the 24th, Sheik Hassein and his men came to our tent, prepared to convey us on our journey. They had encamped over night but a short distance from us. In all, they were twenty-five in number, and had twenty-seven camels and two horses. Hassein was a small, thin, wiry-looking man, of dark visage, aquiline nose, with a most restless and roguish pair of eyes. His countenance, upon the whole, was rather handsome for an Arab ; and his age I should judge to be about fifty-five. He had on a striped silk dress, a well-arranged turban, red leggins, and yellow boots. A sword hung by his side, and a brace of Turkish pistols were adjusted in his belt. His countenance was grave, and his first look at us seemed inquisitive and searching. He had with him his son Mahomet, his brother Selim, and Sheik Magabel, the latter of the Waddy Mousa tribe. Mahomet was a fine, sprightly-looking lad, of about fifteen, of fairer complexion and more open

countenance than his father. He carried a sword in his belt, and a double-barrel gun on his shoulder. Selim was also a sheik of inferior grade, but wore a milder and more benevolent countenance than that of his brother Hassein. Sheik Magabel was an old man of about seventy, with a dull countenance, indicative of neither courage, resolution, nor energy. His whole appearance was rather superannuated. But as he was the senior sheik of the tribe inhabiting around the ruins of Petra, we considered his presence of considerable importance, and a pledge of some security to us in visiting that place.

In the contract made with Hassein at Cairo, he was to take with him an armed guard of sixteen men mounted on dromedaries, besides the necessary men and camels to attend and convey us and our baggage. On no other condition would he agree to conduct us through to Hebron, on account, as he alleged, of the lawless state of a large tribe called the Benisakers, near whom we should have to pass. This will account for the large number of men and camels he brought with him. No doubt he was interested in the increase of pay for so large a caravan; but before we reached the borders of the Holy Land, we were of opinion that our number was none too large. The whole company under whom we were now to place ourselves for protection, bore a more wild and savage appearance than the trusty Tueileb and his mild Beni Sayds, with whom we had parted. We felt, indeed, that we were strangers among a wild and strange-looking people.

For about one hour all was bustle in arranging baggage on the different camels designed to convey

loads. In the midst of our attention to this business, the little governor of Akabah came out to inform us that it was customary for gentlemen, on leaving that place, to make a present in money to each officer of the fortress. During our stay at Akabah we had encamped outside the walls, and lodged in our own tent. We had paid for a guard every night. In addition to this, we had paid for everything and every kind of service we had received while in the place, even to the water we had used from the fortress. All this, by the way, had amounted to a considerable little sum. Now with this last piece of mean extortion we positively refused to comply. Our refusal, too, was made known in terms which, if not the most conciliatory, were perfectly independent. The little governor showed anger, and declared we might go, but he would give us no official protection. If we would give the officers a present in money, he would give us a letter to the governor of Hebron, which would require Hassein to bring back to him a written certificate of our safe arrival there. We told him we had the pacha's firman, and needed no letter from him; and farther assured him that we should write to the American consul at Cairo, and have the conduct of the governor of Akabah reported to the pacha. At this he tamed down considerably; on which we took our leave of him, desiring never to see his face again. All travellers who had preceded us spoke of this governor as a consummate scoundrel; and from what we saw of him, we saw no cause to lessen the charge. He will sponge out of travellers who come that way all the money he can get.

At about 11, A. M., we took up our line of march, our course lying up the great valley of Arabah, extending northerly from the Gulf of Akabah, towards the Dead Sea. The south part of this valley is about four miles wide. Farther north it widens to the extent of eight miles. It is most generally supposed that, prior to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the river Jordan flowed through the entire length of this valley, and finally emptied itself into the Gulf of Akabah. From the appearance of the valley of Arabah, the conclusion would be reasonable, as it bears strong marks of having once been the bed of a river.

We were now advancing into the doomed and accursed land of Edom. It was given to Esau as "the fatness of the earth;" but now it lay stretched out before us, a barren, sterile waste, the theatre of awful prophetic fulfilment written upon its parched surface as with the finger of the Almighty. "For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it forever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl, also, and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, and nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of

the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow: the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate. Seek ye out the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and his Spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line: they shall possess it forever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein."—ISAIAH, XXXIV.

On entering the valley of Arabah, every thing bore a most withered and desolate appearance. Ridges of light, drifting sand, were scattered before us as far as the eye could stretch. On our right were dark mountains of bare granite, towering in most desolate majesty. Not a tree, shrub, blade of grass, or any species of vegetable life whatever, spotted their dark, massive sides or lofty summits. For some miles the valley seemed impregnated with salt; but after advancing a considerable distance north, there was a faint appearance of vegetation. On the west side of the valley the mountains are of purely sandstone formation, while on the east they are uniformly of the red granite. Those on the west, have, in many places, been worn into every fanciful shape, and are entirely bare of vegetable life. Encamped at 4, P.M., with the assurance that we should reach the ruins of Petra in three days more.

Jan. 25. Shortly after starting this morning, three beautiful gazelles were seen a short distance from

us, running toward the mountain on our right. The valley, as we proceeded, still exhibited a display of barren sand, with slight patches of herbage, and a few shrubs, mostly of the thorn species. The range of mountains called by the Arabs, Gibbel Shera, and Gibbel Hesma, bounded the valley on the east. These constitute the Mount Seir of Scripture. The first mention of Mount Seir is in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, when it was inhabited by the Horim, one of the nations whose territory was ravaged by Chederlaomer and his allies. After the children of Esau had extirpated the original inhabitants, it took the name of the land of Edom. At first this comprehended the district of Mount Seir only. It afterwards extended progressively with the rising power of the Edomites, till it reached to Ezion-geber, which, in the time of Solomon, we find included in the land of Edom.

The northern part of the valley of Arabah is generally believed to be the Desert of Zin, in which the Israelites were encamped at Kadesh, when they applied to the king of Edom for permission to pass through his country. When their request was positively refused by the king of Edom, they appear to have fallen back "by way of the plain before Elath," now Akabah. There they turned round the southern extremity of the mountains, and thence proceeded northward along the eastern boundary of Mount Seir.

Nothing appears to be known, though much is conjectured respecting the situation of Kadesh. It is supposed that there were two places of that name; Kadesh Barnea, from whence the spies were sent, and the Kadesh already referred to. The former is

placed somewhere in the Desert of Paran, on the southern boundary of Palestine, and the other between the head of the Gulf of Akabah and Mount Hor, because the Israelites are said to have "moved from Ezion-geber and pitched in the Desert of Zin, which is Kadesh;" and then to have "moved from Kadesh and pitched in Mount Hor." The supposition that the Kadesh mentioned in Numbers, xx. 1, was the same with Kadesh Barnea, appears to receive some confirmation from the reason assigned for King Arad, the Canaanite, fighting against Israel. He had "heard tell that Israel came *by the way of the spies*."

Jan. 26. Shortly after starting this morning, one of our men shot an animal which appeared like a small alligator. It was about eighteen inches in length. The Arabs called it a *thup*, but I perceive by Professor Robinson, that the proper name is *waren*. They are numerous in some parts of the desert, and burrow in the ground.

At about two o'clock, P.M., all of a sudden Hassein pointed to the mountain, on the west side of the valley, at the same time calling out earnestly to his men. All was in Arabic, and we could not readily apprehend the meaning. Soon the Arabs began to jump from their camels, catch their guns and run in that direction. These were followed by the sheiks and other men on camels. We now saw they were giving chase to several Arabs, who were running up the mountain. For a while, the display was fine, and the race well matched. At length they came upon the fugitive party. After a loud talk of some minutes, what we had feared would be a bloody fray, ended peaceably. Hassein was continually suspect-

ing trouble from the Benisaker tribe, and was on the lookout. Seeing these straggling Arabs on the side of the mountain, he had suspicion that they were of that tribe. There might be an armed party not far distant, or these might be spies to carry intelligence to the tribe of our being in the country. In either case, his intention was to arrest them, and keep them with him till after we had passed their border. They proved, however, to be friendly Alloeens, and, consequently, were permitted to go on their way.

Mount Hor, with Aaron's tomb on its top, had been in sight nearly the whole day. Late in the day we turned east into a valley called Waddy Megurgader, which divides the range of Mount Seir. Here we encamped at the foot of the mountains that environ the ancient city of Petra, and in sight of Mount Hor.

After partaking of our evening meal, as usual, we walked out to observe the beauty of the night. There was not a single speck of clouds in the heavens. Those who have only seen the inky skies of our own land, can scarcely imagine how beautiful are the nights in Arabia. The innumerable hosts of stars appear not as if sparkling on the concave surface of the heavens, but floating at different and immeasurable distances, through the infinite ether. The milky-way hangs like a luminous wreath across the heavens, and the moon, far more resplendent than she appears in our climate, "rolls through the dark-blue depths." Here, how impressively are demonstrated the being, and power, and majesty of the great Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God," no less than they "show his handiwork."

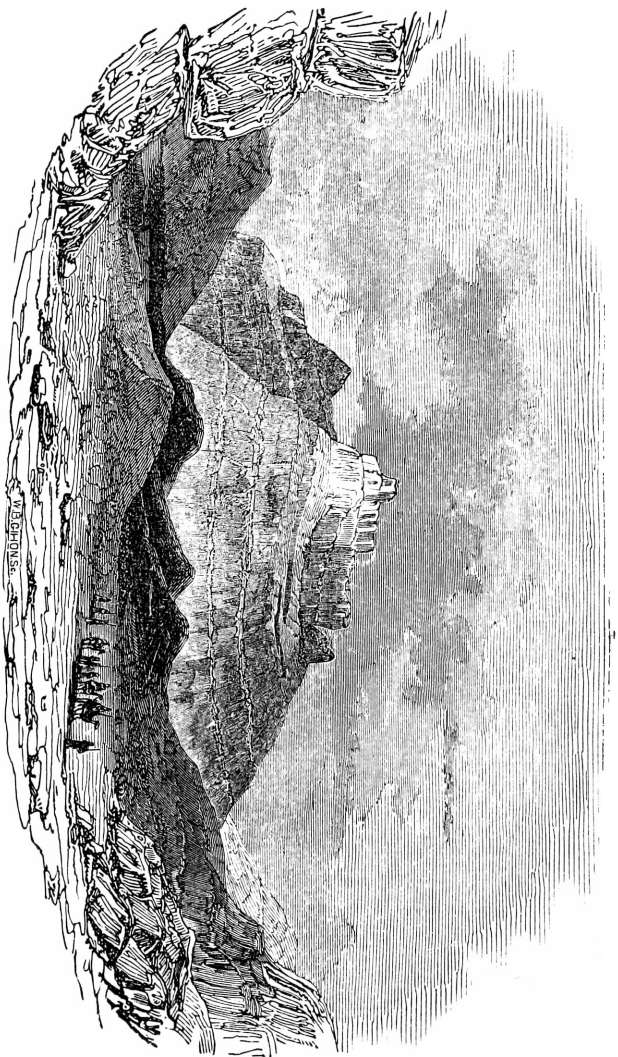
Gazing on this countless assemblage of worlds

and suns, the centres round which myriads of unseen worlds are unceasingly wheeling their appointed revolutions, the mind is overwhelmed in attempting to form any conception of the magnitude and splendor of the universe. Into what a speck does our earth sink, when imagination roams among the vast varieties of worlds that float in the broad expanse of immensity. Strange it seems, to the feebleness of our limited powers, that this little remote spot in creation, should hold so important a place in the councils of eternity as Revelation tells us it unquestionably does! And yet to conceive of the earth and of the human race as too insignificant to occupy any portion of the regard of the Creator of such a universe, is but false humility, and a most perilous error. With God, there is neither vastness nor insignificance, sublimity nor meanness, remoteness nor proximity of space or time, but one eternal present.

Casting my eyes over the face of the bright, full moon, I perceived that an eclipse was just coming upon it. What astronomer had calculated this eclipse for Arabia? It was, indeed, a privilege to witness one in the bright sky that overspreads the lonely mountains of Seir. Soon we were seated in a circle, with our Arabs round their watch-fire, inquiring of them their views of an eclipse, and explaining to them ours. They appeared to have no idea of its real cause, regarding it as a judgment from God; a sign of a bad season, and little camel-feed. When we undertook to explain to them the theory of the earth being round, turning over every day, and sometimes getting between the sun and moon, they seemed to look upon us as telling very

strange tales. The eclipse was nearly total. I gazed on it with interest, and then eyed the strange scene around me. The wild, lonely landscape of rock and sand—the camels kneeling around the bivouac—the wild faces of the Arabs, reflecting the red light of the fire round which they were seated—their wild voices and strange guttural language, all combined to produce an effect so startling, that I felt that till then, I had never been thoroughly sensible of our complete separation from the civilized world.

Jan. 27. A considerable increase of vegetation was visible as we advanced forward this morning. In some places the oleander shrub was abundant and of luxuriant growth. One of our men shot a fine hare, for which we paid him ten piastres. At 11 o'clock, A.M., arriving at the valley of Abushaba, Mount Hor appeared but a short distance to our left, towering in lonely majesty above every thing around it. Here we concluded to leave our caravan, go on foot, and make an ascent to Aaron's tomb, on the top of that mountain. True, we were aware that we should have a long and laborious walk—should have some tall mountains to cross on our way, but, by taking this course, we should be enabled to ascend Mount Hor and arrive at the ruins of Petra nearly as soon as our caravan. This would be gaining so much time in our examinations, and our stay in Waddy Mousa must necessarily be limited to a short time at most; indeed, we might be driven out very abruptly by the Arabs, as all other travelers had been. Taking our interpreter and four of our Arabs with us, we commenced our toilsome walk. Passing over rocky eminences, and through



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several precipitous ravines, obstructed much with mountain wrack, we at length descended on an extended slope, which brought Mount Hor in full view, directly to our left. From this slope we turned north, crossed a steep and difficult ravine, and commenced the ascent of Mount Hor, on its south side. Our way led over beds of sharp flint stones, cutting and unpleasant to the feet. When about half-way up, we struck a path which had been constructed by the Arabs, for the benefit of Mohammedan pilgrims, who visit Aaron's tomb in great numbers, to offer sacrifices. This path, at length, brought us to a space of table-rock, above which the remaining part of Mount Hor presented an almost perpendicular front. Feeling ourselves much fatigued, we here rested for a few minutes. On starting again, our guides conducted us round to the north side of the mountain. Here was an altar on which Mohammedan pilgrims always sacrifice a sheep before they ascend to the tomb. A small hollow in a table-rock near by, is called Aaron's basin. Passing a little farther east, we came to an arch covering a pool, in which there was some clear water. Here Mohammedans perform ablution before ascending further. This stands at the foot of a narrow, steep defile. From this pool, we found the remaining ascent, about five hundred feet, steep and laborious; part of which has rude steps formed of stones placed together.

On the top, which is an area of about sixty feet square, is a low stone building of about thirty feet on a side, and surmounted by a dome. This is called Aaron's tomb. The entrance is near the

north-west corner, and a few feet from the door, inside, is a tomb-stone, in form similar to the oblong slabs seen in our church-yards, but larger and higher. The top is rather larger than the bottom, and over it was placed a pall of faded red cotton, in shreds and patches. The pall bore marks of blood, and near it was a stone altar, on which sacrifices are offered. The stone was blackened with smoke, and stains of blood and fragments of fuel were still around it. A few ostrich eggs and sea-shells were suspended in different places, and the rest of the room was perfectly bare.

In the north-east corner of the building is a flight of stone stairs descending to a vault below. We requested our Arabs to furnish some kind of light to enable us to explore this lower apartment, as all below was dark. They seemed loth to do it, considering, as I inferred that the place was too holy for us to enter. We, however, insisted upon it, and finally succeeded in getting together a few small, dry twigs, which were set on fire by means of powder and flint, to make a kind of torch. With this we descended into a grotto hewn into the rock, of about eight feet wide, twenty long, and seven and a half high. At the west end of this grotto, and as near as we could judge, directly under the tomb with a pall above, were two small iron gates, closing together in the centre. These shut directly against a small niche in the wall, which is considered by Mohammedans the real place of Aaron's grave. Our light was now nearly burnt out, and was thrown upon the ground. An Arab threw upon it a quantity of small brush, which immediately kindled into

a furious blaze, and very soon the place became suffocating. We rushed for the stairs, but the Arabs were all huddled upon them, and seemed bound there as with a strange spell; for it was not till we had stormed and scolded for some little time, that we could get them started so as to let us pass up. We, indeed, came near suffocating. Here closed our inspection of Aaron's tomb.

The Scripture account of Aaron's death is—"And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people; for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazer his son, and bring them up into Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazer his son; and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded; and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son; and Aaron died there on the top of the Mount. And Moses and Eleazer came down from the Mount. When all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel."—NUMBERS, XX.

That this is the true Mount Hor of the Scriptures, I believe is not disputed by any traveller who has visited it. Its peculiar adaptation to the display of such an event "in the sight of all the congregation,"

is conspicuous to the observer. The top of Mount Hor overlooks everything around it for many miles : and hence the view from this eminence is spacious and grand. To the south-west, we could see a part of the Gulf of Akabah ; directly north lay the Dead Sea, spread out to our view nearly its entire length ; and west of it lay the dark mountains of Judea. The valleys of Arabah and El Ghor lay stretched out far below us, with mountains towering beyond ; while the east and south presented but one sea of dark mountain summits, rearing their massy crags in battle with the winds and clouds of heaven. All presented but one uniform scene of wild and lonely desolation.

We now made our way down through the ravine by which we had ascended to the table-rock, at the first summit. Passing down a short distance from this, we turned in a south-easterly direction, towards a ravine passing along the east side of the mountain. Soon we came to a precipice that required the use of both hands and feet to secure a safe descent, as our way hung over a dark, yawning gulf at our side. By clinging firmly with our hands to one crag, we were enabled to lower ourselves to another. In this way, we made our descent to a more safe and easy passage by which, at length, we reached the plain below. Our course then bore an easterly direction, towards Waddy Mousa. After continuing on about two miles, the ruins of Petra, the awfully-devoted city of Edom, began to heave in sight. Numerous were the tombs we passed by the way, cut in the solid rock, on sides of mountains. Some of these were situated twenty and thirty feet high, in the

perpendicular cliff. By our way were two ruined palaces or temples, whose fallen pillars and prostrate walls barely marked the place where they once stood. On the site of one, there was one solitary column standing, about twenty feet in height, and beautifully wrought, while near by were several others fallen and broken.

Passing over the plains of the ruined city, now thickly strewn with the sad relics of former splendor, we arrived at what is called the Corinthian tomb, which had been selected as our place of lodging. Our caravan had arrived but a few minutes before us. What a thought, reader! to select a tomb for our sleeping place!

CHAPTER XIII.

An Arab Feast—Ruins of Petra—The Khasne—Arab Notions—El Syk and the Triumphal Arch—Beautiful Habitation—Tomb with a Greek Inscription—The Theatre—Splendid Structures—Tomb with a Latin Inscription—El Deir—Excavations in the Rock—Description of the Ruined City—Palace of Pharaoh's Daughter—Prophecies concerning Petra—Historical Notice of Petra—Its Fate enveloped in Mystery.

In our contract with Hassein, made at Cairo, we had agreed to pay a tribute of four hundred piastres to the tribe of Waddy Mousa for the privilege of visiting the ruins of Petra, and remaining there as long as we might choose. On our arrival, it was the business of him and Sheik Magabel, of the Waddy Mousa tribe, to keep the Arabs from disturbing us during our stay. The plan to accomplish this was arranged between them in the following manner.

Immediately on the arrival of our caravan at the ruins of Petra, they both started for the Arab encampment, about two miles distant. A feast, with sports, was immediately gotten up among the Bedoins at that place to keep them entertained till after we should complete our observations ; nothing being told them, in the meantime, of our being in the valley. The plan succeeded admirably. Scarcely an Arab of the tribe was seen at the ruins during our stay of over two days and a half. In this way, we were permitted peaceably to examine every thing of interest in the place ; whereas, about all other travellers had been forced away before completing their observations. It is certainly due to Hassein to say, that at Waddy Mousa, he secured us every protection we could ask ; nor did he seem in the least disposed to hurry us out of the place.

After a night's rest in the Corinthian tomb, and an early breakfast the next morning, we set out to inspect the extensive and wonderful ruins, spread out in lonely grandeur around us. Passing west to the small rivulet that runs through the place, we turned to our left and pursued the valley of the stream, leading up about south-east. In a little less than half a mile, turning by a small point of perpendicular rock to our right, the sight of a most beautiful edifice burst upon our view. We stood near to it. It is called by the Arabs *El Khasne Faroun*, or "the treasury of Pharaoh." At the first sight of this wonderful piece of architecture, all three of us exclaimed, "O, the beauty !" Mr. B. could not, for some time, cease to express his admiration, declaring that, in all his travels in Europe,

he had never seen magnificence to compare with this. I had seen various engravings of this beautiful structure, and had read different descriptions, but this was one of the instances where reality far surpassed anticipation.

The entire edifice, however, owes much of its effect to the suddenness with which it bursts upon the sight; from the beauty and freshness of its color, and from its fanciful design; all in strange contrast with the loneliness of the place, and the wild, weather-beaten crags with which it is surrounded. Sheltered in an immense niche in the rock, it has been wonderfully preserved from the effects of the weather, and now retains the same lustre it bore when just finished by the artist. The rock in which it is cut, when polished, is of the most beautiful colors. It does not present a dead mass of dull red, but a variety of bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink; and sometimes verging to green, blue, orange, and yellow. All these colors intermingle the surface in beautiful waves, reflecting all the lustre of the rainbow. The beauty of the rock into which they are formed, adds vastly to the entire ruins of Petra. It is so unlike anything I ever saw anywhere else, that it is impossible to give the reader a perfect idea of it.

The mountain cliff, at this place, rises in perpendicular form for over one hundred feet, and it will be remembered that this vast edifice is cut in the solid rock. Every column, cornice, and indeed every portion of it, is in reality part of the rock where it stands. In front is a portico of four columns, with Corinthian capitals, supporting an entablature,

above which is a gable with broad, highly-wrought cornices, in the centre of which is an eagle with extended wings. The entablature is ornamented with vases, connected by festoons of flowers, and the summit of the whole is crowned with a large, beautiful urn. On both sides of the portico are other ornaments of various dimensions. The columns are about thirty-five feet in height and three in diameter. One of these has now fallen and lies nearly covered in sand and rubbish. Yet from a distance, this missing member scarcely disfigures the edifice.

The steps up to the portico are broken and overgrown with grass and wild flowers. At each end of this portico is an excavated chamber of about fifteen feet long by five or six wide. The doors into these apartments, as well as that of the large principal room, are beautifully ornamented. The great room, is about forty-five feet square, and perhaps twenty in height. On three sides of this room are doors leading to smaller apartments. The entrance in front has a window on each side, which admit sufficient light into the large room. The small rooms adjoining have no light, except what is admitted from the large one. All these rooms are perfectly plain, though handsomely wrought. On the wall of the large room are the names of the principal European, and the few American travellers who have visited the place. Among others, I found the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cooley. This lady was a heroine, truly.

There is nothing in the interior of this structure to indicate its having been used as a tomb. From

the style of the architecture and the arrangement of the rooms, my impression is that it was a temple. The Arabs have long supposed that there is abundance of treasure somewhere concealed among these ruins. Having long searched but finding none, they suspect it is deposited in the large urn that surmounts the Khasne. This is placed at a distance of seventy-five feet from the ground, and is guarded by heavy projecting rock above it. As they have no means of either ascent or descent to it, many a shot is fired at this urn with the hope of shattering it to pieces and bringing down its golden contents. It bears ample evidence of numerous bullet marks. The Arabs have strong suspicion, too, that Frank travellers come here to search for hidden treasure, and that their peculiar skill enables them to find much of it. Hence their jealousy of visits to the place, and their high demands of tribute. The Arab can scarcely imagine that travellers come a vast distance for the mere purpose of inspecting ruins which himself despises. In front of the Khasne is an area of about half an acre which is thickly grown up with oleander, wild fig, and other shrubbery.

Nearly in front of this temple, the pride and glory of Petra, is a narrow passage through the cliff called El Syk, leading off in a south-east direction. This valley is but a few feet wide, and the high cliffs on each side, look very much as though they had been thrown apart by some convulsion in nature. A small stream gushes through the valley, and in some places entirely covers its bed. In passing up it, we occasionally mounted the backs of our Arabs instead of wading the stream. About half a mile distant, we

came to a triumphal arch, thrown across its top. The ravine is about twenty-five feet wide at this place, and the centre of the arch is about fifty feet above the bed of the stream. The sides of the rock, directly under the arch, are polished smooth. The arch is constructed of thirty-four layers of stone. Some have supposed that this arch was in reality a bridge to cross from one cliff to another. Laborde, however, found means to ascend to it, and states that he found it to be nothing more than a bare arch. We went no farther up this valley, but learned that it forms a clear road out from Waddy Mousa. In the days of Petra's glory, it was probably the only open pass to and from the city, and the reader can judge how easily this could be defended, or even closed. All along the sides of this valley are the open doors of tombs cut in the perpendicular cliff.

Returning the way we came, near the entrance of this valley, to that of the Khasne, we ascended a flight of stone steps. These led us to an excavated room, about thirty feet square. Around three sides was a stone bench, one foot high and about three broad, in the form of a divan. Opposite the entrance were several small apartments, with partition walls between them, like stalls in a stable. These had probably been sleeping apartments. The whole bore the appearance of a dwelling ; perhaps that of some rich Edomite. The front was beautifully polished, and showed all the variety of colors that adorn the rock in which it was cut. In front was a large table-rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling. From everything connected with this habitation, evidently it had been the dwelling of

one who strutted out his brief day among the wealthy of Petra.

On the opposite side of the valley, and a little further down, is an elegantly-constructed tomb, with an inscription in Greek characters over the door. The inscription, however, from its worn and mutilated state, cannot be deciphered with any degree of accuracy. This tomb had in it several pits, like graves, to place the dead. A little further down, on the opposite side, is a large and highly-garnished tomb. In it were eighteen pits to place the dead, all except two of a size to admit a common coffin. One was sufficiently large to admit two abreast, and the other was too small for a grown person. This was only partly filled, and by sounding it with my cane it appeared to be hollow below. We requested our Arabs to examine it, but they refused, and motioned for us to leave it. A pit, next to this, had in it some pieces of bones visible; all were partly filled with earth.

Leaving this, and passing a large number of tombs on both sides of the valley, we at length arrived at the theatre. This is situated on the west side of the valley, and is constructed in the very bosom of the mountain. The pillars in front have fallen, but the seats, forming a semicircle, and rising in succession back, are still in a very perfect state of preservation. They are cut in the solid rock, and are thirty-three in number. At the bottom of the slope of seats the diameter of the theatre is forty paces, or about one hundred and twenty feet. The seats must be sufficient for over three thousand people. Above the highest tier there is a sort of corridor, in which there are several doors leading to small excavated cham-

bers. Above this, the rock rises to a sufficient height to have shaded the whole audience from the sun. Nothing remains of the stage, which had probably been a loose structure. What a scene for sober reflection was here before me! Where now are the giddy multitudes that once thronged this place of recreation and pleasure. Once these seats were filled with the young, the high-born, the beautiful, the gay, and the brave. Often has this area rung with shouts of applause over some favorite actor. Where is that actor, and where his auditors now? Gone! all gone! centuries ago, to silence and to dust. Even the neighboring tombs, in which their bodies may have reposed for a while, no longer contain them. The spoiler has entered there, and the dust of this numerous dead has been thrown forth to mingle with the winds of heaven. Surely "man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity!"

On the opposite side of the valley, at this place, the mountain falls back and runs a north-easterly direction, girding the side of the plain on which the city mainly stood. Along that range are several structures which, if not equal in beauty to the Khasne, are scarcely inferior in size. The name of tombs has most generally been applied to this range. Among such a variety of forms and dimensions, it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to designate the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. Some of these, no doubt, are properly tombs, and others, I cannot but think, were temples and dwellings. Far up the sloping rock, and cut in the perpendicular cliff, is a structure of large and splendid dimensions. The sculpture on its front is exceeding-

ly beautiful, and like the Khasne, it is surmounted by a large urn. It contains but one chamber, about forty feet square and twenty feet high. To me, this edifice had the appearance of some kind of a temple. In the same range is what is most generally called the Corinthian tomb. In this we lodged during our stay. I see no reason, however, for calling it a tomb. Its front is exquisitely sculptured, exhibiting two stories, with eight relief Corinthian columns. A flight of steps, now considerably broken, leads to the entrance, on each side of which is a window. The chamber is about forty feet square and twenty high. On the side opposite the door, is a row of recesses with standing walls between them, similar to stalls in a stable. These may have been sleeping apartments, and not depositories of the dead, as some have supposed. In the same vicinity, there are a number of excavated structures, very similar to this, though none equal in beauty.

North-east of the Corinthian habitation some forty or fifty rods, this range terminates abruptly by a small valley passing off a short distance into the rock. Directly at the end of the range, is a splendid wrought tomb with a Latin inscription, but so effaced as to render it impossible to make out its full import. It bears the name of "Quintus Florentinus, governor of Palestine, who died in Petra, about A. D. 160." From this place the sides of the short valley are filled with excavated tombs. To the north-east are a number of irregular ranges of lower cliff, filled with excavations of various sizes and dimensions. A number of these, I should think, had been used for dwellings.

One of the very extraordinary monuments of Petra, is that called by the Arabs El Deir, or "the convent." Nothing can awaken a more striking idea of the indefatigable labor of the ancient inhabitants of Petra, than the access to this temple. We entered one of the narrow ravines at the western end of the valley, so choked up with masses of fallen rock, and overgrown with oleander and wild fig, that we could have proceeded but little way without the assistance of our guides. They led the way, scrambling over the rocks and pushing through the thickets. At length we struck upon an extraordinary path, by which human industry has worked its way to a place otherwise inaccessible to all but the eagles, vultures, and partridges that abound in the region.

A succession of terraces have been cut along the face of the rock, from each of which an ascent is made by a flight of stone steps to the next. One of these flights of steps extends over a space of more than a thousand feet. The wild, naked rocks rose high above our heads, and fearful abysses yawned beneath us, as we ascended this singular path. The silence was broken only by our own voices, except that one of our Arabs discharged his match-lock gun at a partridge without bringing down the bird. I could not but think that a single traveller here, would be too much in the power of villanous guides. A small push might precipitate him into one of these gloomy chasms, and the manner of his death remain forever undiscovered. We had no serious cause, however, to apprehend treachery, as we had none but a few of our Alloeens with us.

The ascent terminates at a small level area, surrounded by high rocks, and at a great height above the ancient city. At one side stands the temple called El Deir, sculptured in the cliff. From its sheltered position, it is in very perfect preservation, with the exception of the steps up to the entrance. If we had not already seen the Khasne, we should have been more forcibly struck with the beauty of this edifice. It is considerably like that structure, though less fancifully ornamented, but of gigantic proportions. The idea of sculpturing an entire temple, of such enormous dimensions, from the solid rock, would appear only to belong to a race of giants.

It contains but one apartment, about fifty feet square and perhaps twenty in height. Directly opposite the door is an arch setting back in the wall, containing an altar three feet high, six wide, and twelve long. On the front side of the altar, are two flights of four steps each, and on the wall, directly back, a Greek cross has been painted, and may still be distinctly traced. It is very probable that this temple may at one period have been used by Christians as a place of worship.

Opposite the valley from El Deir, is a large excavated chamber, the entrance of which is about twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the valley itself. The rock, in front of the excavation, extends about twenty feet forwards, forming a terrace, along the edge of which are the bases of a colonnade. At the extremity of the apartment is a niche, with pilasters on each side, very neatly carved. The excavated chamber appears to have been the adytum of a small temple which was built in front of it.*

* Kinnear.

The western wall of cliffs are higher than those on the east side of the valley. These cliffs, too, are full of tombs, and some of them high up in the rock ; but the excavations on this side are inferior in dimensions and splendour, to those on the east side. Finally, we did not see a cliff of any magnitude within two miles of the valley, but was perforated with works of art. Indeed, the immense number of excavations in and around Petra, are as wonderful as the size and magnificence of some of them. Those already found, have been estimated by one traveller at not less than six hundred in number ; and perhaps there may be others of the most interesting class, which have not yet been found by any modern traveller.

Having given an imperfect description of structures around it, I now come to the plain itself on which the principal part of the city once stood. This forms an area of about two miles in circumference. A small brook runs through it in a westerly direction. The banks ascending back each way from the brook, still retain the terraces on which buildings once stood. But the work of destruction was complete. The whole plain is covered with mounds of ruins. Broken columns, disfigured capitals, and highly-wrought cornices, are thickly mingled with the other fragments of this ill-fated city. The whole field presents but one entire mass of ruins. On the rocky bank overhanging the southern side of the stream, are the remains of a temple of large dimensions. No part of the building remains standing ; but the basis of a colonnade along the front of the rocky platform, shows the extent of the

edifice. Fragments of the pillars are thrown confusedly among the mass of ruins.

A little farther west, the understructure of a bridge is distinctly to be traced; and beyond it, the ruins of a triumphal arch. Among the mass of fallen masonry, there lies a large stone, bearing a figure with extended wings, which probably occupied one of the angles above the centre arch. From the pilasters which remain, and fragments scattered around, the whole structure appears to have been profusely ornamented. A broad pavement of large flat stones extends westward from the triumphal arch, to the temple called by the Arabs, Kasr Bint Faraoun, "the palace of Pharoah's daughter." It is the only building of which any considerable portion is left standing. Part of the cornice and frieze on the eastern side remain entire. The interior appears to have been rather profusely ornamented with bas-reliefs in stucco. There is nothing very interesting or attractive in this ruin, except that it is the only one remaining of this vast city, which is not levelled with the ground. A little to the west of this ruin, is an unfinished tomb, which shows that destruction came upon this doomed city while it was yet in progress.

I have endeavored to give as minute a description as possible, of these wonderful remains. But I feel how inadequate all I can write must be, to convey to the reader a correct idea of the extent and general appearance of the ruins. Indeed, it is impossible to examine every part of them within the time we spent among them. One is forcibly struck with the prodigious labor which must have been expended in

cutting perpendicular and smooth such a vast extent of rock, in excavating the numerous and spacious chambers, and in sculpturing their highly-ornamented fronts. Every thing bears testimony to the great wealth of the city at the period when these works were in progress. It was the common centre at which the whole trade of Arabia, Egypt, and Syria met; the source from which all the precious commodities of the East found their way to Egypt, Gaza, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Damascus. It is now "a desolate wilderness," "small among the heathen, and despised among men."

But, desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back even to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom." Princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king reigned over Israel. Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty. When Israel prayed a passage through this country, Edom said, in his pride, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with a sword." Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, this proud city among the rocks, for its daring iniquities, was marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah [the strong or fortified city] shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though

thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." "As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighboring cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it." How true is this entire prophecy in relation to this real Bozrah or fortified city! How small is it now among the heathen, and how despised of men! "Neither shall a son of man dwell in it." The wandering Arabs dwell in their tents around it, a few miles distant; but not one of them takes up his abode in a palace, splendid temple, or any habitation among these numerous remains. Despising these beautiful structures, he only desecrates them by occasionally turning them into sheep-folds or goat-pens. Nor is this all. The cities of Idumea have been made "a perpetual waste." Petra is but a small part of the ruins still remaining in the doomed land of Edom. While we were at Akabah, two Arabian merchants from Maan, the ancient Teman, came there. They informed us of extensive ruins, situated five days east of Petra. They gave to them the name of *Madine Sahley*; and stated that they were far more extensive than those of Waddy Mousa. How awfully have the withering curses of heaven, so clearly predicted by the prophets, while Idumea was yet in its pride and glory, fallen on that devoted land! Esau's inheritance, which was once "the fatness of the earth," the land that once teemed with its rich products and wealth, flooded with the grandeur and luxuries of the East, now presents but one wide-spread field of barrenness and desolation. Its naked, sterile mountains and its parched and barren

vales, bear but the indelible mark of Jehovah's hand resting in curse upon it.

Alluding most probably to Petra, the Prophet Isaiah says: "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the footsteps thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls." This is a highly-figurative prediction of the entirely ruined and desolate state of this city. As such, it is true. There is sufficient evidence of the complete fulfilment of prophecies, without descending to such minute and literal details on which has been placed unnecessary importance. The writings of the prophets abound in poetic imagery. These portions are always to be taken as such. For instance, the prophet Isaiah says of the land of Idumea, "the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch; it shall not be quenched day nor night; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever and ever; from generation to generation it shall lie waste; *none shall pass through it forever.*" No one will pretend that the first part of this passage is literally applicable to the present condition of Idumea; yet Mr. Keith interprets the last clause as strictly literal; and has endeavored to prove that no traveller had passed through that land. But any person coming from Akabah, by way of Petra, to Palestine, must be said, in the ordinary sense, to have passed through the land. Nor is the route eastward unfrequented. Near Mount Hor we saw a large party of merchants with camels and stores, on their way from Gaza to Maan. Not only so, but in a literal sense the wild Arabs are passing through the land continually.

The whole passage, then, is but poetic imagery, descriptive, in the most lively terms, of the fallen and desolate condition of Idumea. God forbid that I should weaken the force of prophecy, by any remarks of mine; but I do not see the necessity of observing the strictest literalism in applying high, poetic imagery.

The ruins of Petra teach a far more impressive lesson than is to be found in searching after those minute literalities. We see in her present condition, not only the accomplishment of all the denunciations against Edom, but a warning of the certainty with which all God's righteous denunciations against sin, will be fulfilled. Here, if we read the lesson right, every fragment of that desolated city will appear to address us with the solemn admonition: "Think ye that they were sinners above all men, because they suffered these things? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!"

Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, "slew of Edom, in the Valley of Salt, ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war." About five hundred years after this, the city was already known to the Greeks as Petra. It had then passed into the hands of the Nabatheans, and had become a place of trade. Some time after this, the kingdom of Arabia Petræa was known—having derived its name from the city of Petra, which was its capital. This kingdom occupied very nearly the same territory that was comprised within the limits of ancient Edom. Two expeditions were sent against Petra, by Antigonus, about three hundred and one years before Christ.

In the first, the city was taken by surprise, while the men were absent at a neighboring mart or fair. The captors carried off a large booty of silver and merchandise. The Nabatheans, however, quickly pursued, to the number of eight thousand; and, falling on the enemies' camp by night, destroyed the greatest part of them. Of the second expedition under Demetrius, the Nabatheans had previous intelligence, defended their city, and completely baffled the whole designs of their assailants.

During the reign of Augustus, Strabo speaks of Petra as the capital of the Nabatheans, shut in by rocks round about, precipitous indeed on the outside, but within having copious fountains for a supply of water, and the irrigation of gardens. At this time it had become the grand depot for the rich products of the East, and was resorted to by foreigners. Still more definite is the testimony of Pliny, in the first century. "The Nabatheans inhabit the city called Petra, in a valley less than two (Roman) miles in amplitude." About the same time Petra was often mentioned by Josephus as the capital of Arabia Petræa, in all his notices of that kingdom and its connection with Jewish affairs. With that kingdom it passed under the immediate sway of the Romans, during the reign of Trajan. His successor, Adrian, appears to have granted privileges to Petra, which led the inhabitants to give his name to the city, on coins. Several of these are still extant. In the fourth century Petra is several times mentioned by Eusebius and Jerome. In the fifth and sixth centuries it was the metropolitan see of the Third Palestine. Of its bishops, Germanus was present at the

Council of Seleusia, in 359; and Theadorus at that of Jerusalem, in 536.*

From this last period, Petra suddenly vanishes from the pages of history. When its destruction took place, by whom it was destroyed, or what was the fate of its inhabitants, is shrouded in impenetrable mystery and darkness. But most probably it was destroyed by the ruthless rage of the Mohammedan conquerors, somewhere in the seventh century, when the Moslem religion was spread by the sword. For more than one thousand years, and until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, Petra was lost to the civilized world.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Waddy Mousa—Solemn Reflections—A Large Caravan—Majestic Mountain Scenery—A Startling Alarm—Governor of Gaza, and Guard—The Mirage—Fountains of El Wabeh—Dangers of our Route—Arab Tradition—Prospect of Enemies approaching—Sheik Selim Ebnegaza—Human Bones by the Way—Ruins of Ancient Moladah—An Alarm and suspected Knavery—Ruins of Ancient Maon—Ruins of Carmel—Ruins of Ziph—Arrival at Hebron.

HAVING now spent over three days in our ascent of Mount Hor, and our examination of the ruins of Petra, we were prepared to depart. We had been active and industrious during our whole stay, and were really fatigued, not with the interesting scenery around us, but with our laborious and fatiguing rambles among it. At about the middle of the day, Hassein and Magabel returned to the valley, the first time we had seen them since our arrival there.

* Robinson.

A large number of Arabs followed, but exhibited nothing but the most peaceable demeanor. Here we paid the stipulated tribute of four hundred piastres, and all passed off peaceably except the importunities of some of these ragged Arabs for more *bucksheesh*.

Our baggage was soon placed on the camels ; and at 2, P.M., we mounted our dromedaries and took up our line of march. Our course wound among the ruins that strewed the plain, and thence along the hills, lying in a westerly direction. Broken tombs were numerous on either hand, for the distance of at least two miles. As I turned my eyes back for the last time upon the valley, while obliquely ascending a long hill, a peculiar reverie came over my mind. I could but contrast the lonely solitude that now hung over the place, with the bustle, the grandeur, the show of which it must once have been the active theatre. Where now are its once teeming population, its wealth, its glory, and its grandeur ? Faded forever, and scattered to the winds of heaven ! Ill-fated and doomed city ! Once in the haughtiness and pride of thy heart, thou didst scoff at the threatened wrath of Heaven ; but the sword of judgment, glittering in vengeance, came upon thee ! In a sudden and unexpected moment, the avenging vials of wrath were emptied without mixture, on thy devoted head. Ah ! what was the fate of thy children, in that hour of desolating overthrow ? Who were thy destroyers ? All—all is wrapt in impenetrable mystery !

On our way we again passed at the foot of Mount Hor. Notwithstanding its barren aspect in the midst of most dreary solitude, its towering summit,

overlooking every thing around, gives to it a majestic appearance. Near this place we began to meet a caravan of about two hundred and fifty camels, and travelled at least two miles before we passed the rear one of the line. Sometimes, in narrow passes, we were much stressed in getting by them. They were from Gaza, bound to Maan, and loaded with provisions and stores for the supply of the Syrian Hadj, which would soon pass that place on its way to Mecca. The conductor of this caravan was a fine, noble-looking Arab, and richly dressed.

Our course now lay in a north-westerly direction, over broken and rocky hills. Among these are situated some ruins of little interest, compared with those we had just left. Nearly all of them appeared to be the remains of ancient fortifications. At one place were the remains of a Roman causeway, constructed with large hewn stones. Our route had probably been the regular road to Petra from the west. At length we arrived at the summit of a mountain, from which we could see a spacious field of mountains lying far below us. The scene was truly majestic. Many of these mountains looked like immense sand-banks. We crossed several of this description. They bore the appearance of vast heaps of sand, petrified into stone. The very face of nature in Idumea, seems, in many places, to have been changed into utter sterility and sand-rock. Our descent from this height was steep and serpentine, and I preferred travelling on foot to risking myself on a dromedary. Frequently we passed on the verge of some steep and yawning gulf. A little

before sunset we encamped in Waddy Errebaie, a most desolate region.

About nine o'clock at night, an alarm was suddenly sounded in our camp. Four armed men on horseback were seen approaching from towards the valley of Arabah. When we stepped to the door of our tent, our men were catching up their guns as though a battle was immediately expected. We had been informed, at Waddy Mousa, that a large encampment of the hostile Benisakers was but a very short distance from the valley of Arabah, where we must pass. We had some cause to fear that they might hear of us and be upon our track. Who could those armed men be who were now approaching us? Were they emissaries coming from that hostile camp to make a demand for us to be surrendered to their tribe, or pay an exorbitant tribute to pass through their land? Mahomet told us he believed they were Benisakers. For a few minutes all was bustle and confusion among our men. The forward one of the four rode up to Hassein, and soon we perceived friendly salutations passing between them. They were no enemies; and were no less personages than the Governor of Gaza and his guard. They were following after the loaded caravan that we had met near Mount Hor, but had been detained on business a distance back. Soon they were seated around the fire of our Arabs, and we in the circle with them. The Governor was a fine, pleasant-looking man, rather under forty. He had on a richly-ornamented purple over-dress, girt with a beautiful belt, in which were placed a splendid brace of Turkish pistols, and a heavy costly sabre hung by his side.

His three guards were also strongly armed. We ordered Comeo to make coffee, and furnish them a supper from our stores. This was soon done to much satisfaction; and an hour passed very pleasantly in conversing with them through our interpreter.

Jan. 30. The governor and his guard took an early start; but not until they had first come to our tent and given us the Arab parting salutation. This governor might be regarded as a fair specimen of the oriental gentleman. Soon afterwards we got under way; and one hour brought us again to the valley of Arabah. This great valley extends north from the Gulf of Akabah, to a low broken ledge, eight or nine miles from the south end of the Dead Sea. North of this ledge the valley sinks to nearly a level with the Dead Sea. This portion takes the name of El Ghor. In Scripture it is called "the Valley of Salt." The name of El Ghor is also properly applicable to the whole valley of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. Where we now entered the valley of Arabah, it is about eight miles wide, but almost entirely bare of vegetable life. Its sands, intermingled with pebbles, lay glistening in the sunbeams.

In casting our eyes south we saw, to-day, a beautiful instance of the *mirage*, called by the Arabs *serab*. It presented, about four miles distant down the valley, the appearance of a beautiful lake, with trees on its banks, and a small island distinctly reflected in its clear and placid waters. It was so strikingly natural that it was impossible to make the eye see that it was only an illusion. These are frequently seen in travelling through the desert, but I had seen none to compare with the one we saw to-

day. I merely state the fact, without attempting to give the philosophy of it.

Our general course lay nearly north-west, with the design of gaining the west side of the valley. At about 4, P. M., we fell in with a Bedoin, who was alone. Hassein stopped and conversed with him several minutes. He was an Alloeen, and assured our men that the Benisakers were not encamped in our way. Toward sunset, passing some isolated ledges of rock, in thirty minutes we came to the springs of El Wabeh, one of the most important watering-places in the great valley. There are three small fountains issuing from the chalky rock of which the slope is composed. In the vicinity is a jungle of coarse grass and canes, with a few palm-trees. Near these fountains we encamped for the night. Professor Robinson supposes this may be the ancient Kadesh of Scripture. At best this can only be a conjecture, though it may possibly be the true place; and the location would rather favor that opinion than other wise.

Jan. 31. Our course, to-day, lay about north by-west, over barren hills covered with sharp flint stones, and entirely bare of vegetation. We had now advanced upon the most dangerous region in all our journey, from marauding parties of the Benisakers, who are frequently passing in various directions in search of plunder. A vanguard of two was constantly kept in advance of our line, and a flank-guard on each side, to keep a look out. The traveller through Arabia Petræa is not endangered by his guides. These, when bound by contract, will always be true, and will protect him if they can. He is,

however, in frequent danger of being fallen upon by some marauding band of lawless brigands, too powerful for his guides to protect him against. Here lies the grand secret of the danger. There are often, too, petty feuds and wars between tribes; and at such times, marauding parties are numerous and lawless. The numerous tribe called Benisakers, inhabiting around the Dead Sea and east of it, have long maintained a kind of lawless independence against all the tribes bordering them. It is said they are able to bring five thousand fighting men into the field. They go mounted on fleet horses, and carry spears fifteen feet in length. While the Holy Land was under the government of Mehemet Ali, he tried at different times, but in vain, to subdue this tribe. They were, however, in some respects held in check by him; for they continually feared his wrath and chastising hand. Since Syria has again fallen into the hands of the Turks, the Benisakers pursue their former wanton and lawless course of robbery and plunder. We were now passing along the borders of this tribe. Often, during the day, we crossed deep defiles and wound along the sides of precipitous hills. Our route was very rough, and quite barren of interest. At 5, P.M., we encamped on the south side of Mount Asufar, in Waddy Fikreh. The valley of El Ghor lay a few miles to the east of us.

February 1. About two hours after starting, this morning, we commenced the ascent of Mount Asufar. The side of this mountain was so steep and broken that we were obliged to dismount and walk over it—a distance of four or five miles. The day was very warm, and the walk fatiguing. On the top of

the mountain are the ruins of an old castle. In our ascent we met a caravan of about forty asses, from Gaza, loaded with corn. Each ass carried a sack of black color, containing from three to four bushels. On our descent from the mountain northerly, we overtook a large caravan of asses from Waddy Mousa, on their way to Gaza, for corn. They had passed us early in the morning before we got under way, and were now stopping to take their breakfast. Sheik Magabel stopped a few minutes, and soon he and two of them were in an angry discussion. The secret of this difficulty, as we learned by our interpreter, was, the two men were dissatisfied that we had been to the ruins of Petra, had examined them, and got away so peaceably. They declared that no more Frank travellers should be permitted to go into Waddy Mousa till the tribe of the place first had their guards set. The meaning of this was, there should be no more stipulations with travellers, how much tribute they should pay for the privilege of visiting the ruins of Petra, till after their arrival there. The tribe should first have notice of their coming, and then have guards set in every direction among the ruins. These would prevent the travellers from examining any thing till the amount of tribute should then be agreed upon. The demand would be a round sum, which they might pay, or otherwise be driven out of the place, without being permitted to examine any thing. They blamed Sheik Magabel that we had not been served in this manner. We, in their judgment, had enjoyed our visit too peaceably, and got away too lightly by paying only four hundred piastres! We were led

from this to indulge some fears, that the next travellers who might visit Waddy Mousa, would meet with a troublesome reception. With the exception of ourselves, this, I believe, has already been the case with every Frank traveller who has ventured to visit the ruins of Petra.

A little to the left of our road was a mountain called Madurah; and the Arabs relate a tradition of a city or village being once destroyed there. The legend, as they give it, is, that a city once stood at the foot of that mountain; but God, being provoked at the great wickedness of the inhabitants, destroyed their city with stones from heaven. It appears that in 1807, while Sweetzen was in Hebron, he got this tradition from the Arabs; and, obtaining guides, made a visit to the place. He, however, found no ruins there.* It is very probable that the whole story is only the imperfect tradition held by the Arabs of the destruction of Sodom. It is not strange that, in the absence of all correct historical knowledge among them, they should change the site of a destroyed city.

From Mount Asufar we descended to an elevated plain of sand, covered with very scanty herbage, and tenanted in places with millions of large black ants. Vegetation gradually improved as we advanced. The grass became thicker and greener, interspersed with some flowers, especially the red tulip. Flocks of goats, sheep, and camels, were seen feeding, attended by Arabs.

About 1, P.M., just after passing some broken hills, a cry was sounded from the rear of our caravan,

* Robinson.

"horsemen ! horsemen coming !" The first thought was that a party of Benisakers were coming upon us, as their marauding hordes always go on horseback. Soon we saw two savage-looking fellows cantering their chargers over a hill, and making towards us. Expecting immediately to see more follow, every man of our party caught his arms, and our caravan was ordered to halt. But as only two appeared in sight, Hassein and Magabel, who were in front of our line, hastened back to meet them. Our men, by this time, had got their arms ready, and we looked some like a line drawn up for battle. Soon, friendly salutations passing from our shieks, and the appearance of our men, gave us to understand that no danger was to be immediately apprehended. The two comers proved to be Sheik Selim Ebnegaza and another of the same tribe. They belonged to a branch of the Alloeens, living back of Petra, but were dressed in a most wild and savage-looking manner. Besides swords and pistols, they carried spears about fifteen feet long, sharply pointed with steel at both ends. This new sheik was a cunning, roguish-looking fellow, of about thirty-five, short, but more thick-set than Bedoins commonly, and was mounted on the finest horse I had seen since I left Egypt.

They had heard of our visit to Petra ; and supposing (as about all Arabs do) that Frank travellers scatter a stream of gold where they pass, they had come on to see if they could not catch a little of it. They, of course, wanted sheik Hassein to fork over a little of the tribute, and not make himself too rich by conducting Frank travellers through the country.

How this matter was arranged, I am unable to say. This new sheik travelled with us about two hours, then turned off to the left, and we saw him no more. The other kept with us during the day; and when we encamped at night, he was still among our men. In the morning he, too, was missing; and what became of him we were wholly unable to learn. Even our interpreter could get no information on the subject.

After passing the mountain this morning, skeletons of horses, camels, and men were thickly strewn by the way. These were but some awful remnants of Mehemet Ali's retreating army from Syria, after the fall of St. Joan d'Acre, in November, 1840. Of this I shall speak more particularly in another place. I noticed in one place the entire skeleton of a man lying where he had fallen dead. His clothes and flesh had rotted together; but not a bone had apparently been disturbed. In other places, and for miles in extent, we saw skulls and other bones scattered along our path; their flesh probably having been eaten by wolves, jackalls, vultures, and crows. O, the horrors of war! About 4, P.M., we passed the ruins of a town, called by our Arabs, Kourmoub. Nothing remains of it but stones scattered in promiscuous confusion. Encamped at 5, P.M., in Waddy Errarra.

Feb. 2. This morning our course lay over an extended plain. Soon after starting, we passed the ruins of a small village a little to our right. At about 11, A.M., we came upon the ruins of a large town, which our Arabs called El Milleh. I should judge that the ruins of this town were over half a

mile square. To the west of the town is a very considerable eminence, also covered with rubbish, probably the ruins of a fortress. No part of any building is left standing in the place; the ruins present nothing but a mass of unhewn stones. On the north side is a slight ravine, in which are three wells, one of which is filled nearly to the surface. The other two were about fifty feet deep; and around them were eighteen stone watering troughs. The stones of the wells were hewn, and very neatly laid, in a circular form. The top tier was considerably worn by the use of ropes in drawing water. The land around these wells looked fertile, and the pasturage was luxuriant, of which, while we were stopping, our camels ate greedily. It is highly probable that these ruins mark the site of the ancient city of Moladah, mentioned in JOSHUA, xv., 26.

Soon after leaving this place, an alarm was sounded from the rear of our caravan, that men were coming on dromedaries. We had begun to hope that we were now out of the region of alarms; but here was another. Who could be coming now? Were they enemies? Our guards seized their guns and ran back. Hassein and Magabel also cantered to the rear, giving orders, at the same time, for us and the camels to move on. In a few minutes the guard began to join us; and soon after, Hassein rode up and informed us that he had talked with the suspicious men, and found they were only agents sent out to seek a new place of pasturage for their tribe. This was one thing, but we guessed another. We found, this morning, that there was an addition to our caravan of two camels, without any additional

men. Were could the camels have come from? We could form no idea, unless they had been *foraged* in during the night. Hassein has a smooth tongue; and if the men in question were in pursuit of lost camels, he most probably convinced them that they were not in our caravan, and induced them to take another direction. But as we had nothing to do with this business, we wished to make no difficulty where our situation at best was precarious enough. Soon we found we were travelling a course without any track. This evolution strengthened the opinion that it was done to evade pursuit, should any farther search be made for lost camels. In about two hours we struck on several tracks. At a short distance farther we passed several plots of ground lately ploughed and sowed with wheat, which was just coming up. This was the first ploughed ground we had seen since leaving Egypt. About 3, P.M., we passed a large encampment of Bedoins, situated in a small ravine. An hour farther, we came to the ruins of a very considerable town, which the Arabs called El Brace. No part of any building was standing, and the ruins presented nothing but stones and rubbish. They cover a space of something like half a mile square. Passing a few rods beyond these ruins, we encamped for the night at the foot of a tall mountain, for which I was enabled to learn no name.

Feb. 3. Early this morning we commenced the ascent of the mountain at the foot of which we had encamped over the night. A great part of the way was steep, and I passed up it on foot. At about 9, A.M., we arrived at the height from which an exten-

sive view was had northwardly. To our left, some five or six miles distant, was the village of Semua, with extensive olive-groves near it. It appeared to be situated on the declivity of a hill sloping to the east, and was the first inhabited town we had seen since leaving Suez. That village is now supposed to mark the site of ancient Eshtemoa, one of the cities given to the children of Aaron. JOSHUA, xxi. 14. We could faintly see the city of Hebron at a distance north of us.

Just after commencing our descent of this mountain to the north, a conical hill was a little at our right. On the summit of this hill are situated the ruins of the ancient Maon of the Old Testament. The place was famous as the residence of Nabal, who, on account of his covetousness, came near being cut off by David and his men, but was saved by the more liberal policy of his wife Abigail. 1 SAMUEL, xxv. On the summit of the hill are ruins, but of no very great extent. They consist chiefly of foundations of hewn stone ; a square enclosure, probably the remains of a tower ; and several stone cisterns. Not a human habitation is left standing to mark the spot.

The face of this entire region has a rocky and rather sterile appearance. There are pieces of the soil, however, cultivated, and in some places were handsome fields of young wheat. About thirty minutes brought us to the ruins of Carmel. These cover a very considerable space, and indicate that once a populous and strongly-fortified town stood there. The ruins consist, chiefly, of the foundations, and broken walls of dwellings and other edifices,

now scattered about in mournful confusion and desolation. Most of the stones were only roughly hewn. In a prominent place is still partly standing an ancient castle. It is quadrangular, the sides measuring sixty-two feet by forty-two, and facing towards the cardinal points.* The walls are evidently ancient, and have on the northern and western sides a sloping bulwark, like the citadel in Jerusalem. These ruins are regarded as marking the site of the ancient Carmel of the mountains of Judah. Here King Saul set up his trophy of victory over Amalek.—1 SAM., xv. 12; and here Nabal was shearing his sheep when the affair took place between him and David, before alluded to.

Less than one hour further brought us to the ruins of ancient Ziph. These lay a little to the right of our path, and are situated on a low ridge, between two small valleys which commence here, and run towards the Dead Sea. Among them there is little to be seen except broken walls and foundations, mostly of unhewn stones. The whole, however, covers a very considerable tract, and indicates that a town of strength and solidity once stood there. In the middle is a low, massive, square building, constructed of squared stones, and vaulted within with pointed arches. This shows that the place must have been inhabited long after the Mohammedan conquest.* There are several stone reservoirs or cisterns still remaining. In the midst of the ruins is a narrow sloping passage, cut down into the rock. This terminates at a door with a subterranean chamber beyond, which may have

* Robinson.

served most probably as a magazine. There are others in the vicinity, which probably, were only suburbs. It was in a mountain near Ziph, that David concealed himself a length of time when hunted by Saul, and the treacherous Ziphites made a covenant with Saul to deliver David into their hands. This would probably have been accomplished had not an invasion by the Philistines called Saul away from the pursuit. 1 SAM., xxiii. The whole region over which we were now passing is famous as the ground over which David fled from place to place when pursued by the deadly malice of Saul.

Our course now led, as near as I could judge, in a north-north-west direction. In one hour and a half we came to a rich, fertile valley, which, coming from the south, enters the broad valley in which Hebron is situated. Vineyards, orange, lemon, fig, apricot, and pomegranate trees were numerous. Small whitened buildings spotted the valley, in the midst of luxuriant olive groves, and the vineyards, rising on terraces each side of the valley, give to the whole scene a picturesque appearance. Every thing appeared in beautiful contrast with the lonely solitude of the desert, to which we had been so long confined. Passing down by the side of this valley for some distance, we at length descended into it. Hebron lay but a short distance before us, and at that place presented a pretty and inviting appearance. At 1, P.M., we had selected a pleasant, green spot, west of the city, to pitch our tents. It was directly by the side of a large Mohammedan burial-ground. The day was warm, and soon we

were seated under the cover of our tent, contemplating the mercy of the Most High, in protecting us through our long and dangerous journey of the desert.

CHAPTER XV.

The Governor of Hebron—Visit to the Tomb of Abraham—A Shameful Repulse—Description of the Tomb—Bazars—Manufactories—Jews in Hebron—General Appearance of the Town—Pools of Hebron—Tombs of Jesse and Abner—Vineyards—Abraham's Tree—Plain of Mamre—Reflections—Parting with our Arab Guides—Departure from Hebron—Ruins by the way—Pools of Solomon—Arrival at Bethlehem—Convent and Church of the Nativity—Place of our Saviour's Birth—General Appearance of Bethlehem—Valley of the Shepherds and David's Well—Departure from Bethlehem—Rachel's Tomb—Arrival at Jerusalem.

It was now only about one o'clock, p.m., and we concluded we should have ample time to make our examinations in and around Hebron, and leave early in the morning for Bethlehem and Jerusalem. After adjusting things in our tent, we concluded first to call on and pay our respects to the governor of Hebron. Soon we were conducted to Sheik Abdel Rahmon, the acting governor. He was a large, brawny-looking man of about forty, with coarse features, high forehead, and large head. His dress was rather ordinary for one of his dignity, but his whole appearance indicated resolution, courage, and muscular strength. He received us affably and with a smiling countenance; expressed much gratification in seeing us, and said it had been a long time since any Frank travellers had come through the desert before. He expressed a disposition to aid us in any thing we might need, would furnish us fresh provisions, and see that we had horses the next

morning to convey us to Jerusalem. In the midst of this conversation, we were served with coffee.

An early object of our visit to Hebron, was the large mosque which covers the tombs of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, and Jacob. No modern Frank had been permitted to enter this mosque, with one exception; that of a Spaniard, who, having acquired a knowledge of the Arabic, and assumed the Moslem habit, passed himself as Ali Bey. We were resolved on an effort to gain admission into this mosque, deemed so sacred by Mohammedans, and hitherto guarded with so much Mussulman jealousy. We made our desires known to the governor. He expressed a wish that we might be admitted, but it was not for him to enforce such a privilege; he knew the keepers of the mosque were very superstitious, but he would send his brother with us, who would do all he could to gain us admission. The brother who was to accompany us, was a fine-looking young Turk, and, indeed, might be called handsome.

This great mosque, or rather harem, is the most imposing object in Hebron, and is regarded by the Mohammedans as one of the most sacred places in the Holy Land. Its situation is prominent and commanding, and its dimensions both large and high. Professor Robinson, who measured it, found the length about two hundred feet, and the breadth about one hundred and fifty. Its height must be at least fifty feet. The stones of which it is constructed are very large, hewn smooth, and bevelled. On each side of the exterior are sixteen square pilasters, and eight at each end. These are without capitals,

but are surmounted by a plain cornice, which extends along the whole building. Above this, the walls have been raised about ten feet higher, with a small minaret at each corner. There are no windows visible. We saw two places of entrance, both on the northern side, in front of which are flights of stone steps. The whole stands on the slope of the eastern hill, and under this huge pile is said to be the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and the other patriarchs were buried.

The governor's brother led the way to the entrance, at the north-west corner, which brought us into a kind of hall, directly in front of which was a long flight of stone steps leading to an upper story. A short distance from the entrance, on the left side, is a small opening in the wall, through which all was darkness and nothing to be seen. This is said to be an opening over the tomb of Abraham, and into this place Jews are permitted to look, say their prayers, and wail. Several Mohammedan priests, dressed in white, stood at the foot of the stairs, and bore the appearance of being Turks. The governor's brother applied to them to grant us permission to explore the interior of the building. This they positively refused, with a most malicious frown. An attempt was then made to bribe them with money. This offer they professed to receive with great indignity, and declared we should not be admitted for any sum we would offer. Our conductor gave them some rather angry remarks and looks, and motioned us to follow him out. He next led the way to the entrance at the north-east corner, the door of which was open. But no sooner had we approached the steps leading

to it, than a young Mohammedan priest came running down a flight of stairs inside, and slammed the door in our faces with a vengeance. At this, the governor's brother sprang with full force against the door, nearly carrying it off the hinges, and prostrating the young Mohammedan priest. Our guide's eyes and whole countenance flashed vengeance, and I could scarcely imagine what might be the result. The whole horde of priests, however, soon gathered, and after a few minutes' angry discussion between them and our guide, we found we must leave and give up the pursuit of what we had so anxiously desired. The governor's brother was a fine young man, and expressed much chagrin at this disappointment. As we turned away, Mr. B. declared, with some warmth, if there was ever another crusade to take the Holy Land, if living, he would join in it, and would make these Mohammedan priests dance to a tune they would not like.

Monastic tradition refers the erection of a church over the tombs of the patriarchs, to St. Helena, in the fourth century. There is, however, little to sustain this as a fact. The interior of this edifice may have been used at an early day as a place of Christian worship, but the exterior has the appearance of great antiquity. The stones being bevelled indicates its construction to be Jewish; and I see no cause to doubt that this is the actual place of sepulture of the patriarchs. Josephus states that Abraham and his descendants erected monuments over these sepulchres. He also says the sepulchres of the patriarchs were still in Hebron, built of marble and of elegant workmanship. In the days of Euse-

bius and Jerome, the monument of Abraham was yet pointed out; and the Bourdeaux pilgrim, in A.D. 333, describes it as a quadrangle, built of stones, of admirable beauty.* Without much doubt this description refers to the outer walls as they are now seen. Statements confirming the above are given by Antoninus Martyr, in the 6th century, Arculfus, in the 7th century, and St. Willibald, near the close of the 8th century.

Ali Bey, who visited this mosque in 1807, passing himself as a Moslem, gives a minute description of the sepulchres, which, he says, are each in a separate apartment on the level of the floor of the mosque. According to his account, all the sepulchres "have separate entrances, closed with iron gates, and by wooden doors plated with silver and secured by silver bolts and padlocks. The tombs of the patriarchs are covered with rich carpets of green silk, magnificently embroidered with gold; those of their wives are red, embroidered in like manner. I counted nine, one over the other, on the sepulchre of Abraham. The rooms, also, which contain the tombs, are covered with rich carpets." The above description, however, is at variance with earlier accounts, which represent all the six tombs as in a cave under the mosque.

Benjamin, of Tudela, a Spanish Jew, who visited Hebron in the 12th century, gives the following description:—"I came, to Hebron seated on a plaine; for Hebron the ancient metropolitian citie stood upon an hill; but it is now desolate. But in the valley there is a duplicitie, that is, as it were, two little valleyes, and there the citie is placed; and there is an

* Robinson.

huge temple there, called Saint Abraham, and that place was the synagogue of the Jews, at what time the country was possessed by the Ishmaelites. But the Gentiles, who afterwards obtained and held the same, built six sepulchres in the temple, by the names of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Jacob and Lia, and the inhabitants now tell the pilgrims that they are the monuments of the patriarchs ; and great summes of money are offered there. But surely to any Jew coming thither and offering the porters a reward, the cave is showed, with the iron gate opened, which from antiquitie remayneth yet there. And a man goeth down with lamp-light into the first cave, where nothing is found, nor also in the second until he enter the third, in which there are six monuments, the one right over against the other ; and each of them are engraven with characters and distinguished by the name of every one of them after this manner: *Sepulchrum Abraham patris nostri, super quem pax sit* ; and so the rest after the same example. And a lampe perpetually burneth in the cave day and night, the officers of the temple continually administering oile for the maintenance thereof."

Sanderson, who was in Hebron in 1601, agrees with the Spanish Jew in describing the tombs as in a cave under the church ; but in his time pilgrims do not appear to have been allowed to enter the cave, "but at a square hole, through a thick wall they discern a little light of a lamp." "The Jews," he says, "do their ceremonies of prayer there without. The Moores and Turks are permitted to have a little more sight, which is at the top where they let down the oyle for the lampe."

Both our servants, who were Mohammedans, had been admitted into this mosque, but could give us no very distinct account of what they had seen. But from their description, it would appear that the sepulchres were in the mosque itself. They were, however, only allowed to look through the iron gate.

The main Bazars are on a street near the mosque. There was abundance of fruit, especially oranges and raisins. I noticed the latter as being peculiarly large and handsome. The Bazars, however, were not abundantly stocked. At the butchers' stalls was some excellent mutton. We ate of this kind of meat while at Hebron, and I have never seen better. In one part of the main quarter are several glass manufactories, for which Hebron has long been famous. We visited three, and found the processes similar to those in other places, though more rude. The articles manufactured consist mostly of small glass lamps, many of which are sent to Egypt, and rings of colored glass worn by females on the arms. I saw large quantities of these for sale at Jerusalem.

On the hill-side of the town, was a large establishment for the manufactory of water-skins. These are merely goat-skins stripped off whole, except at the neck, the holes at the legs and tail being sewed up. The process of tanning and preparing these is simple. They are first stuffed out full, by driving in small billets and chips of oak wood, and are then filled with a strong infusion of oak bark. This remains till the hair becomes fixed and the skin sufficiently tanned. A very large amount of these skins were lying about a yard in the process of tanning.

The Jews of Hebron occupy a small quarter in the

north-east part of the town, in the midst of which they have a synagogue. Their quarter here is much better than that assigned them in Jerusalem ; and in general they have a more neat and tidy appearance. We saw several of their women, and all appeared to be habited in white. A long piece of white stuff, like a shawl, was thrown over the head, fastened under the chin, and hanging down to the feet. Their appearance was neat and rather prepossessing. Many of the Arab women in Hebron dress in a similar manner when they walk out, but they always wear a white veil over the face, which the Jewish women do not.

Hebron is called by the Arabs *El Khalil Ibrahim*, "Abraham, the friend." It lies principally on the eastern side of the valley ascending back. The houses are all of stone, high and substantially built, with flat roofs. On these roofs are small domes, sometimes two or three to a house. This gave the place a rather novel appearance to us. It is not walled around, but the entrances of several streets are by gates. Its population is variously estimated at from four thousand to six thousand. With all our inquiries, we were unable to settle definitely upon the present number of its inhabitants. There is, however, but one Christian family residing there, and they, at that time, had gone to Jerusalem. The inhabitants are Arabs, Turks and Jews. The Mohammedans of Hebron are of the most rigid sort. Surrounded with vineyards, olive groves, and abundance of fruit trees, the place has a very pretty appearance in the distance, and indeed, on entering it, we found it better than we expected. The streets,

however, are mostly mere narrow alleys, and very filthy.

Near the entrance of the town is a large, square pool, about eight rods on each side, and about twenty feet deep. It is built of large hewn stone, and is a firm piece of mason-work. Flights of stone steps at each corner lead down into it, and the water in it was several feet deep. At the north end of the town is a similar pool but of smaller dimensions. This is said to be eighty-five feet long, fifty-five broad, and eighteen deep. This also contained several feet of water. These pools were constantly frequented by persons carrying away water in skins, and they seem to afford the chief supply for the town. It is said they are filled only from the rains. There is, however, a good spring at the foot of a hill a little north of our tent, where we obtained a supply of water. Both the pools above-named, are evidently of high antiquity. In all probability, one of them is to be regarded as "the pool of Hebron," over which David hanged up the assassins of Ishbosheth.—2 SAM., iv. 12.

On a hill to the north-west of the town, we were conducted to what are shown as the tombs of Jesse and Abner. They were both rude stone buildings, going to decay, and contained nothing of interest. Having very little faith in the identity of these, I shall attempt no description of them. A considerable distance further up the valley, and about two miles northward from the town, stands a large isolated oak tree, of a peculiar species—indeed, unlike any I had ever seen before. Our Arab guides pointed to this as the tree of Abraham. Curiosity led Mr. B.

and myself to visit it, and although we found our walk longer than we had anticipated, it was, nevertheless, highly interesting. The valley in that direction, becomes much broader, and is fenced into small lots, mostly occupied as vineyards. Men were engaged in planting vines. This is done in single rows and about ten feet apart. When grown up to the height of six or eight feet, the vine is fastened in a sloping position to a strong stake. The shoots are thus permitted to extend from one vine to another, forming a line of festoons. Sometimes two rows are made to slant towards each other, forming a kind of arch. These shoots are pruned off in August. Each vineyard has a small house or tower of stone, which serves for a keeper's lodge. During the vintage; it is said, the inhabitants of Hebron go out and dwell in these houses in the valley, and the town is almost deserted. The grapes around Hebron are said to be of a very superior quality, and the best in the Holy Land. In this part of the valley everything looked thrifty and delightful.

Properly at the head of this beautiful scenery, stands the venerable oak which we had come to visit. It is, indeed, a large and splendid tree, and must be considered very sacred by the Mohammedans, or it would not have been spared, where timber and fuel is so exceedingly scarce as in that whole region. The trunk of the tree indicates that it has been at least a second or third growth; as it is properly three large trunks, barely joined together near the root. This, I believe, is never the case with a first growth. The size and general appearance of the tree, bear marks of great age, though every part

of it appeared sound and thrifty. The trunk measures twenty-two and a half feet around the lower part, and its branches extend over an uncommon space for one tree. The ground beneath it was covered with grass, and was clean. Near by was a well with water, and a more delightful spot is not to be found in the entire vicinity of Hebron. Does this really mark the site of Abraham's tree, under which he entertained three angels? GENESIS, xviii. 4—8. Professor Robinson fixes on another spot, but a small distance from this, as the plain of Mamre where Abraham dwelt. I could see nothing in the appearance of the place he designates, to give it the preference. From the beauty of scenery around the tree, with the valley stretching south from it, I should suppose it the very spot which would have been selected by the patriarch in preference to any other in the entire region. I therefore see no cause to doubt but this may have been the place where Abraham and Sarah dwelt when the three angels announced to them that they should have a son in their old age.

But whether this tree mark a spot once near the tent of Abraham or not, Hebron and its vicinity is an interesting region. It is one of the most ancient cities still existing which we read of in the Scriptures. Here Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, dwelt and communed with God, and here they and their wives were buried. For several years Hebron was the royal residence of David, and the capital of the kingdom of Israel. In this very vicinity the sweet singer in Israel composed many of his psalms, which yet thrill through the pious soul to raise its affec-

tions to God. My mind was indeed affected by the scenery and the associations around me.

About sunset we returned to our tent, fatigued with the rambles of the day. The large Moham-medan burial-ground lay near us. A multitude of females, decked off in showy white, with veiled faces, were wandering among the graves. Some were sitting and wailing over the mouldering remains of departed kindred still bound "in memory's affection." As the gray hour of twilight began to scatter its sombre shades over the landscape, the visitors to the cemetery slowly moved towards the town. •Soon "night curtained nature's scenery," and the hum of the town was broken in upon by martial music at the barracks of the Turkish troops stationed in the place. We partook of our evening meal, and shortly after were lost in the depths of sweet slumber.

Feb. 4. We had now done with our Arab guides, who had conducted us from Akabah to Hebron. They were about to take their final leave of us to return to their homes in the desert, and we to go on our way to Jerusalem. From the accounts given by Stevens, Kinnear, and other travellers, we had anticipated some trouble in settling with Shiek Hassein. It is true, our contract with him was very definite, and made in writing, but others had represented him as so niggardly and grasping on final settlement, that we had feared our parting with him might not be as pleasant as we could desire. But how were we surprised! Not the slightest misunderstanding occurred between him and us when we came to pay him what yet remained his due. We counted out the

amount in Turkish gold pieces of twenty piastres each, and laid it before him. Such was the apparent confidence he reposed in our honesty, that he was about to put up the money without counting it himself. We insisted that he must examine it and see for himself that he had his just due, which he did by our urging. We then distributed a portion of money around among all the men, as bucksheesh. Next we gave our two tents to Hassein and Selim, and our three camel-saddles to the three sheiks, Hassein, Selim, and Magabel. Finally, every thing considered cumbrous, and that could not be conveniently carried on one pack-mule, we bestowed as presents on the sheiks.

Our horses had now arrived, and what baggage we had left was soon placed on a mule. Our camel saddle-bags we retained and carried on the horses we rode. The governor and brother, with others, came to our tent to take leave of us. All was now ready for a start, and we gave the parting hand first to our Arab guides. Their parting looks and expressions were truly affectionate. Indeed, I had scarcely expected to feel so much of the tender spirit when I came to part with those rude sons of the desert. They had one and all been faithful and kind to us, and I have reason to believe they will never esteem Frank travellers the less from their intercourse with us. Presenting the governor an ample compensation for all he had done for us, we bade him and his associates farewell. We mounted our horses a little past eight, and, accompanied by three muleteers and an armed guard of three, we set out for Jerusalem. The guard was deemed neces-

sary from the dangerous state of the road we had to pass.

We had now forever placed the desert, with its dangers and privations behind us, and had before us a more habitable region, though by no means free from dangers by barbarous hands. We had now done with camels, and at this I felt no otherwise than rejoiced. They are one of the inconveniences that travelling in the desert has connected with it. Their long, slow, rolling, or rocking gait, soon becomes fatiguing. I have felt more fatigued in riding a dromedary twenty-five miles in a day, than I would in riding a good horse fifty. Yet without camels, the journey through the desert could not be performed.

The exercise, however, of riding a dromedary in the desert, I cannot but regard as healthy. My health was continually on the improvement during our journey, and a better appetite I never enjoyed. To a city dyspeptic, such a ride would be one of the finest of things. I would not, however, recommend any person in a feeble state of health to undertake the journey of the desert. To be suddenly taken sick on the way, in absence of all medical aid, would be a most sad mishap. There would be no stopping and no accommodations for a sick person. A person, too, is liable, in one way or another, to be injured or wounded. In that case, a broken limb or a contusion on the body, would find but a poor remedy. The only hope of performing successfully that journey, must be in absence of severe wounds and dangerous illness, and then the traveller will be apt to find enough to try his patience, his courage, and his strength.

Passing up the valley north from Hebron a short distance, we turned up a valley which comes down from the north-east. Here, for some distance, the path is rudely paved or laid with rather large stones. Olive trees and vineyards abound on both sides, the latter being generally on the slopes of the hills, many of which are terraced. This valley is generally assumed to be the Eshcol of the Old Testament, from whence the spies, sent by Moses brought back the large cluster of grapes.—NUM., xiii. 22. This is not improbable, from the fact that the spies came to Hebron, and the grapes in this valley are still said to be the finest in all the Holy Land. At the head of this valley, which is little more than half an hour's travel, the vineyards ceased, and we entered upon an open space, of rocky and sterile appearance. Soon after, we passed the ruins of a village, once inhabited by Christians. It is said the entire inhabitants were massacred by the Mohammedans, and now there are no Christians in all the province of Hebron.*

A short distance further, is a path leading off to the right, and a few rods in that direction is the foundation of a fortress, or some large building. We did not take time to dismount and go to it. It is said that the name of the house of Abraham is given to it, and that the place where we then were was probably the plain of Mamre. To me, the place looked too rocky and sterile to have been made the chosen abode of the patriarch, when the valleys below were so much more pleasant. A hasty observation of this vicinity rather prepossessed me in fa-

* Robinson.

vor of the valley of the reverend oak, mentioned before. The subject, however, is not worthy of much controversy.

Soon after this, on a hill at some distance to our right was seen a ruined mosque. This in some way bears the name of the prophet Jonah, but for what cause I could not learn. Something like an hour farther, we passed a ruined tower of antique appearance. In the same vicinity is a fountain with a stone trough, and the ruins of a fortress. The stones used in this structure were of large dimensions, and the rocks adjacent had been hewn to a perpendicular front. Our road now lay open before us for some considerable distance, and soon we came to the ruins of another town with olive trees, tillage around, and a stone reservoir. In the adjacent rocks were a considerable number of sepulchres open and empty. Beyond this the scenery became broken, and the whole region appeared rocky and sterile. At a little past noon we reached the noted reservoirs called the Pools of Solomon. These are situated near the roadside, and at a distance of about three miles south of Bethlehem. There are three of them, all standing in a line of descent from each other, so that the water emptying into the first may discharge into the second, and from that into the third. They are built of massive hewn stones, and are still in an excellent state of preservation.

The upper pool is 380 feet long, 236 wide, and 25 deep. The middle one is 423 feet long, 250 wide, and 39 deep. The lower one is 582 feet long, 207 wide, and 50 deep. At the time of our visit there was but little water in either of them. At about a

hundred yards distance is the fountain which supplies these reservoirs. The water is conveyed from these pools to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, by a small aqueduct, constructed of earthen pipe, about ten inches in diameter. It is not improbable that these pools once furnished water for the temple at Jerusalem, as they now do for the mosque of St. Omer. They bear strong marks of high antiquity; and this place may be the site of one of king Solomon's houses of pleasure, where he made himself "gardens, and orchards, and pools of water." A few rods to the north of the upper pool is a fortress, built, undoubtedly, by Saracen hands. There were a few troops in it; and, before starting again, we partook of coffee with some of the officers.

A short distance to the south of the pools, towards the region of the Dead Sea, is a large grotto, supposed to be the cave of Adullam, where David gathered his followers when pursued by Saul. This cave is a spacious labyrinth, supported by great pillars of the natural rock, and is perfectly dry. In this cave, too, it is said David cut off the skirt of Saul's garment, while he was sleeping, and permitted him to go unhurt.

To Bethlehem we took the western road, which brought us near Beit Jala. This is a large village, lying on the eastern slope of a hill; and, like Bethlehem, is inhabited by Christians. Bethlehem lay to our right; and, after winding through a crooked and broken way, we arrived at the gate on the west side. We proceeded directly through the town without stopping, till we arrived at the level part of the ridge between it and the convent.

This building covers a vast extent of ground ; and, from its high massive walls, rather resembles a fortress. It encloses the church said to be built by the Empress Helena, over the spot that tradition consecrates as the birth-place of our Saviour. The design of this church was originally that of a magnificent building ; but it was never perfectly finished. On each side is a row of tall, stately columns, supporting a freize of wood, which still remains sound. The whole building is divided among the Romanists, Greeks, and Armenians. Each of these sects has its definite limits ; and there are also certain places which are common to all. Could the Christian visitor feel perfect confidence that all the holy places embraced under this roof were really what they are pointed out to be, the emotions of his mind would be those of deep and devotional interest. But the honest traveller who visits the Holy Land will often find himself confused and disappointed, if not vexed and chagrined. The reader must be prepared for this. I experienced it many times most sensibly. I will, however, detail, as near as I can recollect, the most interesting things shown us in Bethlehem.

The reader desires to be conducted to the place where the Saviour was born. This is said to be a grotto now under the church. To this the Greeks have an entrance directly at the side. That of the Romanists is by a longer and more distant passage, and was the one by which we entered. The room of the grotto is thirty-seven feet long, and eleven wide. The floor and walls are of a greenish marble ; and the latter are set off with tapestry and paintings. Directly in front of the door by which

we entered, at the farther end of the grotto, is a semicircular recess, lined and floored with marble. In the centre of this is a gilded star, bearing on it the inscription—" *Hic natus est Jesus Christus de Virga*"—here Christ was born of the Virgin. A large number of lamps, burning night and day, constantly throw their light on this as the birth-place of the Saviour of mankind. On the right, descending two steps, you pass into another chamber, paved and lined with marble. At one end is a stone block, hollowed out; and this is shown as the manger in which the infant Saviour was laid. Above the altar is a picture representing a stable with horses and cattle; and behind a piece of wicker-work are several lamps constantly burning. Directly opposite, is the altar of the wise men, marking the place where they sat when they offered presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Over this is a picture, representing them in the act of bestowing their gifts. They are all represented as kings, and one of them as an Ethiopian.

While standing in the grotto of the Nativity, several female pilgrims (I took them to be Greeks) entered in the most still and solemn manner. They approached the spot marked as the birth-place, and there kneeled, seemingly engaged in the most ardent devotions. They sobbed and wept like children. This sight, with the sombreness of the whole scene around me, awakened in my own bosom a tenderness of feeling which I shall never forget. Whether I was standing in the very room where the Saviour of man was born, or not, I was standing in Bethlehem, his birth-place. It mattered little to know the very

spot, or to have it pointed out ; I knew he was born there. There the tidings of "peace on earth and good-will to men," had been proclaimed by heavenly messengers. Those very tidings of mercy and love, borne from nation to nation, and echoed from age to age, had sounded in my ears from childhood. I had, for many years, known their sweetness and consolation ; and now, coming like a pilgrim from a far distant land to the birth-place of the divine Redeemer, could I stand in Bethlehem without emotions never to be forgotten ? No—impossible ! The very place where I stood, seemed to me like holy ground.

Tradition says, but on what authority I know not, that grottoes around Bethlehem were anciently used for stables. Hence, tradition has fixed upon a grotto as the place where the Saviour was born. Good old mother Helena, determining the precise spot in the fourth century, fitted up our Lord's birth-place like a palace, and built a church over it. If, indeed, the Son of God was born in a grotto-stable, this may be the one. Whether such kind of stables are now in use in Bethlehem, my short stay did not enable me to determine.

On our way from the grotto of the Nativity, we were shown a large chamber called the School of St. Jerome. Here, it is said, that great saint instructed his catechumens, and wrote his celebrated vulgate version of the Bible. Passing through a door into an adjoining room, the tombs of Jerome and the Roman matron Paula were pointed out. Not far from this is a small chapel, dedicated to Joseph, the husband of Mary. Near the passage is

a vault or pit, into which it is said the murdered innocents were thrown. The entrance to this is guarded by an altar and iron grating ; and over the altar is a coarse picture, representing the massacre of the infants. This pit, with the hand of one of these infants, which was shown us, with some other frivolous things, I sat down for just what they are worth. In returning back, we passed through the Greek chapel of the convent, where a number of monks were instructing a class of children in the catechism of their faith.

Bethlehem is situated on the slope of a hill—is a compact-built town—and has a population of about four thousand. The houses are of stone, substantially built ; and the streets narrow and filthy. It is surrounded by olive and other trees, and has a pleasant appearance at a short distance. There was, formerly, a Mohammedan quarter in it ; but, after the rebellion of 1834, that portion of the town was destroyed by Ibrahim Pacha. Now the population are entirely Christian. The vicinity, though rough and rocky, is said to be fertile ; and it has around it an appearance of thrift not frequently seen in the Holy Land. A valley, which the town overlooks, is represented as the place where the shepherds were tending their flocks by night, when the angels announced to them the birth of the Saviour. And at about half a mile from the town, in a north-easterly direction, is shown the well of David, from which his young men procured him water when he was thirsting.

After making our observations, we returned to the room of the Superior, and found the table spread

with a very good dinner. This was a welcome circumstance on our part, as we had been fasting since early in the morning. On sitting down, we were served by the kind monks in such a liberal manner, as would make a person feel at home. Convents are, indeed, desirable places to travellers in the Holy Land, as they are the only places that furnish anything like tolerable entertainment. The Superior was a man about thirty-five; of an expressive, smiling countenance; and very affable in his manners. He had on a long brown habit, girt round the waist with a braided cord, sandals on his feet, a long beard, and the top of his head shaved. His plain dress, however, was neat; and his whole appearance prepossessing. We saw him afterwards in Jerusalem, and found him the same pleasant, social sort of a man. He spoke Italian. The other monks had a more ordinary appearance.

Having one hour previously sent our men and baggage forward, we concluded to set out and reach Jerusalem that evening, distant about six miles. After presenting the Superior with a suitable compensation, and taking leave, we mounted our horses and returned to the gate by which we had entered the town. Soon we had crossed the valley in a north-easterly direction, and were climbing the mountain on the other side. Giving a last look to the Valley of the Shepherds, soon the interest with which I had regarded Bethlehem, was nearly lost in the more absorbing feeling with which I looked forward to Jerusalem. By our way was the tomb of Rachel. We halted to take a view of this. It is a small stone building, with a whitened dome; and

within it is a tomb in the ordinary Mohammedan form, plastered over with mortar. The Jews make pilgrimages to this place ; and the interior walls are covered with names, many of them in Hebrew.

Passing the convent of Mar Elyas, which stands on the brow of the high ridge overlooking Bethlehem, we soon had our first view of the Holy City. From its high walls and sloping position from us, however, the view was rather imperfect. The dome of the mosque of St. Omer, and some buildings on Mount Zion, showed to better advantage. Long and ardently had I desired to see that hallowed place ; and now with what intensity of feeling did I gaze upon it ! Soon we were cantering our horses across the plain of Rephram, in haste to enter before the gates should be closed. Crossing the valley of Gihon, and winding up the hill on the west side of the city, we entered Jerusalem just as the sun was setting behind the hills of Judea. Two Turkish soldiers stood sentinels at the gate ; and over it, sluggishly hung the Turkish colors of red, bearing the crescent and star. On entering, the first persons we met were about half a dozen lepers, with bloated and ulcerated looks, who importuned us for alms in most piteous strains. They looked, indeed, like objects of commiseration. We were immediately conducted to the Latin convent, the only real asylum for strangers in the Holy City.

CHAPTER XVI.

Description of Jerusalem—Buildings and Streets—Bazars and Manufactories—Dress of the Inhabitants—Convents of the different Sects—Jews—American and English Missions—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Stone of Unction—Description of the Sepulchre—Chapels—Cavalry—Impressions—Monkish Legends—Pool of Hezekiah—Site of the Ancient Temple—Mosque of St. Omer—Remnant of Ancient Wall—The Jews' Place of Wailing.

OF the situation and external appearance of Jerusalem, the reader will form the best idea by supposing himself approaching from the north. At the distance of two miles out, he would stand on a rise of ground, and see before him a broad plain with some slight undulations, but sloping gradually to the south. Beyond this he would see the walls and domes of the Holy City. Advancing a short distance, he would cross the shallow bed of the Kedron, which sweeps round from the north-west. At that place of crossing, the valley of the Kedron is small; but he would see it at his left, bending round to the south-east, and then to the south, deepening as it advances. It passes directly along the east side of the city, separating Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. At that place it has become deep, and is called the valley of Jehosaphat. Passing south half a mile beyond the city, it takes a more easterly direction, and is known as the valley of the Kedron till it terminates at the Dead Sea. Advancing from his first position one mile, he would see at his right hand the shallow basin which forms the beginning of the valley of Gihon and Hinnom, both being but the continuation of the same valley. This valley

takes at first a south-east direction, deepening as it advances. Having become deep, it passes directly along the west side of the city to the lower pool of Gihon, where it takes the name of the valley of Hinnom. From thence it gradually winds round east, and at length unites with the valley of Jehosaphat. Between these two valleys stands the city of Jerusalem.

Within the city is a slight valley, passing from north to south. After advancing outside of the wall, it deepens rapidly, winds off south-east, and unites with the valley of Jehosaphat, leaving a low ridge of land between it and the valley of Hinnom. This is called the Tyropœn, or valley of the Cheesemongers. This valley separated what Josephus calls the upper and lower cities, or that part which was on Mount Zion west, the upper; and that on Mount Moriah east, the lower. This valley within the walls, is slight, and probably is much filled up since the days of Josephus. This, doubtless, is also the case with other valleys then existing; for the ground of the present city is much more level than that of the ancient. The southern wall of the present city runs across Mount Zion, leaving the greatest portion of it outside. Between the valley of Hinnom and the valley of the Cheesemongers, Mount Zion has a prominent appearance, running out southerly to nearly a point. The wall crossing the valley of the Cheesemongers, also crosses Mount Moriah, leaving a point of that range outside, called Ophel. There are other slight undulations within the walls; but these mark all that are very prominent. The west part of the city is considerably higher than the east.

The real shape of Jerusalem is rather difficult to describe, it being neither square nor oblong. The walls on the north and south sides especially, are very crooked; and the distance from the north-east to the south-west corner of the city, is one quarter more than that from the north-west to the south-east. Its entire circumference was measured by Professor Robinson, in 1837, and found to be seventy-four yards less than two miles and a half.

The wall surrounding the city has a stately appearance, constructed of hewn stones, with towers and battlements. The exterior face is carried up higher than the interior part of the wall. This forms a broad, convenient walk for the defenders, while they are guarded in front by a breastwork with loopholes. On the inside there are stairs at convenient distances, to ascend the platform. On the outside, the height of the wall varies much, from the inequality of the ground. In some places it is not more than twenty feet high; while in others it is forty and even fifty. But, notwithstanding its elevation and imposing aspect, it would probably not form a very great obstacle to a well-disciplined besieging army. The number of Turkish troops in garrison while I was there, I did not learn. Their quarters are in the citadel, which is a strong fortress situated near the Bethlehem gate. Two sentinels are always standing at each gate of the city, who seem to take but little notice of any thing that passes out or in.

There are, at present, but four gates to Jerusalem; one at each of its sides. That on the north side is called the Damascus gate; that on the east side, the

gate of St. Stephen ; that on the south side, the Mt. Zion gate ; and that on the west, the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate. These are the names by which the gates are known by Franks, though the natives have others for them. There have been other gates, but they are now walled up.

Those who enter Jerusalem expecting there to see the bustle and show of a European or American city, will be greatly disappointed. They will see no carriage of any kind, and find the streets remarkably still. The houses are of hewn stone, generally high, and not unfrequently large, with flat roofs and domes. Like the houses at Hebron, there are often three and four domes to a house. On account of the scarcity of timber, these are designed as supporters to the otherwise flat roofs. There is generally as much as one of these over every upper room in a house. The streets are narrow, very rudely paved, and generally quite filthy. Many of them are arched over in places, for a considerable distance. These arches give a sombre and gloomy appearance to those portions of the city. The streets generally cross at right angles. The bazars are situated at about the centre of the city, on and near the street running north to the Damascus gate. They are a few narrow lanes, roofed over, with small open shops at each side. These are occupied by merchants and mechanics ; and of the latter, I noticed the greatest number of shoemakers. The bazars were, in general, but poorly supplied. The market is furnished by peasants from neighboring villages, as but little appeared to be growing immediately around Jerusalem. Articles of provision, however,

did not appear to be either scarce or dear. Every article for consumption is brought in, either on the backs of men and women, or on donkeys and horses, even to fuel.

There are but few manufactures in Jerusalem; and it exports nothing except what is carried away by pilgrims. The manufactory of soap is considerable, for which there are several establishments. At the time of Easter, when thousands of pilgrims are in the city, large quantities of perfumed soap are sold to them. The oil of olive is manufactured to considerable extent. A large amount of this article is consumed in lamps, especially in the churches; as well as large quantities of it used in the manufactory of soap. The natives also use much of it in their food. From the abundance of olives raised in the Holy Land, the oil is surprisingly cheap. Leather is tanned to some extent. This is principally of goat-skin; and the shoes made are nearly all of red and yellow morocco. These, too, are sold very low. The chief articles manufactured by the Christians, both at Jerusalem and Bethlehem, are rosaries, crucifixes, models of the Holy Sepulchre, and the like. These are carved of olive-wood, mother-of-pearl, or sometimes in the species of black stone found near the Dead Sea. Some of these are very handsomely executed, and vast numbers of them all are sold to pilgrims.

The dress of the native inhabitants is something similar to that worn in Egypt, except that the females wear more white. When the best class of them walk out, they have a large piece of white cotton stuff thrown over the head, fastened under

the chin, and falling down to the feet. The Arab and Turkish women always wear veils, and yellow morocco boots with long, pointed toes. In the after part of the day, hundreds of these are seen walking in the Moslem burial-grounds around the city. But from the mingled population of Mohammedans, Jews, native Christians, and the large number of pilgrims seen there, Jerusalem presents almost every fashion of dress and every shade of complexion.

The city is divided into different quarters. The main Frank, or Christian quarters are in the north-west part. These include the various convents, churches and residences of the different sects. The Jews' quarters are in the south part, particularly between Mount Zion and the wall of the Mosque of St. Omer. It is the most filthy and wretched portion of the city. The entire population of Jerusalem, at the time I was there, was estimated at about 16,000. Of these about five thousand are Jews, four thousand Christians, and the remainder Mohammedans, chiefly Arabs and Turks. This estimate I received from Mr. Whiting, American Missionary at Jerusalem, and Mr. Nicolayson, English Missionary to the Jews.

Of the native Christians, the Greek Church has the greatest number under its influence ; that is, more than any other sect. They have in Jerusalem eight convents for men, containing in all, about sixty monks. The principal one is directly adjoining the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the roof of the church may be used as a terrace for its inmates. All the others are minor establishments,

chiefly used for the accommodation of pilgrims, and are kept by one or two monks and lay brethren. There are five convents of Greek nuns, containing in all about thirty-five. These, like the monks are all foreigners.

The Latins have but one convent for monks, but it is a very spacious establishment. It covers several acres of ground, has massive walls like a fort, and is every way so constructed as to be capable of making a good defence. It is a community of itself, and has within it provisions for carrying on a variety of work. At present it contains between forty and fifty monks. Most of the European and American travellers take quarters in this convent. We quartered there during our stay in Jerusalem, and were favored with very tolerable accommodations. No definite charge is made for board, but on departing, each person is expected to leave a suitable compensation.

The Armenians have a large monastery on Mount Zion, said to be the wealthiest in the city, with the splendid church of St. James. A short distance from that is a small convent of Armenian nuns. Outside of the walls on Mount Zion, they have what they call the house of Caiaphas, which, besides a church, serves as a convent, and is occupied by monks. Those of the Armenians not attached to the convents, are principally merchants, of whom a few may be reckoned in the population of Jerusalem.

The Copts have a small convent on the north side of the pool of Hezekiah. There is a small convent of the Abyssinians, and also a similar establishment belonging to the Syrians.

The Jews have a large synagogue at the foot of Mount Zion, and whether they have any other my notes do not serve me to say. Most of the Jews in Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine, are of Spanish or Polish origin. Most of the former are descendants of such as were driven out of Spain in the 16th century, and who fled at that time into Palestine; the stock having maintained a precarious existence in the Holy Land ever since. A large proportion of the Jews, however, are those who have come personally from different parts of Asia and Europe, for the purpose of living in the midst of, and at last lying down in the sepulchres of their fathers. At Jerusalem they are a degraded and oppressed people, living for the most part in poverty and filth. I should doubt, from all that I heard, whether there is one real wealthy Jew in Jerusalem. Charities are sent to them from their brethern abroad, and on these they partly subsist. They are generally ignorant, and of the most bigoted class. Of all around them, they are, perhaps, the least accessible by Protestant missionary laborers. Mr. Nicolayson has been a missionary to them for a considerable number of years, appears to be a good and devoted man, but has thus far been enabled to accomplish but little.

An American mission has been established at Jerusalem for a number of years past. With the Rev. Mr. Whiting I formed a pleasing acquaintance. He is a gentleman of talents and piety, but his labors have to encounter a fearful odds of bigotry and prejudice. To the native Christians he can have but very little access, and to the Mohammedans,

comparatively none. Those of the sects residing in Jerusalem are of the most ignorant and bigoted sort, constantly watched and guarded by their numerous priests and monks. The established church of England is now erecting in the Holy City, a costly church, and has already ordained and sent out a bishop of Jerusalem, to the no small jealousy of the other sects there. But what can the bishop of Jerusalem do? Where is the church, or where the communicants of his diocese? He certainly has none now, unless he has imported them with him, and time must determine whether he ever will have. A bishop without subjects is as inefficient as a general without men. The plain fact is, Jerusalem lives on pilgrimages, and is of almost all other places the least accessible by Protestant missionary labors. And yet it would seem that Protestantism should have some representation in the Holy City.

One of the main objects of attraction in Jerusalem is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, situated in the north-west part of the city. It is a vast pile and assumes to cover not only the tomb of our Saviour, but that part of Calvary on which he was crucified. All the different sects of native Christians have places in this church which they call their own; but the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians have the three largest chapels in it. The key of the church is kept by the governor of the city, and is opened only at fixed hours; but at the time of Lent approaching Easter, it will be sure to be open a part of every day. The entrance is from a small court on the east side, where persons will be seen selling crucifixes, beads and other trinkets. When the

door is opened, there is always one or two Turks seated just within, to receive tribute from every pilgrim who enters.

On entering, the individual finds himself in a very extensive room, which is properly the vestibule, or grand entry to every part of the entire building. This apartment is surmounted by a large dome, through which light shines. A few feet directly in front of the entrance is a large, flat marble stone, called the stone of unction: or that on which the body of our Lord is said to have been laid when taken from the cross, to be washed and prepared for the sepulchre. This stone is surmounted by an iron railing, and suspended above it are a number of silver lamps, always kept burning. Every pilgrim, on entering, advances to this stone, and kneeling, kisses it most devoutly. It has been acknowledged, however, by some of the monks, that this is not the true stone of unction, but is simply a covering placed over the genuine one, to protect it from being broken and carried off for relics. A little to the left of this is a small, circular railing, having within it a lamp. This is said to mark the place where the Marys sat, while the body was washed and anointed for the tomb. If the other is really the stone of unction, how was this last spot so exactly identified?

In front of these places is a large open area, surrounded with high, square columns, supporting a gallery above. In the centre of this area, and directly under the dome mentioned before, is a small oblong building about sixteen feet in length, twelve high, circular at the back, but square in front. Within this building is said to be the Holy Sepulchre. The

entrance to the sepulchre is by a low narrow door on the front or north side. The first room is a kind of entry, and may be eight feet square and seven high. In the centre is a square block of marble, cut and polished and set up, not unlike a small seat or stool. This is pointed to as the stone that was rolled back from the door of the sepulchre, on which the angel sat. The Armenian monks, however, say they have the genuine stone in their chapel on Mount Zion. Both assertions are probably worth about the same, as it is not probable that either have the real one. The Greek pilgrim, however, kisses this block of marble as the real stone rolled back from the door of the sepulchre, and on which the angel sat when he announced to the women, "He is not here; he has risen, as he said; come see the place where the Lord lay." There are several lamps burning in this room.

Bending the head considerably lower than before, the visitor enters through a low door into what is called the Sepulchre of our Lord. As a room, it would not exceed seven feet square, were there nothing else in it, and about as many high. Directly to the right of the entrance is a marble sarcophagus, about as high as a common oblong tombstone, and covered over with a thin marble slab. In this, say the monks, the body of our Lord was laid. The sarcophagus occupies about one half of the room, leaving only space enough for three or four to enter at a time. The walls are of a greenish marble, handsomely polished. Directly over the sarcophagus are about forty lamps, some of them rich and beautiful, all of which are kept constantly burning. Let it be kept in mind that all this is in a building above

ground, and standing on the floor of the church. The room through which we passed in going into the sepulchre, has several small holes through the walls, out of which the Greek bishop causes holy fire to issue when he plays off that lying miracle to poor deluded pilgrims. This shameful farce is still performed on Easter.

Around the open space, and immediately contiguous to the sepulchre, are several small recesses with altars for the Abyssinians, Jacobites, Nestorians, Syrians, Copts, and Maronites, who have not, like the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, large chapels in the body of the church. To the west, about in range with the front part of the sepulchre, is an opening or room, forming a small chapel. On one side is a gallery containing a very good organ, and the whole place has a very neat appearance. This is called the Chapel of the Apparition, marking the place where Christ appeared to Mary after his resurrection. Returning again to the sepulchre, and taking a north-east direction, along the wall on the left hand side, are a number of small recesses with altars, marking certain holy places. One marks the place where the soldier who pierced the Saviour with a spear when hanging on the cross, returned and wept over his transgression. This is something not named in the sacred account. Another marks the place where the centurion stood, when he cried out, "This is the Son of God." Another marks the place where the Saviour was crowned with thorns; and under the altar is the stone on which he sat. Another stands where the soldiers cast lots for his garments. Near this is the Chapel of the Cross. Descending twenty-

eight marble steps, the visitor enters a large, low room, of about forty feet square, dimly lighted with a few small lamps. The roof is supported by four large columns. In front of the steps is an altar, on the right of which is the seat on which it is said the Empress Helena sat while the workmen were digging to find the cross; she having been warned of the place in a dream. Descending again fourteen steps, another room is entered but dimly lighted and hung with red tapestry. A large marble slab, having on it the figure of the cross covers the pit in which it is said the cross was found.

But the story of finding the cross, is a strange monkish legend. The Empress Helena had dreamed where it was to be found, covered up deep under rubbish. Workmen were employed to make the search, and she sat watching them with intense interest while they were digging. Three crosses were dug up near together; but the question now to be settled was, to which one had our Lord been nailed? Helena was not more zealous in hunting for places and things, than fertile in expedients to identify them. A sick child was brought and laid on all three of the crosses, and strange to tell, when it touched a certain one, it was made instantly well! This, of course, was proof enough of the true cross. In the same search, I think it was, the empress also found *Adam's skull*! which rolled out of the rent made in the rock by the earthquake! There is now in the church a large monument over the skull of Adam, and a monk pointed us to it with all the gravity imaginable.

At the termination of the row of recesses I have

named, the visitor arrives at the foot of Calvary. Here he ascends a marble staircase of eighteen steps, which brings him on the top of Calvary; or in other words, into a chapel about twenty feet square, said to cover the place where our Lord was crucified. It is paved with marble in mosaic, and hung on all sides with silken tapestry. At the west end of this room is an altar, over which several lamps were faintly burning. From the right of this, extending a space eastward, hung a strip of red tapestry. The right hand of this marks the place where our Lord was nailed to the cross. Directly in front of the altar are three holes in the rock, each covered with a silver plate with holes through them. The centre hole was considerably in advance of the other two. These, it is said, are the holes where the three crosses were set. The visitor is simply permitted to advance and put his hand into the holes. To the right of these, near by, is a rent shown in the rock, said to be caused by the crucifixion. This is all that is to be seen on Calvary.

Descending again to the great vestibule of the church, the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus were shown us, and also the stone to which the Saviour was tied when scourged before Pilate; with some other things very uncertain and improbable. The reader, no doubt, is convinced that all those objects are enough to be concentrated under one roof.

The Greek department, or chapel, is the best in the establishment. It is neatly fitted up with costly gildings, and has some pretty good paintings. In the middle of it I noticed a kind of pillar on the top of which was marked "*the centre of the world.*"

What wise heads it must have taken, and what immense labor of computation and calculation to arrive at this fact! The centre of the world in the middle of a Greek chapel in Jerusalem!! Why this turns Capt. Symmes's philosophy all out of doors, besides blowing up Copernicus, Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton! What a marvellous discovery!

During my stay in Jerusalem, I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre several times. I witnessed the procession of the Latin monks, dressed in their white robes, with burning tapers in their hands, passing round the church, stopping at each pretended holy place, and there chanting hymns and saying prayers. But to me the ceremonies were empty, unmeaning, and destitute of those enlivening devotions which pure spiritual Christianity infuses. I envied not the faith of those who could believe the places there pointed out to be as holy as represented. When I ascended what they call Calvary, to me it bore no resemblance to the Golgotha of Scripture. When I entered the pretended sepulchre, I could but exclaim, "surely, this is not the place where the Lord lay." Every thing around those pretended scenes indicated error and delusion. I felt chagrined when I looked upon the deception and chicanery that ignorant monks were there playing off upon the more ignorant multitude of deluded pilgrims flocking around them. I always passed out of the church of the Holy Sepulchre with feelings of disappointment, bordering on disgust. Calvary and the Saviour's Tomb are things too holy to be made the subjects of trickery and deception. Better had they been utterly locked up by Moslem

power, and been rendered forever inaccessible to Christian feet, than that their names should be affixed to spots in no way identifying them.

We know from Scripture that our Lord was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem. From the location now shown as Calvary and the Tomb, they could not have been without the walls of the ancient city. They are some distance within the walls now and must have been then. I had indulged some faint hope, notwithstanding all I had read on the subject, that on visiting Jerusalem, I should be enabled to satisfy myself of the location of Calvary, if not of the Tomb. But this I found impossible. We are unable to learn from Scripture, on what side of the city Calvary was situated. We know not in what direction they took the Saviour to crucify him. The most natural conclusion would be, that the place was near a great road leading from one of the gates. Such a spot would only be found on the western or northern side of the city, on the roads leading towards Joppa or Damascus. Probably Calvary is one of the small eminences either to the north or north-west of Jerusalem, as there are, near by, several such in those directions.

The street called the Via Dolorosa, extends eastward from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the gate of St. Stephen. On this street monkish tradition has concentrated nearly all the scenes connected with the crucifixion; and their legends embody much more than is recorded by the Evangelists. On this street they point the stranger to Pilate's palace, now occupied by the present governor of Jerusalem, the place where the Saviour was accused

and condemned to be crucified. Along this street they say he bore his cross. Here one may see, if he pleases, the place where the Saviour, fainting under his burden, leaned against the wall of a house; and the impression of his shoulder remains unto this day. Another place is shown where he fainted and fell down, and Simon, the Cyrenean, was made to take the cross. On this street, too, are shown the houses of the rich man and Lazarus, in the parable. One would judge from present appearances, that the beggar was as well lodged as his wealthy neighbor. But enough of these monkish fables.

A reservoir called the Pool of Hezekiah, is situated a short distance south-west from the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and bears the marks of antiquity. Its length is said to be 240 feet, and its breadth 144. Its depth may, perhaps, be ten or twelve feet. The bottom is of rock, and covered with cement. There are also steps on the west side to descend into it. It is supplied with water in the rainy season, by an aqueduct from the upper Pool of Gihon, and when I saw it, it was about half full. Of king Hezekiah, it is recorded that he "made a pool and conduit, and brought water into the city." Likewise, that "he stopped the upper watering course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David."

A short distance south-west of the gate of St. Stephen, is a very large and deep pool or trench, which the monks have been in the habit of pointing to as the Pool of Bethesda. Several travellers have supposed that at the south-west corner of this excavation, they could discern two of the five ancient

porches. I am convinced that such supposition is a mistaken one ; that this is not, and never was, the Pool of Bethesda. I agree with Professor Robinson, that this pretended pool was only a trench, or fosse to the ancient tower of Antonius, which, according to the description given by Josephus, must have stood in that vicinity. This trench had once, no doubt, the means of being filled with water, but it is now dry, and according to good authority, has been for two centuries. I am, however, inclined to think that we found the Pool of Bethesda, of which I shall speak hereafter.

The site of the ancient temple is now occupied by the Mohammedan mosque of Omer. Of the identity of the place, there can be no reasonable doubt. It is on the summit of Moriah, in the east part of Jerusalem, and is surrounded by a high, massive wall, of which the wall of the city constitutes the east part. The wall surrounding the mosque, encloses an area of more than ten acres, which, as far as I could discern, was level and smooth. The gate of entrance is on the west side, which all Christians are forbidden to pass. On arriving at the gate, however, and not seeing it guarded, we had the presumption to pass a few feet through it. Soon there was an uproar. A party of priests, familiars, and I know not who, (there was a large negro among them,) advanced towards us with clubs, hallooming, and motioning for us to go out. Approaching near to us, we were soon made to know that we were not safe to remain, and consequently made a rather abrupt retreat through the gate. Shame on Mohammedanism and its ignorant

barbarian minions, that a Christian must be insulted, and even his life threatened, if he advances to take a near view of the hallowed spot on which once stood the temple of the Most High. But so it is; "Jerusalem is trodden down by the Gentiles," and will be "till the time of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." We, however, had a near view of the mosque of St. Omer. It is, indeed, a beautiful edifice; large, high, well proportioned, and surmounted by a splendid dome. The whole building appeared to be covered with green enamel, (a most sacred color among Moslems,) which gives it a beautiful lustre. But what is this compared with the beautiful temple that once adorned that hallowed spot? That dazzling edifice, once "the joy of the whole earth," is now utterly swept away, and even its sacred site is desecrated by a temple of the Arabian imposture. Once the sacred temple was the gathering place of the people of God. Now its substitute is the resort of Mohammedan pilgrims, and the "Koran or the sword," is the threatened mandate to any Christian who dares to enter it.

Near the south-west angle of the wall that surrounds the mosque, is evidently the lower part of an ancient arch. It now constitutes a portion of the wall, but is wholly unlike the wall with which it is embodied. The stones are exceedingly large, and are so laid as to mark the lower part of the arch to a bridge, or something else. My conclusion is, that they belonged to an ancient bridge, which Josephus informs us Solomon constructed over the valley of the Chese mongers, extending from the wall of the Temple to the Xystus on Zion. If any remnant of

wall once connected with the Temple is now to be found, this is probably all that remains.

Near this is the place where the Jews purchase the right of approaching the site of their temple, and there to pray and wail over its ruins and the downfall of their nation. It is approached by a narrow, crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a small open space. For centuries the despised and down-trodden children of Abraham have repaired to this consecrated spot, to mourn over their ruined temple and scattered people. It is known as "*the Jews' place of wailing.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

Place of St. Stephen's Martyrdom—Tomb of Joseph and Mary—Garden of Gethsemane—Mount of Olives—Chapel of Ascension—Hebrew Cemetery—Four large Tombs—Village of Siloam—Fountain of the Virgin, or Pool of Bethesda—Pool of Siloam—House of Caiaphas—Tomb of David—Burial Grounds—Lepers—Pools of Gihon—Valley of Hinnom—Potter's Field—Well of Nehemiah—Tombs of the Kings—Wilderness of St. John—Convent of the Cross—Valley of Rephaim—Valley of Elah.

EARLY on the morning of the 6th of February, we concluded to make an excursion outside the walls. Having procured a guide, we passed out at the gate of St. Stephen, on the east side. Just to the right of the gate, on the edge of Moriah, is a Moslem burial-ground, with a large number of monuments. This is their most sacred burial-place at Jerusalem, it being near the mosque of St. Omer. Beyond this, and close by the path, is a small ledge of table-rock. This is pointed to as the place where Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was stoned to death. It is a wonder that the practice of erecting churches

on almost every sacred site, has not fixed one here. No monument marks the place, and all depends on mere vague tradition.

The path winds in a zig-zag manner down into the valley of Jehosaphat to a low stone bridge, that crosses the bed of the Kedron, which was wholly dry. It bears marks of sometimes having considerable water in it, but probably this is only at rainy seasons. No water was running in it while we were at Jerusalem. Directly after passing over the stone bridge just named, we came to the tomb of Joseph and Mary. A small part of the building shows on the top of the ground, but the greatest portion is below. We descended a broad flight of stone steps, which brought us to a large marble door, opening into a subterranean church, excavated in the solid rock. From this, passing another flight of long stone steps, nearly fifty in number, we entered the principal chamber of the establishment. On the right, in a large recess, is the tomb of the Virgin. Over this is an altar, and suspended over that is a picture representing her death-bed, with the Son of God attending by her side, to comfort her and receive her dying blessing. This, to be sure, is a tender domestic relation, but in this case very inappropriate, when applied to the Virgin and the Holy Son of God. There is a splendid display of lamps and other ornaments in this building; and it is, finally, one of the neatest establishments I visited in Jerusalem. There is, however, not the least probability of its being the real tomb of those whose names it bears, for there is good historical evidence that Mary, at least, died at Ephesus.

A few rods beyond this tomb, the road separates at nearly a right angle; one path going down the valley, and the other extending east, up to the Mount of Olives. Directly within this angle of roads, and at the very foot of the Mount of Olives, is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a level plot of ground, nearly square, and surrounded by a rough, broken stone wall. According to my survey, I found it forty-seven paces one way, and forty-three the other. The ground looked sterile, covered with small pebbles, and nothing was growing in it except eight large olive-trees, which bore a very aged appearance. There is nothing peculiar in it to mark the place, and a person might pass repeatedly by Gethsemane without supposing this to be the consecrated spot of our Saviour's agony. But while standing within the rude enclosure, I could see evidence of the true location—it must be the place. Without paying much heed to our guide's story of the precise place where the disciples were found sleeping, or the exact spot where our Saviour was when he prayed and "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground," or under which olive-tree it was that he was betrayed into the hands of the guard; my mind was absorbed with the thought, Am I standing in Gethsemane? The very thought was overwhelming! I gave free vent to the tender emotions of my soul! During my stay in Jerusalem, I visited repeatedly this retired spot. One day alone, I seated myself under one of the olive-trees in the Garden. All was silent around me. High above me were the towering walls of the Holy City. Through them seemed to penetrate no sound of human life. The

place was almost like the lonely desert. I gave myself up to reflection. Here, near me, occurred the awful scene of "agony and bloody sweat," on the night in which the Redeemer of man was betrayed. Here Heaven itself was touched with suffering and sympathy for a lost and ruined world. Here, in submission, the Saviour prayed, "O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink of it, thy will be done!" My mind was absorbed in feelings and reflections which I shall never forget. I felt, indeed, that I was surrounded by associations of the most hallowed character.

From the Garden a path leads directly eastward up the Mount of Olives. The sides and summit of the mountain are spotted with olive-trees, though, perhaps, not so thickly as in ancient times. They are still said, however, to flourish spontaneously. The Mount consists properly of four ranges of different altitudes. About half-way up, a ruined monastery is said by the Monks to mark the spot where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem and uttered the prediction of its awful destruction. From this place, the building of the temple must have shown in beautiful prospect, as the mosque of St. Omer is here seen to good advantage. From the summit, the roof of about every building in the city may be seen.

On the top of the mountain is a wretched, filthy Arab village, in which is a small chapel, erected, it is said, over the spot from which the Saviour ascended. The ignorant pilgrims believe, too, that the print of his foot was left in the rock from whence he

ascended, and may there be seen unto this day. It is shown by the monks, in the centre of the church, with all the lying gravity that pious fraud can assume. We know, however, that this is not the place of our Lord's ascension. Luke expressly tells us, that "he led his disciples out as far as Bethany, and there was carried up into heaven."—LUKE, xxiv. 51. Not far from the Church of Ascension, is a low, stone building, called by our guide, "the Tomb of the Forty Prophets." In it are several monuments, which have, indeed, a very ancient appearance.

We returned down the Mount by a more southern path, which led us to the large Jewish cemetery in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or partly on the western slope of the Mount of Olives. This is, indeed, a spacious field of the dead. To appearance, nearly every grave is covered with a flat marble or granite slab, bearing a brief inscription in Hebrew. Here, nearly opposite their ruined temple, many wanderers of that remarkable race come to mingle their bones with that of their fathers. They expect their Messiah will stand upon the Mount of Olives, the mountain shall cleave asunder, Israel shall rise from beneath it, and all nations be judged in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

On the west side of this cemetery are four tombs of peculiar construction, generally known as the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, James, and the prophet Zachariah. The tomb of Absalom is hewn out of the solid rock, and presents the appearance of a building twenty-four feet square. It is ornamented with two columns and two half columns on a side, of the Ionic order, with pilasters at the cor-

ners. On different parts of it are several sculptured ornaments. The upper part is constructed of masonry, but put together in the nicest manner. On the top is a small dome or cupola, running up like a low spire, and spreading a little at the top, like an opening flower. The entire structure would probably measure forty feet in height. The interior exhibits a room of considerable size, into which a hole has been broken through one of the sides. It, however, contains nothing. Around it is a very considerable ridge of small pebbles, caused by both Jews and Mohammedans throwing stones at this tomb as they pass, in token of their contempt to the memory of the rebellious son of David.

Nearly in rear of this is the tomb of Jehosephat, "the king of Judah, who walked in the ways of the Lord." It is wholly subterranean—is excavated in the solid rock—and its door is the only ornament. It was open—water was trickling from its walls—and the interior appeared to be nearly filled with sand and crumbling stones. It has a few sculptured ornaments round the door, and presents nothing more, worthy of note.

Just south of Absalom's, is the tomb of James, but elevated considerably higher in the rock. It has a relief portico of four columns in front, and an entrance on the side. This tomb stands at the mouth of an excavated cavern, which is said to be of large dimensions. Tradition says the apostle James retired to this cavern during the interval between the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. Now, his tomb is placed there.

Next south stands the tomb of Zachariah, the pro-

phet, who was "slain between the temple and the altar." It is in square form, about twenty feet on a side; the rock having been cut away so as to form a passage round it. Its height is about eighteen or twenty feet, without any known entrance. Each side is decorated with two columns and two half columns; and around the cornice is sculptured ornamental work. In relation to all these four tombs, it is uncertain to what age they belong, or whether they were ever designed for the persons whose names they bear. Many think the style of architecture precludes the supposition that they are of Jewish workmanship.

A few rods to the south of these tombs is the small ruined village of Siloam. It is scarcely anything else than ruins, and miserable stone hovels. Many of these are built over caves or excavated sepulchres; and many sepulchres, without any addition, are used for dwellings. A few miserable Arab families maintain a wretched subsistence among these ruins. There are a large number of open sepulchres in the vicinity. Directly back of these ruins is the eminence called the "Mount of Offence," in allusion to the idolatrous worship set up by Solomon "in the hill that is before Jerusalem." 1 KINGS, xi. 7, 8.

A little higher up the valley of Jehoshaphat, and on the west side, is situated what is called "the Fountain of the Virgin." The cavity of this fountain is deep; and the passage of descent to it appears to have been cut westward through the solid rock. The visitor descends sixteen long stone steps, which brings him to a level place of about ten or twelve feet. He then descends ten steps more, which brings

him to the water. The fountain is supposed to be some ten or fifteen feet lower than the actual bed of the Kedron. The basin of the fountain at the foot of the steps may be fifteen feet long, five or six wide, and four or five deep. The bottom is strewn with small pebbles, and the water flows off by a low passage southward. This flow is through an excavated passage in the rock, to the fountain of Siloam, which I shall notice presently. At the time of our first visit to this fountain, a small Arab girl came with her pitcher to get water. We drank of it, found it clear, not very cold, and a little brackish.

I had read in Professor Robinson's Researches of the occasional irregular flow, sudden rise, and occasional rumbling commotion seen in this fountain. I did not expect to be so fortunate as to witness it myself; but while I was standing on the lower step, looking in the water, I suddenly perceived it was rising; and soon I was obliged to step higher to keep my feet from being wet. The water appeared in some commotion, bubbling in different places, and making a gurgling noise as it passed off. In a few minutes all was over, and the water settled back again to the usual depth. I can but believe, with Professor Robinson, that this fountain is the real Pool of Bethesda. The Sheep Gate appears to have been near the Temple; and the wall of the ancient city probably ran along this valley. May not that gate have stood near this place; and may not this fountain be the real Bethesda?

Of the real cause of this "troubling of the waters" the natives can give no reasonable account. They

say that "a great dragon lies within the fountain: when he is awake, he stops the water; when he sleeps, it flows." "In the account of the Pool of Bethesda, situated near the Sheep Gate," says Professor Robinson, "we are told 'an angel went down at a certain season and troubled the water,' and then, whosoever first stepped in was made whole. JOHN, v. 2—7. There seems to have been here no special medical virtue in the water itself; but only he who first stepped in after the troubling, was healed. Does not this 'troubling' of the water look like the irregular flow of the fountain just described?"

Passing down the western side of the valley to an old mulberry tree, which is said to mark the place where the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder, we turned up the valley of the Cheesemongers, and in a few minutes were standing by the Pool of Siloam. This stands in an open space on the south side of the hill Ophel. It is a small stone reservoir, but of considerable depth, with two flights of stone steps by which to enter it. This is fed from a basin above, which is excavated in the rock; and that is filled from the Fountain of the Virgin, which flows through a subterranean pass to the Pool of Siloam. A small stream flows off from this pool towards the bed of the Kedron, but soon disappears among the dry sand and pebbles. There are several small gardens in the vicinity, which are irrigated from this fountain; and in them, things appeared to be flourishing, though early in February. This is the pool in which our Lord directed the blind man to go and wash. JOHN, ix. Of its real identity I believe there

is no dispute. I drank of its water, and found it precisely the same as that of the Fountain of the Virgin.

Passing up the valley of the Cheesemongers, we were soon standing on that part of Mount Zion which is without the walls. There are a number of scattering buildings situated here, among which two or three are worthy of notice. Here stands an Armenian convent, enclosing a small church, which is said to occupy the place where stood the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest. We were conducted through it. Here, in a small court, are to be seen the monuments covering the graves of the Armenian Patriarchs of Jerusalem. Under the altar of the church they profess to show the very stone that closed the door of the Holy Sepulchre. They pretend, also, to show the prison of our Lord, or the place in which he was put when brought before Caiaphas. And they even tell the spot where Peter denied his Master, and the court where the cock crew. The church has a rich and splendid appearance.

A short distance south of this is a large stone building, said to cover the tomb of King David. To gain admittance, we had to pay two piastres each to the Turkish keeper. We were then conducted into a large room, which is said to be directly over the tomb of David; but were strictly prohibited going down to the tomb. No Christian must be allowed that privilege. Directly above this is the "upper room" in which our Lord is said to have instituted his Supper on the night in which he was betrayed. It is a large, dreary-looking chamber, about fifty feet

long, and thirty wide. This whole building has an antique appearance. There is good evidence that it was used as a Christian church at an early day; and tradition says it was here the disciples were gathered together on the day of Pentecost. Not far from this, the monks point out the house of the Apostle John; but we had so little faith in what they told that we did not enter it.

On Mount Zion are several burial grounds, belonging to different sects of Christians. The first is that of the Armenians; south of this is that of the Greeks; and more to the eastward that of the Latins. In all of them the only mark of graves is a flat stone laid upon them, with an inscription. The missionaries have also purchased, near by, a small plot of ground for a Protestant cemetery. It is walled around, and has a door with a lock.

Passing into the city at the Mount Zion gate, we noticed, a little to our right, some miserable-looking hovels, inhabited by leprous persons. I frequently saw persons of this class in Jerusalem and other parts of the Holy Land. Their countenances are red and bloated; their eyes bloodshot; and their voices dry and husky. They exhibit sores; and I saw some whose fingers had fallen off the hand, and others partly. Their children are said to be healthy till they arrive at the age of puberty, when the fatal disease begins to make its appearance. They may live to the age of forty, or more; but drag out a miserable existence. They intermarry with each other, only; and appear to live principally by begging.

Early on the morning of the 7th of February, we

concluded to make a general examination of the Valley of Hinnom. Passing out at the Bethlehem gate on the west, and winding round the northerly side of the valley, we soon arrived at the Upper Pool of Gihon, situated westerly, about fifty rods from the north-west angle of the city wall. It was by the side of this pool that Zadoc, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, anointed Solomon king over Israel. "And they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, God save King Solomon." 1 KINGS, i. 39. The sides of this pool are constructed of hewn stones and cement, with steps at the corners to descend into it. It is over 300 feet long, and over 200 broad. The depth is 18 feet. It was about half full of water. Near this pool is a spacious Mohammedan burial ground, in which are many monuments, once splendid, but a portion of them are now fast going to decay. On this side of the city is spread out the large plain of Rephaim, which, though fertile to appearance, is very little cultivated.

Following down the valley, we soon came to the Lower Pool of Gihon. This is situated about opposite the south-west angle of the city wall. This pool is considerably larger and deeper than the upper one. A road crosses on the causeway at the south end. Along this, fountains have been erected by the Moslems, which were probably once fed by the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon, which passes near by. They were wholly dry.

Below this pool the valley takes the name of Hinnom, or more fully, "The Valley of the Son of Hinnom." This valley is of abominable notoriety in Jewish sacred history, where they practised the

horrid rites of Baal and Moloch, and "burned their sons and daughters in fire." Below the pool last named, the valley winds easterly, till, turning round the south end of Mount Zion, it assumes an east course. There are a considerable number of olive trees growing in it; and I saw, in one place, apricot trees in full bloom. Several spots in it were under cultivation. The south side of the valley is an almost perpendicular ledge, of from twenty to forty feet high. This face of the hill is perforated with sepulchres the whole length of the way. Some of them are neatly wrought and highly garnished; but all appeared to be open and rifled of their contents—at least so it was with all that we entered, and we examined a considerable number.

Pursuing our course onward, we came to the Potter's Field, bought with the thirty pieces of silver. This is situated on the south side of Hinnom, near its junction with Jehoshaphat. The visitor has to climb up the ledge by means of rude stairs cut in the rock. The field is not marked by any boundary; but is merely a level plot of some two acres. There are no marks of graves in it; though it has probably been used as a burial place for the poor, from the time it was purchased. It contains a large, stone-built charnel house, now in rather a ruinous condition. This covers a deep pit, which is about the size of the building. An opening at each end, enabled us to look in. On the bottom of the pit, which might be thirty feet deep, were a considerable number of skulls, other bones, and several nearly entire skeletons in a state of decay. There was no appearance of any body having been

thrown in very recently. But the custom long has been, when a poor individual died at Jerusalem, without friends or money, the body was thrown into this pit, and there left to rot in the open air. The scene was deeply revolting, and of course did not invite a lengthy stay.

In the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a little below the entrance of the Hinnom, is what is called the Well of Nehemiah or Job. It is walled up with large hewn stones, in an irregular square form, with an arch at one side, and is said to be 125 feet deep. There is a rude stone building over it, furnished with two large stone baths. The water is sweet, but not very cold. It is most probable that this well is the En-Rogel mentioned in JOSHUA, xv. 7, 8. It has the appearance of great antiquity. In that part of the valley are a considerable number of olive trees; and just north are some gardens, rather poorly cultivated. These are known by the name of the King's Gardens.

At about eighty rods north-east of the Damascus gate, is what the monks call the Grotto of Jeremiah. It is situated in a round, isolated, rocky hill, the top of which is occupied as a Mohammedan burial ground. Jeremiah is said to have composed his book of Lamentations in this grotto. It was closed up, and we were unable to enter it. Less than half a mile further north, are situated what are called the Tombs of the Kings. These are constructed in a ledge of soft limestone rock. To form an entrance to the tombs, a large square court is cut down in the solid rock, in front of them. On the side of the tombs is an open portico, facing the

court, the top part of which is sculptured in neat style. The entrance was nearly choked up; and not having with us the means of making light, we did not enter these sepulchres. On the plain between this place and the city, are vast piles of refuse stones, which probably had been carried out in clearing away the rubbish of the former city. The whole plain is sprinkled with olive trees, and small sections of it are cultivated.

On the 9th of February, accompanied by Mr. B., I went out at the Bethlehem gate, and crossed the plain of Rephaim, south-westwardly. We advanced far enough to take a view of what is called the Wilderness of St. John, or, in other words, the place of John's nativity, and where it is said the forerunner of our Lord commenced preaching. A convent is built over the spot where the monks say he was born. That region is well cultivated, and has a pretty appearance. We only approached near enough to take a distant view of it.

Turning north, we came to the convent of the Holy Cross. This is built, as the monks say, over the spot where the tree grew out of which the cross was made. What vain and empty legendary! Advancing beyond this, we crossed the valley of Rephaim, where David twice discomfited the Philistines in two pitched battles. 2 SAMUEL, v. Before us, at a distance, crowning the top of a high hill, were the ruins of the palace and the burial place of the warlike Maccabees. In the distance, the whole bears the appearance of a fortress. Continuing north-west, we at length arrived at the valley of Elah, where the youthful David slew the great

Goliath of Gath. It was the very spot where the scene so graphically recorded in Scripture, might have been acted. "And the Philistines stood on a mountain, on one side, and Israel stood on a mountain, on the other side; and there was a valley between them." On each side of us was a mountain; and we stood in the valley. The small brook was still there, out of which the stripling David gathered the five smooth stones. The monks, however, say they have never been able to find the stone with which David killed Goliath. * What a wonder! Making our way from this to the Joppa road, we returned again to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Excursion to the Dead Sea—Valley of Kedron—Convent of Santa Saba—Church—Tomb of St. Saba—Human Skulls—The Dead Sea—Buoyancy of its Waters—Description—Story of Costigan—Arab Horsemanship and Manœuvres—River Jordan—Greek Pilgrims—Jericho Destroyed—Fountain of Elisha—Mount of Temptation—An Arab Dance—Ruins of Ancient Jericho—A Desolate Region—A Chase after Wild Boars—Village of Bethany—Return to Jerusalem.

WHILE at Jerusalem, Captain Edmonson and lady, accompanied by two other officers of the British navy, arrived. They had all ridden on horseback from Caipha, by the way of Nazareth and Nablous; and, on their arrival at Jerusalem late at night, Mrs. E. was pretty much exhausted. We were just making preparations for an excursion to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. They were desirous to accompany us; and to give the lady time to recruit her strength, we postponed our journey two days.

Since the Holy Land has been wrested from the government of Mehemet Ali, a lawless state of anarchy and misrule has pervaded many parts of it. Under his government, robberies were becoming rare; but now they have become, as in former times, frequent and daring. No section is worse than that lying between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. Just before our arrival at Jerusalem, four Austrians had set out to visit the Dead Sea and the Jordan; but not being properly guarded, on their way a party of Arabs came upon them, and robbed and stripped them. They returned to Jerusalem, almost naked. For our security, we were advised to take with us a strong guard; and, accordingly, two Arab sheiks, with about twenty of their men, were employed to accompany us.

There are two routes from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea—one directly across the Mount of Olives, by Bethany; and the other by way of the convent of Santa Saba, farther south. We finally concluded to go one way, and return the other.

At about noon on the 10th of February, we set out, accompanied by the English party and the Rev. Mr. Walcott, of Beyroot, who was at that time in Jerusalem. Our own company, with the Arab escort, amounted in all to over thirty. Going out by the Bethlehem gate we passed down the valley of Hinnom to that of Jehoshaphat, and thence pursued our course directly along the bed of the Kedron, which I have before stated was entirely dry. The distance from Jerusalem to Santa Saba, where we designed to lodge that night, is about three hours' ride. There is not a human habitation

on the whole way, except in one place we saw a small encampment of Bedoin Arabs. Most of the way the valley is narrow, and the banks on both sides, high. Occasionally other valleys intersect that of the Kedron, all of which are narrow, steep, and rocky. In several places there are olive groves; and, occasionally, apricot and fig trees are seen. The former were in full blossom. Numerous excavations in the rock are seen along the whole distance, probably designed for sepulchres.

About thirty minutes before reaching the convent, the banks of the Kedron assume a perpendicular face to the height of one hundred feet, and the road rises above them. The whole scenery here becomes wild and grand. These cliffs are perforated with artificial grottoes, once the abodes of thousands of hermits, who centuries ago, dwelt in the clefts of the rock around the convent of Santa Saba. In a few minutes we were dismounted at the walls of the convent and very hospitably received by a good-natured, smiling brotherhood of Greek monks. The rules of this convent exclude ladies as guests. There is, however, a separate building outside the walls, in which ladies are entertained; and in that Capt. Edmondson and wife took lodgings for the night. When this lady was refused admission into the convent, I could easily perceive by her countenance, that she felt a little of the spirit of a woman. She, however, seemed to possess an admirable command of her temper, and soon after, I saw her seated on the roof of her quarters, with pencil in hand, sketching the convent and surrounding scenery.

The convent of Santa Saba stands on the west

bank of the Kedron, and directly in the mouth of another steep valley coming in from the west. It is a large, massive pile, exceedingly high, and surmounted on the west side by a tower, which rises almost to the height of the mountains around. One of our first enterprises was to ascend to the top of the tower, which, in the experiment, we found to be no ordinary task. On arriving at the top of the last flight of steps, we came to a door, at which our guide knocked. It was unlocked by an aged father, who bore a very smiling countenance. This old man occupied a room at this vast height, and constantly lived there. I saw in his room several muskets. The scenery as spread out from the top of this tower, is some of the most wild and rugged in nature.

After descending, we went into the church. The monks were just concluding a religious service, it being the festival of Saint somebody, I forget who. The church is small, and is splendidly decorated with gildings, and set off with a vast number of miserable flat staring pictures; many of them the likenesses of saints of whom I had never heard before. Directly west of the church is the tomb of St. Saba, the founder of this convent, in the fourth century. It is decorated with many paintings, and continually illuminated with burning lamps. Nearly under the church is another chapel dedicated to John of Damascus, who formerly lived there. It appeared to have been cut down in the solid rock. Behind a grating, in a room adjoining this, was an enormous pile of skulls. The monks say they are the skulls of fourteen thousand hermits who dwelt

in the neighboring grottoes, and were murdered by the Arabs in the 7th century. It would be impossible for me to judge the number with any thing like accuracy, but from the immense heap, it must contain several thousands.

The room assigned us was neat and comfortable, and the provisions furnished, together with some we had brought, made us an excellent meal. In this convent, like the one at Mount Sinai, no meat is furnished to visitors. They have, however, excellent bread, with eggs, butter, and coffee. Just before sunset, while standing on the convent-green, I noticed a jackal lazily climbing up the opposite bank, and almost within gunshot.

After an early breakfast on the following morning, we took leave of the convent of San Saba, and were soon on our way to the Dead Sea. We were joined by some twelve or fourteen Greek pilgrims, which increased our cavalcade to over forty. The distance is about four hours' ride, over a broken and most desolate region. Part of the plain of Jericho was open to our view for some distance before our final descent to it. In different places, along valleys leading to the plain, we saw clusters of Bedoin black tents, with flocks of goats, sheep, and camels. The Arabs bordering the Dead Sea have a wild and savage appearance. At several places on the mountains, I saw pieces of lava strewed about. Evidently the region has once been volcanic.

The first view we had of the Dead Sea, presented it far below us. Our descent to the plain of Jericho was rapid, and in some places, almost precipitous. The valley of the Kedron lay at our left, forming a

deep, rocky ravine. We followed its course nearly to the Dead Sea. The plain bordering the sea has a dry, pebbly surface, with but little vegetation. True, near the shore, we saw a few clumps of small, dwarf bushes, and in one place, a small canebrake, but the borders of the Dead Sea have a rather lifeless and barren aspect. This, however, has been over-painted by many writers. That part of the plain of Jericho which borders the head of the Dead Sea, and about two miles of its western shore, is the poorest part that I saw of it—has less vegetation and shrubbery; but there is a portion of both. Around the head of the sea, where the river Jordan empties into it, we could see portions of shrubbery and high coarse grass. The mountains along the east shore have a naked, barren, and dark appearance; and to the south of us, the mountains on the west side have the same wild and desolate aspect. To appearance, not a tree, shrub, or blade of grass was growing on any of them. A strange, wild, lonely aspect seemed to brood over the whole scene.

My view of "Sodom's Sea" was, of course, only a cursory one, being not to exceed two hours by its side. I had seen it in the distance from the lofty summit of Mount Hor, in the land of Idumea, but now standing on its sterile brink, I cast a look over its dark mysterious waters, with an interest I shall not attempt to describe. Here it lay as in a caldron of rock, stretching from north to south, farther than vision could travel. A south wind was blowing at the time, and the waves were gently breaking a few feet from me. The wind caused a slight motion on its surface, though some have written that

the wind produces no motion on it whatever. The shore was a clear gravel, the descent into the lake was gradual, and the water looked clear and transparent. I had read much of the strong buoyancy of these waters, and felt an irresistible impulse to make the experiment by taking a bath. Walking down the shore a quarter of a mile, I stripped and went into the sea. I had scarcely waded waist-deep before I found myself on the point of floating in a perpendicular position. I commenced swimming, and found there is much truth in the saying that it requires an effort to keep the feet and legs under, when lying face downward. I turned upon my back and found myself lying with all the ease I could upon a bed. It required no effort to float upon the surface. I then raised both arms and legs out of water and found I still floated. I had never been in water before where I was buoyed up without some effort of my own. It requires no effort of any kind to swim in the Dead Sea. Indeed, it would be impossible for a person unincumbered with external weights, to sink in its waters. But soon after coming out, I was seized with an unpleasant prickling and smarting sensation on every part of me, which lasted for some hours. The water has a very salt, bitter, and nauseating taste. I searched the shore for specimens of bitumen, but was not enabled to find any.

The cause of the great buoyancy of this water has been solved by modern science. By analyzation, its specific gravity has been ascertained to be 1.211. This is a degree of density unknown to any other water, the specific gravity of fresh water being

1·000 The water of the Dead Sea has been found to hold in solution, the following proportions of salt to one hundred grains of water :

			GRAINS.
Muriate of lime,	-	-	3·920
Muriate of magnesia,	-	-	10·246
Muriate of soda,	-	-	10·360
Sulphate of lime,	-	-	0·054
			<hr/>
			24·580

It has been ascertained by critical observation, that the Dead Sea lies 1,400 feet lower than the Mediterranean. The Jordan continually discharges its waters into it, while the sea has no known outlet whatever. There must, then, be either a subterranean passage from it somewhere, otherwise the evaporation must be so great that the entire amount of water discharged into it from the Jordan, is taken up by that process. The evaporation, of course, must be immense, in consequence of its low position and exposure to the burning summer heats. Even in February, we found the weather here excessively warm. The length of this lake is estimated by the best authors at about fifty miles, and its average width at about ten or twelve miles. But it has never been explored. No water craft of any kind, with one exception, has probably ever floated upon it since the days of Abraham. If such an occurrence took place in Jewish times, we have no historical record of it.

The stories of pestilential and deadly vapors rising from the waters of this lake, have utterly lost their credit with all modern travellers. I saw sea-

gulls flying over it, and saw them swimming on its surface. Whether there are any living things in these waters, I am unable to say. I saw none. The frightful impediments raised through whimsical imagination, to deter the traveller from exploring this lake, have fled. Had the means been at hand, I should, in all probability, have defied danger by trying it. But no boat was to be had, nor was there the means at hand of constructing one. I cannot but anticipate that the Dead Sea will be explored before long, by some enterprising traveller. It is a current report among the natives, that some remains of the ancient and devoted cities of the plain are yet to be seen beneath the waters. Several ancient authors make mention of them, as to be seen in their day. Could a faithful explorer spend one week on and around this mysterious sea, he might render an essential benefit to the scientific and Christian world.

In 1835, Christopher Costigan, an Irish traveller, contrived to have a small boat carried over on camels, from the shore of the Mediterranean, to Lake Tiberias. Here he launched his boat and followed the Jordan down to the Dead Sea. He put out on these waters in the month of July, accompanied only by a Maltese servant, and succeeded in reaching the southern extremity. By mismanagement, they were left two whole days without fresh water, exposed to the fierce rays of a burning sun. In this situation they rowed hard to get back to the northern end. After reaching the shore, they lay a whole day, too weak to move, and trying to regain strength by laving each other with the

waters of the lake. The servant succeeded, at length, in crawling up to Jericho, where Costigan had left his horse. This was immediately sent him, with a supply of water. He was brought to the village, and the next morning despatched a messenger to Mr. Nicolayson, at Jerusalem, requesting aid. Mr. N. set off, and on arriving, found poor Costigan very ill, with a high fever. Efforts were made to get natives to carry him to Jerusalem on a litter, but without success. The only way of removing him was to sling a large sack of straw on each side of a horse, and then place his bed on the horse's back. In this way the sufferer was brought to Jerusalem with great difficulty. The journey exhausted him much, no medicine could be brought to operate, and he died three days afterwards at the Latin convent. No notes nor any account of his voyage were found among his papers.* I visited the grave of this unfortunate traveller, on Mount Zion.

Our next course was a visit to the river Jordan. We did not attempt to visit its place of entrance into the Dead Sea, but rode to a point some five miles farther up; the sacred bathing place of pilgrims, and the spot where tradition says our Saviour was baptized of John. Our course lay across a part of the plain of Jericho, in nearly a north direction. While slowly moving over the plain, our Arab guards entertained us with several feats of horsemanship, and the manner of wielding their long war lances in charging an enemy. Their horses are beautiful, very sure on the foot; and their manner of managing them is peculiarly expert.

* Robinson.

The suddenness with which they will wheel about when on a full gallop, is a singular trait. The red *tarbouch* and full flowing dress of a mounted Arab, with the gracefulness with which he sits upon his charger, give him a picturesque appearance.

Most of the way, the plain had a hard, dry, pebbly appearance, with some grass, and occasionally small clumps of shrubbery. We could see the banks of the Jordan to our right; but the river was nowhere visible. Indeed, the Jordan is not seen till you arrive near its brink. The banks in many places look like low ridges of barren, yellow sand. At length grass began to increase, and we found ourselves passing in the midst of low shrubbery, in many places thick. Arriving at a pretty green plot of half an acre or more, we saw directly before us the water of the river Jordan.

At this place the western bank descends gradually to the stream; and the shore, for twenty feet back, is strewn with clean sand and gravel. This is the shape of the bank for some ten or twelve rods; while above and below this space, it is perpendicular, and six or eight feet high from the water. Small timber is growing to the very verge; and occasionally some small trees, washed loose at the roots, lean over partly in the water. The bank on the opposite or east side, appeared to be unbrokenly steep, and covered with timber. I could see no place, on that side, where the bank had a gradual slope to the water, as on the west side. The current of the river is rather rapid; but against the place of the western slope, the current was, by a turn of the river, mostly thrown on the eastern side. The

water had a rather muddy appearance, but when dipped up, looked clear; and on tasting it, I found it a little brackish. I should judge the Jordan at that place to be about ninety or one hundred feet in width. Of its depth I could not so well judge; but, from the motion of the water, should think it might be five or six feet deep at the centre of the stream. This is supposed to be the hallowed spot where John baptized the Redeemer of the world; and I could well see the perfect adaptedness of the place for baptizing *in* Jordan.

It is most generally supposed that the Jordan, like the Nile, annually overflows its banks. I made some examination to satisfy myself whether this be the fact. I could see no marks of any such inundation. If the Jordan like the Nile, did overflow its banks annually, it would leave the same marks of fertility that are seen along the Nile. No such evidence appears; but the very reverse. The valley of the Jordan has a rather barren appearance. The Jordan, however, may have overflowed its banks anciently.

On our arrival at the Jordan, the Greek pilgrims who had accompanied us, seemed in haste to plunge into the hallowed waters. The joy they evinced in performing this act of ablution, I could but notice. They actually suppose that bathing in the holy Jordan, washes away every remaining sin they have about them; and they came up from the water with the most joyful countenances. A piece of white linen is fastened round their loins before going into the water; and this is, ever afterwards, to be kept sacred, and to serve as their winding

sheet when they die. They came away from the Jordan, seemingly, with more joy than a Romanist comes from the confessional of his priest.

We spent over two hours at the place. I walked a distance up the river, and there enjoyed the privilege of bathing in the sacred waters of the Jordan. I stood on the banks of this venerated stream, celebrated in every part of the Old Testament, and lying on the border of the Promised Land. Its waters had been miraculously driven back to afford a passage for the Israelites. The New Testament gives it still more celebrity. Here the holy Son of God was baptized, when the heavens were opened and the Spirit of God descended upon him; "and, lo! a voice from heaven, This is my beloved Son!" Here, indeed, I felt myself surrounded by hallowed associations.

Late in the afternoon we quitted the banks of the Jordan, and set out for the ruins of Jericho. Some of our servants had been sent on several hours before, to pitch our tents at the "Fountain of Elisha." Passing for some distance over a desert track, sometimes among sand-hills, we at length struck a shallow water-bed, running southerly, and covered thickly with low shrubs. In a short time we reached another low tract, running from west to east. This was much interspersed with shrubbery, especially small willows. The soil here, though uncultivated, looked as though it might be rendered abundantly productive. Soon after crossing the deep bed of a mountain-torrent, now dry, and passing amidst shrubbery, we reached the ruins of Jericho. Just before arriving at these ruins, an Arab handed me a yellow fruit about as large as an apricot, which he had picked

from a thorny shrub. It looked rich and enticing to the appetite. The taste, however, was most indescribably nauseous. When cut it was soft and watery. I was informed it was called the apple of Sodom.

Jericho had long been known as a miserable Arab village; but at length, it has become a mass of ruins without an inhabitant. After the fall of Acre, in November, 1840, a division of the army of Ibrahim Pacha, came to the Jordan opposite Jericho. The tribe of Benisakers inhabiting around the Dead Sea, owing Ibrahim a grudge of long standing, rallied a force who disputed the passage of his army. A battle was fought at the Jordan, in which the Egyptian troops were finally victorious. The Benisakers retreated, and Ibrahim's men advanced to Jericho, set fire to it, and utterly destroyed it. We passed through the midst of the ruins; and, about sunset, reached our tents at the Fountain of Elisha, about two miles farther.

This is the fountain said to be alluded to in 2 KINGS, ii. It consists of a number of beautiful little rivulets from one fountain, running in the direction of Jericho, the water of which is excellent. In every direction around the place, there is considerable shrubbery, and the soil has a rich and fertile appearance. Here we had the best view of the extensive plain of Jericho. It certainly might be made one of the richest in the world. Besides rains, it is susceptible of unlimited irrigation from numerous fountains on and around it. It is vastly extensive, and may be said to be scarcely cultivated at all. The tribe of Arabs who inhabit it, are the most indolent and barbarous.

Directly in rear of us was the mountain of Quarantana ; so called as the supposed mountain on which our Saviour, immediately after his baptism, was tempted forty days, of the devil. It rises precipitously, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and is very difficult of ascent. Its summit is perhaps, 1,500 feet above the plain, and is crowned with a small chapel. Its eastern side is full of caverns, in which it is said hermits once dwelt in great numbers.

Often during the entire time we spent on and round the plain of Jericho, I looked much at the mountains east of the Jordan. I desired to recognize Mt. Nebo, which Moses ascended from the plains of Moab—beheld with his eyes the land of promise—and then yielded up the ghost. It is impossible to fix on any one mountain in that direction, definitely ; and yet it is no doubt in sight of the plain of Jericho. No doubt we saw the sacred peak on which Moses died ; but it was impossible to determine which was the identical one. “No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”

There was a large Arab encampment about one mile from ours. We sent to them for some milk and butter, and succeeded in obtaining some of both. The butter was bad, and very profusely filled with goats' hair. The milk was camels' milk. It was good, and perfectly free from any unpleasant flavor.

We had purchased a sheep for our Arab guards. They skinned it—kindled a fire—and roasted it whole. This, with a quantity of bread, which we served to them, made them a plentiful meal. The

evening was delightful ; and soon we found they had become quite merry on their mutton. They laughed and sung joyously. At length, before a large fire they prepared themselves for the exhibition of one of their war-dances. A number of singers stood up in a row, singing loudly, at the same time performing various gesticulations, such as clapping their hands, and bowing themselves at times nearly to the ground. There was but one dancer at a time ; and he performed a few feet in front facing the singers. He held in his hand a sabre, which he continually flourished as he moved backward and forward, uttering at times a kind of gruff shout. They reminded me much of American Indians. The head sheik of the party was, I think, the handsomest Arab I ever saw. He was tall and straight, with a very pleasant and expressive countenance ; was neatly dressed, and moved with dignity among his people. They called him Sheik Handam.

It is rather supposed, and not without good ground, that the ancient city of Jericho stood near these rivulets. There were ruins but a short distance from our place of encampment. I examined them ; but at this lapse of time, it is not to be expected that many traces are to be found of the city which Joshua destroyed. On starting for Jerusalem early the next morning, we soon passed ruins. In several places were low, tumulus-like hills, which to me looked rather like ruined fortresses. In the immediate vicinity of these, were ruins of some extent, but all seemingly of unhewn stones. Not far from these are the remains of an aqueduct and other ruins ; and

just south of the Jerusalem road, are other ruins, and the remains of a large, shallow reservoir. It is very probable to me, that the more modern Jericho of the days of Herod, stood in the place of these ruins. The miserable ruined village on the plain, is of still more modern date. Now, that is destroyed. At all events, a curse seems to rest on the fate of Jericho. "Cursed be the man before the Lord, who shall rebuild Jericho."

The road from Jericho to Jerusalem lies over a most broken, desolate, and unpropitious region. With the exception of the wilderness of Sinai, and some portions of Idumea, I never saw so rugged and dreary scenery. In some places we ascended by the side of precipitous and yawning chasms, where a false step of the horse might dash the rider to sudden destruction. It is on this desolate route that the Saviour lays the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan. "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." The reputation of the road still holds the same. Here the unguarded traveller would be very apt to fall among thieves. The mountains abound in grottoes and caves, where robbers watch for prey, and from which they are ready to issue forth to plunder the defenceless traveller. At a certain place in this dreary region, we started a large flock of wild boars. The Arabs took after them on horseback, at full chase. Several guns were fired, but no shot seemed to tell. The chase was a fine one; but at length the boars, gaining the ascent of a mountain, made their escape. The road was almost one continual ascent, and totally destitute of interest, till we reached

Bethany, where we arrived at about 1, P.M. Near the place we overtook several miserable-looking Arab women, bearing bundles of small brush on their heads, for fuel.

Bethany is a miserable-looking village of some twenty or thirty buildings, situated on the eastern range of the Mount of Olives, sloping to the east. The houses are rudely built, mostly of rough stone, though some of them bear a few marks of antiquity, being constructed partly of hewn stones. It is probable that these have been used in other edifices before. Of course the monks show the house of Martha and Mary, that of Simon the leper, and the sepulchre of Lazarus! The pretended tomb of Lazarus is a deep vault, excavated in the limestone rock in the middle of the village. The descent to it is by twenty-six steps. The form is unlike that of ancient Jewish sepulchres; nor does its position accord with the New Testament narrative—that seems to represent that the tomb was out of the town. The name of Bethany, however, has much of sacred interest connected with it. It was there that Lazarus, Martha, and Mary dwelt. It was there our Lord raised Lazarus from the dead; and it was from a place near Bethany, that the Saviour ascended to heaven. Of the location of Bethany there can be no reasonable dispute.

Somewhere not far from Bethany was the village of Bethphage. Of that there are now no remains to be found. Probably it was situated a little east of Bethany.

Our course to Jerusalem lay over the middle range of the Mount of Olives; and thence, by the road that

winds round the south side of the western range. Passing the Garden of Gethsemane, the tomb of the Virgin, and the gate of St. Stephen, we were soon at our quarters in the Latin convent.

CHAPTER XIX.

Preparations for Departure—Last View of the Holy City—Samuel's Tomb—Ruins of Bethel—Inviting Scenery—A Night's Lodging—Joseph's Tomb—Jacob's Well—Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal—Nablous, the Ancient Sychar—Remains of the Samaritans—Ruins of Samaria—A Beautiful Landscape—All's Well that Ends Well—A Wedding Party—Janeen, or Jezreel—Mount Gilboa—Scripture Scenery Identified—Arrival at Nazareth.

It may be said the glory of Jerusalem has indeed departed. From her ancient high estate as the great Jewish metropolis, "the beloved city of the nations, and the joy of the whole earth," she now sits crushed under the iron rod of oppression. The sceptre has indeed long since departed from Judah, and Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles. The cup of indignation from the Almighty, has been poured out upon her to the very dregs. She sits solitary; and a strange gloom has gathered over the beloved city and all her surrounding scenery. The Saviour of man wept her approaching calamities; and most fearfully have they come. The awful whirlwind of utter desolation swept over her, and Roman hands laid her glory in the dust. Successive woes have followed, and have now, for almost eighteen centuries, kept her bowed to the earth. How fearfully, and almost to the very letter, have been accomplished the awful predictions that pointed Jerusalem to her doom!

I saw Jerusalem's sun had set—
Her hills around look sear!
Messiah wept on Olivet,
Her coming woes—her fall; and yet,
She scoff'd at Mercy's tear!

Those woes have come—her charms have fled,
Save hills, and vales, and name;
Her Kedron no more laves its bed,
Bethesda's healing power is dead,
And Zion droops in shame.

But Palestine, to hope allied,
Again to life shall spring—
Shall burst her bands and fetters wide,
When He, whom once she crucified,
Shall reign, her rightful King.

Having now spent about ten days in Jerusalem and its vicinity, and having examined every thing in and around the Holy City, deemed of much interest, we were ready to leave and pursue our journey onward. A letter was given us by the governor of Jerusalem, to secure a kind reception wherever we might call for entertainment. This governor, by the way, is a very pleasant, accommodating sort of a Turk. He also instructed us to take a certificate from the health officer of the city, to secure us from any molestation by quarantine laws. This, too, on application, was readily furnished. A muleteer was engaged to convey us to Nazareth, and as much farther as we might desire. As there are no wheel carriages, nor roads for them, in the land of Palestine, conveyance on horses or mules is the best the traveller can expect.

The evening before leaving, we held a very pleasant interview with the good-natured old Superior of the convent. We handed him a suitable present in

return for the entertainment we had received, which, by the way, appeared both acceptable and gratifying. He showered upon us good wishes for our prosperity and happiness, all of which were heartily responded to by the monks present. In a few minutes we were each presented with a certificate of our pilgrimage to the Holy City—that we had visited all the holy places usually there visited by pilgrims—and had conducted ourselves as good pilgrims ought to do. To this was affixed the name of the Superior, “Perpetual Secretary of the Holy Land;” and affixed to the whole, was the high seal of the “Guardian of the Holy Convent of Mount Zion.” With such a flattering commendation, and from such high and holy authority, too, who shall dare in future to call in question our good reputation!

Early on the morning of the 14th, we were mounted on horseback, passing out at the Bethlehem gate, winding round the north-west angle of the city wall; and thence pushing our course northward, over a portion of the plain of Rephaim. In a few minutes we passed the tombs of the Kings on our right; and, shortly after, the tombs of the Judges a distance to our left. Crossing the valley of the Kedron, at this place shallow, we ascended a small eminence, and soon began to descend northward. From this eminence I turned my eyes back upon the Holy City. For a moment I gazed upon its domes, its walls and its towers, glancing my eyes over the surrounding scenery; and then, turning away, I bade those sacred hills farewell forever.

The small village of Ramah stood some distance

to our left, on a high hill. This was the birth-place of Samuel, the prophet; and his tomb is still visited there within a mosque. The building shows conspicuously on the summit of a hill. Aware that we could gain no entrance, we did not visit it. At about two hours' ride from Jerusalem, we passed the village of Beer, situated on the side of a hill, a little to our right. A little to the south are the ruins of an Arab khan; and on the summit of the hill north, are the remains of a convent. Beer is a small village; but is memorable in Scripture, as the place to which Jotham fled "for fear of his brother Abimelech." At a small fountain just out of the village, a number of females were engaged washing clothes.

About an hour beyond this are the ruins of ancient Bethel. They are situated on a little elevation, and cover a plot of three or four acres. Very many foundations, partly-standing walls of houses and other buildings, may be distinguished. In the highest part, are the remains of a square tower, and in the southern side are the remains of a church. In the valley near by are the remains of a very large stone reservoir. But the whole constitute only a plot of entire ruins, without a solitary inhabitant. The accuracy of the site leaves little or no doubt. These ruins now mark the place where Jacob, on his way to Haran, lay down with a stone for his pillow and slept, and saw in a dream the ladder and the angels of God ascending and descending. Here afterwards he returned and built an altar, and called the place Beth-el—"House of God." Here the bears came out and tore in pieces the children who mocked the bald-headed prophet

Elisha. Here, too, Jeroboam erected one of his golden calves, and instituted idolatrous worship. The entire vicinity is exceedingly rocky.

Soon after passing these ruins, we began to descend to the north in a narrow road, with small fields on either hand, fenced with stone walls. The whole vicinity bore the marks of high cultivation, though the soil and face of the land was not so good as I had seen further back. Orchards of fig and other trees, were numerous and thrifty. Our way led into a valley extending before us, which though not wide, bore marks of cultivation and thrift. The mountains were terraced to their very tops and planted with vineyards. Olive groves and fruit-trees of various kinds, were abundant. Soon we passed the pleasant-looking village of Einbroot, situated on an eminence, and commanding an extensive view of this beautiful valley. Its whitened stone buildings, with olive and other trees, with which it is surrounded, gave it a picturesque and pleasant appearance in the distance. But like all the Arab villages I had seen, most probably, the exterior looked much better than the interior.

We were now entering the district of Samaria. The valley before us seemed extending itself in width. Though the mountains were rocky, they had been terraced in many places, and planted. At four o'clock, P.M., we came to the village of Khan Leban, after having passed several others. Here we had purposed to stop over night, but as it was yet so early in the day, we concluded to continue on, and trust fortune for lodging in some other village. The scenery around this place was very pleasant. The

valley was broad and the soil rich. Several men were engaged ploughing and sowing. Fruit-trees and vineyards were abundant, and olive-groves spotted the valley and sides of the mountains. Flocks and herds were numerous, and every thing indicated plenty of the good things. Pursuing our course, the same luxuriant valley extended before us.

At about seven o'clock, P. M., we reached the small village of Cowara. As it had now become quite dark, we concluded to stop and seek some kind of lodging for the night. On entering it, we found this village a miserable place, and we could find no one who appeared to be a head man among the inhabitants. Notwithstanding all our servants could do for us with our letter from the governor of Jerusalem, we were apprehensive that we should have to lie in the open air. At length we were led to an old ruined mosque, into which a number of Arab muleteers had crawled and taken possession before us. We had no other alternative left us, but to crawl in and share it with them. We procured a kind of lamp, spread our blankets on the filthy floor, and concluded to bury our wants as soon as possible in calm refreshing sleep. Four villagers were employed to keep watch, and soon all was lost in the forgetfulness of slumber.

Morning found us well and much refreshed. Coffee was made, and our stock of provisions furnished us another meal. We took a view of the village, and found it composed of miserable stone huts, and very filthy. In the midst of a soil capable of yielding its abundance, these people were living in indolence and sloth. Their condition was much inferior

to villages we had passed. We paid the men who had watched while we slept, and had furnished us lamp-light, mounted our horses and set out on our way. Two hours brought us to the "parcel of a field" bought by Jacob, "at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money," which he afterwards gave to his son Joseph. The valley here extends itself into a broad plain, running north and south, and is of a beautiful rich soil. Fields of wheat were growing luxuriantly, and men were engaged ploughing in different parts of the valley. A beautiful valley intersects this plain from the west, on the south side of which is Mount Gerizim, and on the north Mount Ebal. Some more than a mile from the mouth of this valley stands the city of Nablous, the Shechem of the Old Testament, and Sychar of the New. Near the entrance of this valley, on the plain, are two objects worthy of notice; the Tomb of Joseph and the Well of Jacob. "The bones also of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought with them up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." The walls around Joseph's Tomb resemble, externally, a mosque, but there is no roof to them. The tomb is about the size of oblong monuments frequently seen in our burial-grounds, covered with stucco and rounded at the top. The head was at the north, and near it was a small stone altar on which Mohammedans offer sacrifices when they come there to pray.

Some forty rods from this is Jacob's Well, which appears to be deep. It had been stoned large, arched at the top, and had two mouths. Both of these, however, were stopped by thrusting into each a

stone column, and then placing large stones around it. We were unable to remove the stones so as to see into the well. It appears, from remains yet seen, to have been once covered with a stone building. It was at this well that our Saviour held the conversation with the woman of Samaria, recorded in the fourth chapter of John. With my Bible in hand, I could here imagine that interesting scene. The Saviour, on his way from Judea to Galilee, must needs pass through Samaria. He came "to a city in Samaria called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph." "Jacob's well was there, and Jesus being weary with his journey, sat down on the well, and it was the sixth hour. And there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water, and Jesus saith unto her, give me to drink." Here I could imagine with vividness this whole interesting occurrence. I sat down on the well where the Saviour once reclined, weary of his journey. I, too, had come from Judea, and must needs pass through Samaria, on my way to Galilee. I was now coming to the same city in Samaria, called Sychar, and was fain to sit down on Jacob's well, where the Saviour talked with the Samaritan woman.

Turning up the valley of Nablous, we soon entered a grove of very old olive trees, which extends to the very walls of the city. To our left we passed the splendid tomb of an Arab sheik. Mount Gerizim was towering at our left, and Mount Ebal at our right; the mountains of blessings and curses. Some travellers have thought they could see Gerizim fertile, and Ebal barren. I could perceive no such

distinction. The sides of both appeared rocky and sterile, while the valley between was fertile and luxuriant. This is the place where Joshua caused the law to be read. Six tribes stood on the side of Gerizim, to say Amen when the blessings were read, and six on the side of Ebal to say Amen when curses were read. It is probable the priests who read the law occupied the middle of the valley.—DEUT., xxvii. The place is most admirably adapted to such a scene; probably a more suitable one could not be found.

As we entered the gate of Nablous, a most loathsome company of lepers were seated outside. They importuned for alms in a very pitiful manner. We first called at the palace of the governor and handed him our letter from the governor of Jerusalem. He received us kindly, and ordered us conducted to the house of his secretary. At this place we were more kindly received and better entertained than is common among the natives. Our host was an oriental gentleman, and in every way affable and kind.

The city of Nablous is long and narrow, lying in the valley directly between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal. It is walled around, and the streets are narrow. The houses are of stone, and well built, with domes on the roofs, like those in Jerusalem. The population, as near as we could ascertain, was about 8,000. It is probably one of the oldest cities in Palestine, as it was a city in Jacob's time, if not in Abraham's. In Nablous are the only distinct remains of the ancient Samaritans, and these are at present a feeble community, of not over one

hundred and fifty souls. We paid an early visit to their synagogue. It is a small building, and presents nothing very striking. We were requested to take off our shoes on entering. The priest was a man of about thirty, and of very good demeanor. He showed us what they say is the oldest manuscript in the world—a copy of the Pentateuch, written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron, three years after the death of Moses. It was considerably tattered and worn, and certainly bore marks of old age. We then proposed to the priest several questions. Q. Do you know anything about such a person as Jesus Christ? A. Yes, there was such a man as Jesus. Q. Where was he born, in Nazareth? A. No; in Bethlehem. Q. Where did he die? A. At Jerusalem; he was crucified. Q. Was he a good person? A. Yes, he was a good man and a prophet. The Jews did very wrong to crucify him. Some other questions were put, but these are the main ones. We then took our leave.

A Greek priest had accompanied us to the place, and now appeared anxious that we should visit their church. He conducted us to a small chapel, of rather ordinary external appearance. The inside was more showy. He laid before us an Arabic manuscript, which he represented as very ancient. It was very neatly written, but I could see no marks of very great antiquity about it. The walls of the chapel were filled with dauby, ill-executed pictures, among which I remember one representing the day of judgment, in which a pair of scales was used to weigh souls. The priest took great pains to explain this to us as something wonderful and sublime.

There are remains of an old Christian church in Nablous, which must have been a splendid building. The pillars and other parts of it which remain, have a richness of workmanship about them, not often seen on similar remains in Palestine. There are, it is said, some ruins on the top of Mount Gerizim, and perhaps some faint remains of the ancient Samaritan temple, but we did not visit them.

Feb. 16. At about 8 o'clock in the morning, we passed out at the western gate of Nablous. A number of lepers lay here also, whose miserable looks excited pity, and whose begging was most importunate. As we advanced down the valley of Nablous, we found it indeed delightful in the morning sun. The beautiful olive groves, with orchards of fig and other fruit trees, together with a soft, meandering stream of clear water flowing through the midst, gave the whole a lively and picturesque appearance. In about one hour we turned to the right over a mountain, and in one hour more came to the ruins of Sebaste, or the ancient city of Samaria.

This city stood on an isolated hill, which probably had been terraced all round and to its summit. Each terrace was as wide as to admit, probably, two rows of houses and a street. These, rising one above the other, must have given the place a picturesque appearance. But of all that once adorned this spot, but very little now remains. A few rows of massive columns still standing, with some heaps of stones and rubbish, are all now left of this once opulent city. It had once been the

capital of the ten tribes of Israel, where Ahab built his palace of ivory, and where her citizens sat in the lap of luxury, in the days of Jeroboam. It was destroyed by the Assyrians, but afterwards rebuilt and restored to more than its original splendor by Herod. Now it lies in the very condition foretold by the prophet Amos:—"Her inhabitants and their posterity are taken away."

The summit of this hill of ruins, commands a sightly and picturesque view on all sides. The Mediterranean is seen in the distance to the north-west, and the snow-capped Anti-Libanus to the north-east, while the valley west and south are spread broad to view. Herod's palace, the columns of which remain, must have been magnificent and grand. On the east side of the hill is a miserable Arab village, inhabited by bigoted Mohammedans. Near this is the church of St. John the Baptist, once large and elegant, but now nearly in ruins. The upper part is quite so. The lower part is now converted into a mosque. The door was unlocked by an Arab and we entered. The building is divided into several apartments, all of which were quite filthy. One of these rooms was said to have been the prison of John the Baptist, in which he was beheaded by order of Herod.

At a quarter past eleven we were under way. As we advanced, the scenery in nature was pleasant. Olive groves continued, and in many places the ground was decked with flowers of various and beautiful colors. Fig orchards were abundant, with pomegranate trees occasionally interspersed. Fields of wheat were numerous and of luxuriant

growth. In about an hour we came to the village of Beteen, standing on the side of a mountain, and overlooking the fertile valley stretching by it. Many women and children were engaged plucking tares from among the wheat. Descending a little beyond this village, we heard, in the direction of our road onward, a volley of small arms, followed with a shout. The village of Sanpoor was but little more than a mile distant. About ten days before, this village had been attacked by a party of Arabs from near the Dead Sea, and something of a battle fought. The occurrence took place on the day the English party passed, whom we saw at Jerusalem, and from them we obtained the intelligence. The circumstance was, a marauding party of Benisakers had previously attempted to rob the villagers of Sanpoor of some cattle and horses. The villagers sallied out upon them, drove them off, and in the skirmish one of the marauding party was killed. By this event a debt of blood was contracted, and an armed party came to avenge it. At that time the battle was fought which the English party partly witnessed. The assailants were driven off, but the villagers lost a few more cattle and horses.

Hearing this volley of small arms, we were a little suspicious that we might be advancing towards some rather unpleasant company. Pausing for a while, and hearing nothing further, we concluded to proceed. Soon we saw a company coming towards us, armed with guns and decked out with enough of red to give them quite a martial appearance. As they approached nearer, we thought we saw the appearance of females among them. This led us to

conclude they were not a war party; and listening, we could hear a singing or chanting noise among them. Our interpreter, who was an Arab, and acquainted with Arab customs, immediately pronounced it a wedding party. The company consisted mainly of about forty or fifty young men, formed in an oblong hollow square, in the centre of which was a young female richly dressed and seated on a fine horse, which was splendidly caparisoned. The young men had guns, and each wore a red sash thrown over the shoulders like a ladies' scarf. The young lady in the centre was the intended bride, whom they were conducting to the village of Beteen, where she was to meet her intended and be married. Six females were following in the rear, who occasionally chanted or sung. While we were passing them, several of the young men discharged their pieces, which only served to startle our horses without any further injury.

The village of Sanpoor was soon in sight, situated to our left, on the brow of a hill overlooking the plain. Soon after, we passed a muddy section, in the midst of which was a small lake or pond, the first of the kind I had seen in Palestine. In an hour and a half, we passed the village of Abattia. It is large; the most of the houses are built of hewn stone, and have a better appearance than houses generally in Arab villages. Passing this village, we found the valley broad, and the soil black and of a deep rich mould. In thirty or forty minutes, we began to cross another mountain, which we descended on the other side, through a narrow rocky defile. As we advanced, the valley widened,

and soon we entered the border of the great plain of Jezreel or Esdrælon. In a few minutes further, we came to the village of Janeen, situated on the edge of this great plain. On arriving, we called as usual on the governor, and showed him our letter from Jerusalem. He was a large, fat Turk, and seemed to receive us with a show of pleasantry; but he had us conducted to a miserable building, with wretched, filthy apartments. We succeeded in procuring something to eat, had it cooked and made out a meal. Our blankets were then spread on the filthy floor, and we tried to forget our troubles in sleep. Soon, however, we found the place badly infested with fleas, so that we obtained but very little rest during the night. Janeen is most generally supposed to be the ancient Jezreel of the Scriptures. If so, it is the place where Jezebel was cast from an upper window, and eaten of dogs.—2 KINGS, ix. 36. It is now a miserable village, and has but little of interest in or about it.

Feb. 17. Set out a little past eight in the morning. Our course lay north, directly across a part of the plain of Esdrælon. Passing some ruins on our right, in about one hour and a half we passed the mountain of Gilboa. It was at our right, and is a long eminence of no great height, rising out of the midst of the plain. There Saul and his sons fell in battle against the Philistines. I could but remark, while looking at the place, how well it accorded with the Scripture account. It is said the chariots and horsemen followed hard after Saul on Mount Gilboa. The ascent from the plain is such that horsemen and chariots might pass up to the very

top of the hill. To the right, and towards the Sea of Galilee, lay the village of Bisan, the Bethshean of the Bible, where the Philistines fastened the bodies of Saul and his three sons, after they had fallen on Mount Gilboa.—1 SAMUEL, xxxi.

About one hour further brought us opposite a mountain called the Little Hermon. It is crowned with the tomb of a sheik, which shows conspicuously at a distance. At the south side of this mountain is a considerable village, the name of which I forget. Passing by Little Hermon, a short distance to our right lay Nain, once the city where occurred the affecting scene of our Lord's raising the widow's son. It is situated near the base of a mountain, and is now a poor hamlet, occupied by only a few families. Some two miles further, in a north-east direction, is Endor, noted as the place where Saul consulted the sorceress, on the night previous to the battle of Gilboa. It is now but a small, poor village. In a north-east direction from us, stood Mount Tabor. It is an isolated conic mountain, rising up in the midst of the plain, and overlooking the whole region round about. It was about two miles distant, but as we intended to visit it at another time, we laid our course direct for Nazareth. Between our path and this mountain we noticed a considerable ruin. Near this place we saw a flock of seven or eight gazels. Several of our party started in pursuit of one that singled itself out from the rest, but they failed in taking it.

The plain of Esdrælon is very extensive, but its size is variously computed, at from fifteen miles square, up to thirty-five by forty miles. I should, however, think the lowest computation the nearest

correct. Although it bears the name of plain, it abounds with hills, which, when viewed from adjacent mountains, sink almost into nothing. The soil is rich, though but little cultivated. Indeed, we saw but little doing through the whole extent we passed in crossing it. I am unable to say why the soil of this beautiful valley is so much neglected. There are a few villages on it, and these generally look small and poor. The plain of Esdrælon has been a chosen place for battles and military operations in almost every age. They have been too numerous for me to mention. They have extended from the days of Barak down to the times of the Crusades, and from them down to Napoleon, and later to Ibrahim Pacha. It has been made by the nations literally a field of bloodshed and slaughter. But when we passed over it, all was still and solitary. There is now little to remind the traveller of the awful scenes of martial strife so repeatedly acted there. The boundary line between the districts of Samaria and Galilee, runs across the southern part of this plain.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., we were ascending among the hills that surround Nazareth. Crossing a mountain, we came upon a rocky ravine, of a broken, gradual ascent; and on gaining the height, came to a large fountain where some women were engaged washing clothes. Near the place was a large orchard of pomegranates. A little distance beyond, we began to descend into the pleasant valley of Nazara. Reaching this valley, and turning to our left, we soon came in sight of the city of Nazareth. At a little past 2, P. M., we were at the door of the Latin Convent, where a comfortable room was assigned us.

CHAPTER XX.

Description of Nazareth—Church of the Annunciation—Virgin's Grotto—Joseph's Workshop—Sacred Stone Table—Mount of Precipitation—Cana of Galilee—Mountain of the Beatitudes—Town of Tiberias—Sea of Tiberias—Mount Tabor—A Band of Robbers—From Nazareth to Mount Carmel—Ruins of Megiddo—River Kishon—Caipha—Convent on Mount Carmel—Extensive View from Carmel—Arrival at Acre—Description—Awful Effects of War.

A VALLEY ascending northward from the plain of Esdrælon, forms the main site of the city of Nazareth. The north end of this valley seems by nature to be scooped out so as to enlarge it to two-thirds of a circle, forming an amphitheatre of hills on full three sides. The hills on the east and west are high; on the north more moderate. The city stands principally in the valley, but extends some up the hill-sides west and north. The houses are all of stone, with flat terraced roofs. I noticed one Mohammedan mosque, and from the tall minaret saw and heard the priest proclaiming the hour of prayer.

The Greeks, Latins, and Maronites all have establishments and churches in Nazareth, but the largest building, or rather collection of buildings in the place is the Latin Convent. The present population of Nazareth is probably about 3,500.

Like Bethlehem and Jerusalem, there is no lack of holy places in Nazareth. The Greeks have a church said to cover the place where the angel Gabriel made the annunciation to the Virgin; and the Latins have also a church of the annunciation. They are situated some distance apart, but both set of monks pretend, beyond doubt, to show the very

place where the Virgin was sitting when the angel appeared to her, and of course you must believe them if you can. Although we did not come as pilgrims to holy places pointed out in legendary tradition, yet we felt disposed to visit the noted places to be shown. We repaired to the Latin Church of Annunciation. The interior of this building is plain, with massive arches, and the walls are hung with red damask, giving the whole a rich lustre. There are two fine organs in it, and a monk played some soft melodious airs while we remained. Near the altar the floor rises, and there is an ascent to it by steps. Under this is a grotto, in which it is said the Virgin once lived, and where she received the salutation of the angel Gabriel. This grotto is now a chapel. There are some smaller rooms connected with it, which are said to have constituted parts of Joseph's and Mary's house.

In another part of the town is Joseph's workshop, where he wrought at the carpenter's trade, as the monks have it. It, however, presents a small place of very ancient appearance. A remnant of the synagogue, too, is shown where Christ, by reading a portion from the prophecy of Isaiah, and applying it to himself, so exasperated the Jews that they rose up and thrust him out of the city. In another small chapel was shown us the table at which it is said that Christ repeatedly ate with his disciples, both before and after his crucifixion. It is a large flat stone about three feet high and forty in circumference.

At the south-west part of the town is a small Maronite chapel. It stands near a perpendicular ledge,

which, with the hill above, sloping back but slightly, forms a sudden eminence of forty or fifty feet. This is most probably the spot where the Jews led Jesus "unto the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong; but he passing through the midst of them, went his way." The monks have chosen to fix the place of this occurrence near two miles south of the town; a very awkward position. It does not look reasonable that in a popular tumult, a populace would lead their victim off two miles, to do that which they had facilities for doing right at hand. Besides, it was the hill on which their city was built, which could not be said of a hill two miles off.

At the south-east part of the town is the Greek Church of Annunciation. We did not enter it; but near it is a beautiful stone fountain, where it is said the Virgin was in the habit of going for water. It is now called the Fountain of the Virgin. We were standing near this beautiful spring about sunset. At this hour, scores of females are seen coming out of the town, bearing rude pieces of pottery on their heads, called pitchers. Each one filled her pitcher at the fountain, and then placing it on her head, bore it off without touching hand to it. While standing there, in the space of twenty minutes, I presume we saw more than one hundred females thus come and go again. The scene was oriental and truly picturesque.

As a quiet, pleasant town, surrounded with beautiful and romantic scenery, I saw no place in the Holy Land to be preferred to Nazareth. Its situation is highly picturesque, and there is something

pleasing and inviting in the place. But a peculiar sensation of mind arose, from the fact that I was then in the city of our Saviour's abode and within the scenery of his principal miracles. I was treading over ground once often trodden by the divine Redeemer of man. He had walked over these streets, traversed these valleys, and climbed the hills that surrounded me. Here he began his ministry of mercy, and consummated it on Calvary, when he said, "It is finished." I felt, indeed, that I was surrounded by holy associations, and my feelings can only be appreciated by another in the actual realization of the same scene.

Feb. 18. Set out in the morning to visit the Lake Tiberias. Passing out by the Fountain of the Virgin, at the north-east part of the town, we commenced the ascent of the mountain. From thence our course lay in a north-east direction. We descended for near two miles down a rocky ravine, passing two small Arab villages to our left, of no particular note. In about one hour we came to the reputed Cana of Galilee. At this place the Saviour performed his first miracle, that of turning water into wine. A small chapel is erected over the place, where it is said the young man's house stood in which our Lord wrought the miracle. In it, large stone water-pots are shown, and the monks say they are the very identical ones in which the water was changed! Cana is now but a small village, standing on the south-western slope of a hill.

Passing over a slight eminence, where rocks are strewn in most bountiful profusion, we soon entered a large plain. It is said to be on this plain that the

disciples plucked ears of corn on the Sabbath day. One hour further on we passed a low hill, with two little elevations on it. This is called the Mountain of Beatitudes, on which our Saviour preached his sermon, recorded by St. Matthew. On it are the ruins of a small chapel, marking the place where he stood. Whether this be the identical place or not, it would be an admirable one for such a performance. Half an hour further on, we came to a large flat stone, which, says tradition, marks the place where our Lord blessed the five loaves and two small fishes, and fed the five thousand. Near this place we met a caravan of Christian pilgrims from Damascus, going to Nazareth and Jerusalem. They consisted of about one hundred men and women, who were nearly all mounted on horses.

We came in sight of Lake Tiberias about two hours before reaching the town. Just as we began to descend in an eastern direction, we were pointed, at our left, to the well into which Joseph was cast by his brethren, at the time they sold him to the Ishmaelitish merchants, to be carried into Egypt. Beyond, we could see the town of Safed, towering on a hill, like a city whose light could not be hid. Half an hour beyond this, we came to the ruins of a considerable village, mainly at the foot of an eminence to our left. We were not enabled to learn any name for them. Soon after passing these, we began to descend, with the Lake and Tiberias full in view; and in thirty minutes more, passed through the western gate. We called immediately on the governor, who received us very kindly, and had us

conducted to another part of the town, where a room was provided for our accommodation.

The town of Tiberias, called by the Arabs Tabarea, stands close by the shore of the lake, on a level plain, with high hills in the rear. It is nearly an oblong square, its length being about half a mile along the lake shore. It has walls on three sides, once about twenty feet high, with a number of towers. Towards the sea, the city is open. There is a castle at the north-west corner. The houses are generally low, mostly built of stone, and have a miserable appearance. The streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy. It is, finally, the most miserable town of any considerable size that I saw in the Holy Land. Its population is probably not much over two thousand souls. Near the centre of the town, bordering the lake, the Jews occupy a quarter. There are near one hundred families of them. We saw a considerable number of Jews in the streets; and their women had the best appearance of any females in the place. Tiberias and Safed are considered by the Jews as two holy cities in ancient Galilee; and hence a considerable number of them are in both places. They have two synagogues in Tiberias. The Christians of the town are all Greek Catholics. Close to the shore, in the north part of the town, is a church dedicated to St. Peter. It is a singular, narrow-vaulted, ill-shaped building. The monks say it stands on the spot where the miraculous draught of fishes was brought to the shore, after our Lord's resurrection; and where he said to Peter, "Feed my sheep."

For the first time in my life, I saw in Tiberias the

disastrous effects of an earthquake. It occurred on the 1st day of January, 1837; and its ravages in the place had been awful. Comparatively but little had yet been done to repair its effects. Parts of the town walls had been thrown down; and the portions yet standing were filled with crevices. The whole would have to be taken down if ever repaired. The castle had suffered much. A large portion of the houses were thrown down, and very few remained without injury. Many of the houses now inhabited, still bear prominent marks of the wreck they then experienced. I noticed that some low wooden buildings had been hastily put up where stone houses had been demolished. Several minarets had been thrown down by the shock, and since rebuilt. Many fallen houses still remained in their ruined state; and, indeed, ruins still marked the town in every direction. It is probable that Tiberias will not, for many years, if ever, recover from this disaster. The destruction of life, too, was very considerable; and it is said, on the Jews fell the heaviest part of the calamity. The same earthquake nearly destroyed the town of Safed, a few miles north-west, and buried hundreds of the inhabitants under the ruins. Slight shocks were still experienced occasionally; and the inhabitants of Tiberias were fearing another disaster.

The plain runs back from the town to the foot of the mountain; and in the sides of the mountain are large ranges of tombs. To the south of the present wall are many ruins, extending more than a mile in that direction. The ancient town probably once covered that whole extent. To the extremity of

these ruins are several hot springs, now used for baths. The water, where it oozes out of the mountain, is too warm to hold the hand in. A bathing house near by, was erected by Ibrahim Pacha, in 1833, where persons may be accommodated with a warm bath at any time. My companions concluded to try the luxury of one; but as the day was warm and pleasant, I chose to bathe in the lake. I found the bottom hard, the water exceedingly clear, and by no means cold. The privilege of bathing in the Red Sea, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and the Sea of Tiberias, I consider worth recording.

The Lake of Tiberias, sometimes in Scripture called the Sea of Galilee, and the Sea of Genesareth, is a beautiful, clear sheet of water, about twelve miles long and six broad, of nearly an oval shape. The banks are more precipitous on the eastern than on the western side. As it seems to have been on the eastern side that our Lord healed the demoniac, and permitted the devils to enter the swine, if the herd "ran violently down a steep place into the sea," it must have been over a precipice. The water deepens very gradually on the west side, where we visited it. The River Jordan enters this lake at a north-east point, and passes out at the south end. Dr. Clark thought he could perceive that the river maintained its course all the way through, or for the whole length of the lake, without mingling waters. I could see no such appearance, although I examined with all my scrutiny of vision. There was but one small boat on the lake, and that belonged to the governor. The lake still abounds with excellent fish, of which the governor

procured us a supply for our evening and morning meals. They were truly fine, and I considered it a luxury worth naming, to eat of fish caught in Peter's old fishing place. It was on this lake that Peter, James, and John once followed fishing for a livelihood; and it was on the shore of this lake, that our Lord called them from that employment to become "fishers of men."

Along the shores of this lake once stood a number of populous cities, among which, besides Tiberias, were Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum. The Saviour pronounced woes upon all of them; and now all are extinct but the little town of Tiberias. Even the sites of the other cities are now disputed. Ruins are still seen at different places near the shores; but to determine what city each ruin belongs to is now about impossible.

Feb. 15. The morning was lowery, with strong prospects of rain. After calling again upon the governor, we concluded to make our way back to Nazareth as soon as possible. We exceedingly regretted the aspect of the weather, as we had designed, on our return, to visit and ascend Mount Tabor. We must now relinquish that hope, as the sky was cloudy, which would nearly obscure the prospect from the top of that mountain after we got there, if the rain did not prevent our ascending it. Tradition says it was on Mount Tabor that our Lord was transfigured. We wished to ascend it to take a view of the entire plain of Esdrælon. We had already passed near it twice, and should pass it again on our return to Nazareth. I may here remark, that Mount Tabor is a high conic mountain, standing

in an isolated position, on the northern side of the plain of Esdrælon. Its sides are covered with small oak timber to near its summit. On the top are said to be some ruins, and three small ruined chapels.

About two hours after leaving Tiberias, just as we passed round a point of rocks, we met seven as ruffian-looking fellows as I ever set eyes on. They were all armed, and seemed to be halting for us to approach them. When we came near, they eyed us and our means of defence most sharply. Finding us just seven in number, and probably full equal to themselves in strength, they let us pass. Near that place, a short time before, two Jews, who, it is said, had considerable money with them, were found with their throats cut, having been robbed and stripped. From the ruffian appearance of these fellows, we thought it very probable they might have had an intimate acquaintance with that affair. There is but little doubt that they were brigands of the worst class; and I cannot but think it a fortunate circumstance that our party were well armed. For an hour before we reached Nazareth, the rain poured down profusely, and we entered the town dripping with water.

Feb. 20. At about nine in the morning, we took our final leave of the lively little town of Nazareth, intending to reach the Latin convent on Mount Carmel, that day. We ascended the mountain west of the town; and for two hours bore a direction, as near as I could judge, of west-by-north. Our way was over a hilly section, or rather following a broken, rocky ravine. We passed two small villages, which presented nothing worthy of note. At 11, A.M.,

we entered the north-western branch of the plain of Esdrælon. Soon after, we passed the village of Simonias. Around this village the land is fertile; fig-trees were abundant, and many luxuriant fields of wheat spotted the vast plain. Large flocks and herds were grazing in intermediate sections, which gave the whole region a thrifty appearance. One hour more brought us to the village of Jeida. This village is situated on a slight eminence, and is surrounded by a fertile and fruitful section of land. If the inhabitants of this part of Palestine do not enjoy abundance of the good things, it is not owing to either soil or climate. Soon after passing this village, we crossed a broken, rocky section of thirty minutes. This, however, is good grazing land; and in one place we passed an aged herdsman, who was tending a large flock of cattle and asses. These were grazing in luxuriant feed. The old man saluted us with all the politeness of a friendly Arab.

A short distance from this, we passed some very antique-looking ruins, thought to be those of the ancient city Megiddo, which stood near the river Kishon. To this place Ahaziah, king of Judah, fled, after being wounded in battle, and died. 2 KINGS, ix. 27. Here Mount Carmel was directly on our left. Soon after, we forded a small stream, rather deep and bad to cross. This was the ancient river Kishon, repeatedly mentioned in Scripture. It was about two rods wide where we crossed it. It was by this river that Elijah slew the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. 1 KINGS, xviii. 40.

At 3, p. m., we came to the town of Caipha, on the shore of the Mediterranean. The sight of the sea

once more, was like greeting an old friend. Caipha is a small walled town. Two Turkish sentinels stood at the gate as we entered; and several others in mock military, were lounging near by. The streets of the town are narrow and very filthy. We passed through one of the principal streets, and in its centre the mud was above the fetlocks of our horses. The houses are generally low and of ordinary appearance. We made no stop, but passed directly through the town. Our course was nearly west, over a plain of about two miles, spotted in different places with olive trees. From this we ascended Mount Carmel in a westerly oblique direction. At length, reaching the summit, we were kindly received at the Latin Convent by as smiling, good-natured looking company of monks as we had seen in the Holy Land.

The north-west end of Mount Carmel terminates abruptly at the sea, forming an almost perpendicular cliff, called Cape Carmel. On this eminence stands the convent. It is equal, if not superior, to any we saw in the Holy Land. It is immensely large, built of hewn stone, and is yet new. Its location is truly picturesque. From the observatory on the top, we had a view to the south of the beautiful plain of Sharon so often mentioned in Scripture. We could trace the shore of the Mediterranean, beyond the ruins of ancient Cæsarea, and could plainly see the former site of that once splendid but now obliterated city. To the north we could trace the shore far beyond St. Jean d'Acre; while the broad sea lay to the west stretching further than the eye could trace. The high elevation of this convent must

always secure to it a pure air, and render the location very healthy. It is by far the best furnished convent that we visited. It is provided with neat chairs and French beds; and its cleanliness, with the pleasantry of its inmates, render it a desirable home to travellers, who, like us, had recently been braving the solitary and lonely desert. The church of the convent is the best piece of architecture I saw in the East. Under it was shown to us a grotto, in which the monks say the prophet Elijah dwelt when the priests of Baal had dug down the altars of true worship, and he had fled for his life. That this is the true place, may only be monkish legendary; though it is true that he dwelt somewhere on Mount Carmel.

This mountain still retains its original name. It consists of several hills, rising in distinct peaks; and that at the north-west is the highest. The soil of this mountain is very rich, producing fruits and flowers in abundance. From this circumstance it obtained the name of Carmel, which signifies a fruitful field. We often find allusions to its beauty and fertility in the Scriptures. The mountain abounds in spacious caverns, some of which were formerly inhabited by monks, whose cells are still visible. On this mountain the prophets Elijah and Elisha, for the most part, dwelt.

Feb. 21. At about 9, A. M., we took leave of the hospitable monks of Carmel; and descending to the plain, passed once more through Caipha without stopping. Our course lay direct to Jean d'Acre, round the head of the bay. Advancing, we saw several wrecks strewed along the coast. Some

were nearly buried in the sand; and some appeared to have been made more recently. We noticed the hull of a fine brig, high and dry on the beach, thrown there but a few weeks before. On our way we had to ford the river Kishon, near its mouth. This river, when very high, sometimes cuts off all passage at that place. Though considerably deep, we succeeded in crossing it. Winding round the north side of the bay, at a little past 1, P. M., we were entering Acre.

As we approached, the walls of the city bore marks of cannon shot in numerous places, some of which were still lodged in the sides. The Turkish *crescent* was floating over the gate, when we entered. Two soldiers stood sentinel as we passed, and many others were lounging and sauntering round. We repaired immediately to the Latin Convent, as the best probable place of entertainment. On arriving we found but one monk; and he stated that he was, at present, the only inmate of the establishment. We informed him that we only desired a place to lodge; and that we could cook our own victuals. We were soon shown into rooms; and Comeo was despatched to the bazars in quest of something to prepare for our dinner. In the mean time, we concluded to make an excursion through the town.

Acre is properly the ancient city of *Accho*, mentioned in JUDGES, i. 31, from which the Israelites were unable to drive out the Canaanites. In later times it was called *Ptolemais*, from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who seized upon it about 100 years before Christ. Under this name it is mentioned repeatedly in the Apocrypha, and once in the New Testament,

Acts, xxi. 7. The emperor Claudius constituted Ptolemais, a Roman colony. In the 7th century it was conquered by the Saracens or Arabs. In the 11th century it suffered many vicissitudes of fortune, being taken and retaken by the Christians and Mohammedans, alternately. At end of the 12th century, it became the seat of the Knights of St. John, who afterwards removed to Cyprus, then to Rhodes, and finally to Malta. From this circumstance the city was called by the French, St. Jean d'Acre, a corruption of the old name Accho. In the 13th century, when the Christians were driven out of Palestine by the Egyptians; this was the last place they abandoned. Since that time it has never flourished as of old.

In our own time, Acre has been made the scene of war and bloodshed. The siege laid to it by the French under Napoleon, and his repulsion by the English and Turks, is still fresh in recollection. But it has very recently been made the theatre of a more disastrous scene. On the 3d of November, 1840, the allied fleets of Europe bombarded the place. A bomb from an English steam-ship lodged in the magazine of the citadel, in which was a large quantity of powder. The explosion was awful, and the destruction of the entire citadel complete. Two thousand lives were instantly destroyed by the explosion; and every thing immediately contiguous to the citadel was made a mass of ruins. Acre was immediately surrendered. With the fall of Acre, Mehemet Ali lost his possession of Syria. Every other military post in the land either surrendered or was abandoned without defence; and Palestine

fell back under the government of the Turkish sultan.

The Egyptian army immediately commenced a retreat in two divisions, without baggage, and with only nine days' provisions. One division, conducted by Ibrahim Pacha, took the direction of Gaza and El Irish. From Gaza, Ibrahim fled to Egypt in a steamer sent by his father, leaving his army to escape through the desert as they could. The other division crossed the Jordan, a few miles above the Dead Sea, on their way to Akabah and Suez. Under a forced march, scant of provisions, and in the desert through which they had to pass, almost destitute of water, men and horses in vast numbers died of fatigue and thirst. It is said that over ten thousand men perished on this retreat. In another place I have noticed some remains of that disastrous march. In many places where we travelled between Cairo and Hebron, we saw the bones of men and horses, bleaching on the desert sands. Around Akabah, the skeletons of horses were immense, many of which had been killed and eaten. Between Cairo and Suez, we were surprised to see the abundance of bones that lay scattered along our path. An English lady at Suez told us she went to Cairo about four weeks after that retreat. Horses and men lay dead every short distance, and vultures and jackals were feeding on them. She said that often the stench by the way was almost insupportable. When the army of Ibrahim Pacha left Palestine, it consisted of over 40,000 men, not over 30,000 of whom reached Egypt; and a large number of these died soon after their arrival at Cairo. When a poor sol-

dier was unable to drag himself farther, or to keep up with his comrades, he was instantly shot, and his body left by the way-side.

Here I may venture to remark, that whatever reasons the powers of Europe had to interpose in behalf of the sultan, and to strip Mehemet Ali of his Asiatic possessions, the result has been a very unfortunate one for the Holy Land. Mehemet Ali maintained some kind of government, kept the peasantry unarmed and in fear of him. Under his government Frank travellers were protected; and it was as safe travelling in Palestine as in Italy. But now affairs have essentially changed. The Arabs in the Holy Land go armed with pistol and sabre, while robberies and bloodshed are frequent. Frank travellers not only need to go armed themselves, but to hire armed escorts for their personal protection, in passing certain dangerous sections. The Mohammedan part of the population, it is true, are well pleased with the recent change of government. As soon as the allied powers struck for the Turks, the native troops deserted Ibrahim Pacha to the amount of 20,000. But the Christian portion of the inhabitants every where deplore the result that has followed. Their cry is, "Give us some kind of government;" for they feel that they have now comparatively none. Truly-the present state of the land is wretched. And who have been the agents in bringing about this disastrous change of affairs. I blush when I say it—the *Christian* powers of Europe! And what have they accomplished by it? Why, they have only put a curb on one tyrant, for the purpose of strengthening the hands of another. Englishmen

who now visit Palestine, feel to blush for the part their government has acted in the affair.

We visited the exploded citadel. It was yet in ruins, though some preparations were making to rebuild it. Scarcely could it be possible for an explosion to be more disastrous, or the destruction of a fortress to be more complete. The earth was blown in every direction; and large portions of the walls, still strongly cemented together, were thrown to the distance of rods, where they were still lying in broken masses. Cannon-balls and fragments of exploded shells were thickly scattered over that entire section. We walked nearly round the walls of the city. On all sides they were most severely battered, and in many places broken by cannon-shot. The buildings of the town were sadly scarified. The minaret of one mosque, I saw, was nearly battered down; and the walls of the principal mosque of the place, bore profusely the marks of war. Even the convent at which we stopped, had received its share of cannon-shot; and I noticed one cannon-ball still lodged in its wall. It will take many years to obliterate from Acre, the marks of that awful storm of shot and shell.

St. Jean d'Acre stands on the north side of a broad bay of the same name. The buildings are of stone; and, like all other cities in the East, the streets are narrow and filthy. Its present population is about 15,000. A broad plain stretches back from the city, which appeared to be but little cultivated.

CHAPTER XXI.

Embarkation at Acre—View of Tyre—Perilous Storm—Landing at Sidon—English Consular Agent—Description of Sidon—Lady Stanhope—Arrival at Beyroot—Description—A singular Druse Ornament—Parting with Companions—The Jews in Palestine—General Remarks on the Holy Land—Conclusion.

As the plague was raging in Tyre, (called by the natives Sour,) to pass through that place might subject us to twenty days quarantine at Beyroot. Tyre lay directly on our road by land. Under these circumstances, it was deemed advisable to seek a passage to Beyroot by water. We found a very small vessel from Tripolis, of such shape and dimensions that I hardly know what to call it. It had just discharged its freight, and the captain offered to take us all, five in number, to Beyroot for twenty-five dollars, and set out that evening if we desired. Concluding to charter the *whole ship*, we paid off our muleteer and dismissed him. By about dark we had taken leave of the convent and were all on board the little Tripolitan. The captain, hands and all were Arabs, and were rather awkward seamen. We did not succeed in getting out of port till about nine in the evening. In the course of the night a severe squall struck us, and for over an hour we were in real danger. It, however, passed over in the course of two hours. We had plenty of provision on board, but were so sea-sick that we ate nothing. The morning was clear, but the sea was running in high and irregular swells.

As we ran near the shore, we had pointed to us

the ancient Scala of the Syrians, or the white promontory mentioned by Pliny. It is a high, bold promontory, much like Cape Carmel. At about 11 o'clock, we passed in view of Tyre. This is but a small, miserable town, kept in being, near where once stood "the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth." An excellent author says, "Tyre has indeed become like the top of a rock, a place to spread nets upon." The sole remaining tokens of her more ancient splendor lie strewn beneath the waves in the midst of the sea; and the hovels which now nestle upon a portion of her site, present no contradiction of the dread decree:—"Thou shalt be built no more."

Soon after passing Tyre, a severe gale arose, the wind blowing almost directly to the shore. All the sails were kept up that our little barque would bear, with the hope of reaching Sidon. At about 3 o'clock, P. M., we anchored off the town with the gale still increasing. It was some time before the seamen could sufficiently secure their vessel, to leave it and set us on shore. At four we got into a boat to pass to the shore, a distance of about a mile. It was a perilous undertaking, as the sea was running in large irregular swells, and the surf breaking heavily at our landing place. The sight of our boat struggling in the midst of such swells, collected hundreds of the natives to the shore, expecting every moment to see us swallowed up in the deep. The oarsmen, however, were expert at their business, and although two of the waves partially broke over the side of our boat, we at length reached the shore

in safety, and with thankful hearts to Him who numbers the hairs of our heads.

We were immediately conducted to the English consular agent. We found him much of a gentleman, and from appearances, I should think him wealthy. We learned that he was a Greek Catholic. He readily furnished us lodgings, and showed us every attention during our stay.

Sidon (called by the natives Saide,) stands on the north-west slope of a promontory. The highest ground is on the south, where the citadel, a large square tower, is situated. The city is enclosed by a wall on three sides, the part towards the sea being open. The streets are narrow, crooked, and like those of all cities in the east, dirty. The houses are all built of stone, and many of them are large. Those along the eastern side are built directly on the wall, so as to constitute a part of it. These command a pure air as well as a pleasant prospect of the fields and country. The beauty of Sidon consists in its gardens and orchards of fruit-trees. These fill the plain and extend back to the foot of the mountains. The city and tract around are abundantly supplied with water, by aqueducts and channels. The environs exhibit in every direction a luxuriant verdure, and the fruits of Sidon are reckoned among the finest in the country. They embrace every variety peculiar to the climate. The culture and manufacture of silk constitute the most important branches of business in Sidon, and is a main article of traffic. Its population is estimated at about 7000. Two-thirds of these are Moham-dans, and the remainder Jews and Christians. In

the late revolution, Sidon was peaceably surrendered, by which it escaped the horrors that befel Acre.

Sidon was the point from which many travellers made excursions out to the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope. She was an English lady, niece of the younger Pitt, and once a resident in his family. She was engaged to be married to Sir John More, who was killed in the battle of Corunna, in Spain, January 16, 1809. Lady Hester felt the affliction most deeply, which with other matters tending to alienate her affections from England, she came to the East, and for many years made her home in the mountains near Sidon. She assumed a peculiar eccentricity of character, and many of her strange whims and notions became notorious. But death has now closed the scene with her, and forever cast his pall over her virtues and her follies.

We were detained at Sidon three nights and two days. The storm, for the most part, was incessant, which prevented our being out as much as we could desire. Our excursions, however, in and around the town were considerable. On the morning of the 25th, the sea had greatly calmed, and the weather and wind had become fair. We took leave of the kind consular agent, whose hospitality we can never forget, went on board our little Tripolitan, and set sail for Beyroot. In two hours, the snow-capped peaks of Mount Lebanon were fairly before us, and in about five hours from Sidon, we landed at Beyroot. I was almost immediately conducted to the residence of the Rev. Eli Smith, one of the American missionaries at that place, where I was most

kindly received by him and his amiable lady. Mrs. S. was a daughter of the Hon. Moses Chapin, of Rochester, N. Y., and had but a few months before left her native land, for the mission in Syria. Besides deep and exemplary piety, she was possessed of all that can endear the female character. When I left Beyroot she was in the bloom of health, but in a few frail weeks she fell by the hand of relentless death, and has passed to that fair world where "the inhabitants thereof shall no more say, I am sick." "Thus the glory of the world passes away."

Beyroot is situated on the north-west side of a promontory. As it has no port, vessels anchor only in the open road. It is walled on three sides, but not very substantially, on which are towers. The side next to the sea is open. The houses are built of stone, and generally are high. The streets are narrow and rudely paved with large stones. The interior of the city has rather a gloomy appearance. Back of the town the land rises southward to a considerable elevation. Here, and indeed in every direction by land, is a succession of gardens, orchards of fruit, vineyards, and countless mulberry-trees. Much of these are surrounded with hedges of the prickly pear. The entire region of gardens around the town has a picturesque and inviting appearance. Indeed, I saw no place in the East that would compare, in this kind of scenery, with Beyroot.

The dress of the native inhabitants of Beyroot is, in most respects, that of the Turkish fashion, common throughout most parts of the East. There is one peculiarity, however, with a large portion of the Druse females of Mount Lebanon. It is the

singular fashion of wearing a horn on the forehead. This strange instrument of dress is sometimes made of silver, sometimes of britannia, but oftener of common tin. It is about the length and size, and nearly the shape of the common dinner-horn used among our farmers. This singular ornament (for it is worn as such,) is fastened on the forehead by means of a tight bandage round the head, leaving the unseemly instrument to project out in front at an elevation of about twenty-seven degrees. The sight reminds one of the horn of a unicorn, as delineated in the pictures of that fanciful animal. Over the whole is spread a large white veil, which, extending over the head, horn and all, gives the fair Druse a most grotesque appearance.

Mount Lebanon, with its tall peaks covered with perennial snow, shows with majestic grandeur from Beyroot. The mountain is filled with villages, and is densely populated. In many places, mountain-sides are terraced to vast heights, thus exhibiting range above range of luxuriant verdure. I greatly desired to make an excursion among the mountains, but as the vessel in which I expected to embark homeward, was expected in daily, I satisfied myself with gazing at the beautiful mountain scenery extended before me in the distance.

At Beyroot I gave the parting hand to my traveling companions. We had shared together the perils and privations of a journey through the desert, as well as the fatigues and hazards attendant on a passage through the Holy Land. We were now to take different directions—they to Europe, and I to my native land. We parted as we had met—

friends. Thus have ended my travels in the Holy Land.

Notwithstanding the abundance that has been written on the land of Palestine and read by the Christian public, new interests are continually awakening to hear more. The eyes of Christians have long been turned Eastward, in earnest expectation of new and great events in accomplishment of sacred prophecy. The church is cherishing strong faith that the final redemption of ancient Palestine is near at hand—even at the door. Thousands, too, have long been looking for the return of the Jews to possess the inheritance of their fathers; and often rumors favoring that event have reached our country. A few things on this subject may be expected from my pen, before taking final leave of the reader.

I am satisfied that the actual number of Jews in the Holy Land has often been overrated. From the best sources of information I was enabled to consult, I am convinced that their present number in Palestine does not exceed from 12,000 to 14,000. The highest of these estimates was given me by the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, missionary to the Jews at Jerusalem, and the lowest by the Rev. Eli Smith, missionary at Beyroot, who has resided in Syria many years and has travelled in all parts of Palestine. Both these gentlemen assure me there has been no recent increase of Jews in the Holy Land by emigration. Even under the late government of Mehemet Ali, which was protective to both Jews and Christians, there were no movements among the Jews to return to the Holy Land.

Should the time ever arrive when the Jews shall

again possess the land of their fathers, a very important overturn must first take place with the nations and tribes that surround it. The land is at present inhabited by native Arabs, who till the soil and mainly people the towns and villages. The question arises, How are these inhabitants to be dispossessed of the land? Is a purchase contemplated? Who, or what power is to enforce such a purchase, and where would the present inhabitants emigrate to? Or is it contemplated that they are to be driven out by the sword? This, I am convinced, is the only means by which the land can be cleared of its present population. But in this case, the native inhabitants would, of course, be driven back upon Arabia, which bends like a crescent round the south and east of the Holy Land. The present inhabitants would not thus be driven out without obstinacy and bloodshed, carrying with them, at the same time, the most malignant inveteracy. From Arabia, aided by other tribes, they would sally from time to time, to ravage and lay waste the whole land. In that case, the Jews could not protect themselves, and must fall a prey to the tribes of Ishmael. Nor could a standing army, kept by the powers of Europe, protect them.

As a people, it is evident the Jews expect they shall yet possess the land of Palestine. But they hold another sentiment connected with this, which has a very important bearing on the whole subject. They are looking for their Messiah yet to come, expecting when he makes his appearance it will be at Jerusalem. They suppose he will be a temporal prince, and will establish the throne of his father

David After their Messiah has come, they expect he will gather the dispersed Jews from the four quarters of the earth to their own land. Under this faith, they have neither motive nor desire to return. Finally, of the return of the Jews, there is, at present, not one favorable sign.

A few statements in relation to the land of Palestine in general, and I shall have done. The various descriptions of this land given by travellers, have been extremely conflicting. Some have extolled it as a garden, an Eden, a paradise ; while others running into the opposite extreme, have represented it as barren, sterile, and miserable throughout. In this case, as in almost all others, the truth lies between two extremes. Its climate and its location for fertility, are favorable. It is situated between the 31st and 34th degrees of north latitude, and between the 35th and 37th of east longitude. It is abundantly diversified with mountains and valleys, and hills, and vales. Most of the mountains are rocky and sterile, probably owing to the timber having been centuries ago entirely cut off. This left the soil unprotected, and subject to be washed from the summits and sides of the mountains. Some of the mountains, however, are terraced and planted ; and nearly all of them might be. Most of the valleys and plains are fertile, and capable of being rendered abundantly productive.

Of the land, the southern portion is decidedly the poorest. It will be remembered that I entered the land from ancient Idumea, on the south. The whole had a rocky and sterile appearance, till I approached the valley of Hebron, which is very fertile

and pleasant. Leaving this valley, the whole distance to Bethlehem presented a mountainous, rocky, and sterile appearance, and is wholly uninhabited. This extends over a space of twelve or fourteen miles in width. In the vicinity of Bethlehem, the valleys bear a fertile aspect. Soon after leaving Bethlehem, the traveller enters the great plain of Rephaim which extends to Jerusalem, skirting out in three directions from it. This plain, with valleys west, bears strong marks of fertility. But here most of the land is lying waste and comparatively but little cultivated. Though there is much soil round Jerusalem that might be rendered quite productive, it is the most poorly cultivated of any portion of Palestine, if we except the extreme southern part.

The plain of Jericho bordering the Jordan on the west, is for the most part exceedingly rich and might be rendered among the most fertile to be found. It is of vast dimensions, and with proper culture is capable of yielding almost like the valley of the Nile. But in its present condition, it yields but little. It is inhabited by an indolent and most barbarous tribe of Arabs.

On the route north from Jerusalem, many of the valleys presented a rich and fruitful appearance. That portion of Palestine called the district of Samaria, has within it sections of soil, especially valleys, rarely to be excelled in fertility. The district of Galilee is still better, and is the best portion of the whole land. There are within it, sections of the the most luxuriant soil. Many of the valleys are rich, and the great plain of Esdrælon is capable of being made vastly productive. Mount Carmel has

much of rich, productive soil, and the great plain of Sharon lying south, has a soil capable of producing abundance.

Most of the land is well watered, and generally the water is of a good quality. The climate is such that two crops of various kinds may be realized every year. It rarely rains during the summer months, and at that season the weather is sometimes hot ; though on mountains it is mild and salubrious. The present inhabitants subsist on the productions of their soil, and often furnish large supplies of grain for Arabia. With better culture, Palestine might be rendered capable of sustaining a population of three times the amount of the present. No better soil could be found for the culture of silk. Olives are abundant ; vineyards are luxuriant where they are cultivated ; and figs, apricots, pomegranates, oranges, and lemons yield bountifully. Wheat, barley, maize, and other kinds of grain, are raised to a very considerable amount. Cattle, sheep, and goats are numerous. But the native inhabitants and the government are every way defective. Under a good government, with an enlightened and enterprising people, the land of Palestine is capable of vast elevation above its present condition.

To the Christian, how many thrilling associations gather around this hallowed land ! Here the patriarchs sojourned ; here God's chosen people dwelt ; and here the kings of Israel and Judah reigned. Here the holy prophets of God poured forth the solemn predictions which still stand out in lines of light on the pages of divine revelation. Here God established his true sanctuary, and held communion

with men. Here the Saviour of man made his advent to our sinful world, and revealed his dispensation of mercy and love. Here he accomplished his errand of mercy, sealed his testimony with his blood, and ascended to heaven. And here he will again descend, when "he shall appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation." From Palestine issued the hallowed light of that truth which is designed ultimately to illumine the world. Land of promise, and land of wonders! Long had I most anxiously desired to see it—to stand on its sacred hills, and traverse its once consecrated vales. That desire has now been gratified; and it is with strong emotions of gratitude that I realize the special protection of the Most High, during my late rambles amidst the principle scenery of the Bible. In the midst of that once sacred scenery, an open volume, written on the face of *nature*, as with the finger of the Almighty, illustrative of the truth of prophecy, was spread before me—a volume far more convincing than all the arguments drawn from human philosophy. This I would never forget; and this sacred conviction may I cherish while reason holds the empire of my mind. And here, reader, we will take an affectionate leave of each other.

THE END.

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